The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1886. Vol. VII, No. 50.

THE Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, M. C. P. S. O., Marmora. Will also be at Mrs. Bird's Hotel, Springbrook, on Mondays and Fridays, from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE, 1868,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

GEO. J. SHERRY,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR IN THE SUPREME Court, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc.
Branch office over Dr. Parker's Drug Store, Stirling, Ont. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Head office, Front St., Belleville, Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,

BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

Stirling Lodge NO. 69, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on **Thursday Eve. Sept. 16, '86.** Visiting brethren welcome. J. SHAW, Sec.

STIRLING LODGE NO. 239, I. O. O. F. Meets in the Lodge room P O block, **Every Wednesday Evening** At 8 o'clock. J. McDOUGALL, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,

A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,

DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville.

Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.

VITALIZED AIR,

Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract

TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.

Mr. Walker visits Stirling the

Three last Days of every month. Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,

Stirling, - Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.

ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

FRESH LIME!

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST BURNED a kiln of lime, and now offers the same for sale at 20c. per bushel delivered, and 15c. at the kiln. JAMES COUTTS.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of Lot 7, in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—a well in the barn-yard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place. The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.

JOSEPH DOAK, Executor, Stirling P. O.

NEW GOODS!

MY STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE IN

Spring & Summer Tweeds, Diagonals, Etc.

SUITS TO ORDER, made up in the best and latest styles, under the superintendance of MR. J. S. MURRAY.

THE DRY GOODS STOCK

Is now complete, including

Dress Goods, Cottons, Shirtings, Ducks, Cottonades

OF UNUSUALLY GOOD VALUE.

The BOOTS & SHOES are nearly all new stock, and of the best quality.

The HARDWARE Stock has been specially selected to meet the requirements of parties building, and prices are lower than usual. A car-load of Goderich Salt on hand.

C. CRAIGE,

STIRLING.

CROCKERY!

I have just received another lot of those

BEAUTIFUL DISHES, SPRIG AND BAND WARE,

And can again supply customers with parts or full

Dinner, Tea & Breakfast Sets,

At prices as low as the common white ware. Call early and secure full sets.

Remnant sale of Summer Dry Goods still going on.

M. G. VANDERVOORT'S, Harold.

THE ARCADE! MARMORA.

During the past two weeks I have opened 20 cases of New Goods suitable for the spring trade, and which I will sell at prices to suit the times.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE

—IN—

COTTONADES AND SHIRTINGS.

The Heaviest Shirting made in Canada for 12½c. per yard.

READY MADE CLOTHING, A SPECIALTY.

The GROCERY & CROCKERY STOCK

Will be found complete at all times, at prices to suit the closest buyer.

TERMS CASH. Farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. W. PEARCE.

Marmora, March 31st, 1886.

NIAGARA

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,

—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—

ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Trains call at Central Ontario Junction as follows:—

GOING EAST.

Express for Montreal	12.44 p.m.
" " Pacific Slope	9.05 p.m.
Mail for Montreal	12.13 a.m.

GOING WEST.

Express for Toronto	5.18 p.m.
Express Winnipeg to Toronto	7.19 a.m.
Mail for Toronto and West	4.13 a.m.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction.

FARM TO LET.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL LET FOR one or three years that valuable farm known as the Johnston Farm in Sine's Settlement, being parts of lots 9 and 10, in the 5th Con. of the Township of Rawdon, in County of Hastings, one hundred and twenty five acres, stone dwelling, good drive house, two barns and shed. One hundred and ten acres under good state of cultivation; within one hundred rods of good school, near cheese factory and church. Farm well watered, etc. Apply to JAMES JOHNSTON, owner, or to A. GLASS, Stirling.

VICTORY CERTAIN.

Over the pains and sufferings of **Rheumatism** is sure to follow the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Two years ago I was prostrated with Rheumatism. I used a number of remedies, and received no benefit until I commenced taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

four bottles of which effected a permanent cure."—Charles Foster, 231 Prince st., Boston, Mass.

Swift and sure are the benefits to be derived from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "One of our children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous sores on its face and neck. Physicians earnestly recommend us to administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few doses produced a marked change, and its continued use, a perfect cure."—B. T. Johnson, Hutto, Texas.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. For Sale by all Druggists.

The Bulgarian Trouble.

The revolution in Bulgaria was a short-lived affair. The disaffected ones were, it seems, confined to a few Russian agents and a regiment that had been bought over by Russian gold. The people were unanimous in support of Prince Alexander and he has returned to lead them as their idolized hero.

Though the revolution itself may be said to be over it is likely to have some far-reaching effects; and it is stated that a general European war is now inevitable as a result. Russia declares that she will occupy Bulgaria and in that event will be opposed by Austria, Turkey and probably England, while Servia and Roumania will make common cause with Bulgaria. Turkey is now actively preparing for war; while the other nations of Europe are not uninterested spectators of the affair. Whether there is war soon or not depends entirely on the action of Russia. Should she be determined on war it will very speedily commence and will doubtless prove a long and destructive contest.

Earthquake Shocks.

Severe shocks of earthquake were felt generally throughout a great portion of the United States on the evening of Tuesday last. Charleston, South Carolina, suffered most severely, and a great portion of the city is said to have been wrecked. A despatch from there on Wednesday says:—The streets are encumbered with a mass of fallen bricks and tangled telegraph and telephone wires, and up to an early hour it was almost impossible to pass from one part of the city to another. The first shock was the most severe. Most of the people with families passed the night in the streets, which even this morning are crowded with people afraid to re-enter their homes. More than sixty people were killed and wounded, chiefly colored. Among the whites killed and fatally injured are: M. J. Lynch, Dr. R. Alexander Hammond, and Ainsley Robinson. Fires broke out in different parts of the city immediately after the earthquake, and some are still burning, but there is no danger of their spreading. There is no way of leaving the city at present.

What Shall the Children Read?

This is a question that every mother should decide herself and judge whether it is good or bad before the child reads the first line. Don't say you've not time—*take* the time to read a *large* share of the book or glance over the paper before it is laid on the table for public use. A quick, intelligent eye and a *mother's* eye also will do wonders in a turning over of leaves, reading here and there a few words, seeing if the language is pure, the style graceful, the moral healthful. Much of harm is done to the young by their reading sensational stories of the "blood and thunder" style, smuggled in and read secretly or in some cases openly, in illustrated weeklies. It has caused many boys to rob and fly from their homes, seeking for "worlds to conquer," "bringing up" in a police station and returned home.

Much of the blame is to be traced to the mother—too much indulgence from a mother has ruined more families than a father's harshness—bad books and bad companions being easy stepping-stones to wickedness. A good mother will do a great deal towards forming her children's character. The first few years they are wholly under her influence and she is all to them; then the school-life begins and teacher and school-mates broaden the view; but the mother must not relinquish her watchfulness, but interest herself in their studies, plays, companions, and make herself necessary to their happiness. Keep hold of the children; don't let them grow away from you. A mother should never grow old to her sons and daughters; be one of them and gain their confidence; be their companion even if you lose the acquaintance of some of your own age. Better make good men and women of your children than be a leader of fashion. But about their reading, "What shall they read?"

If possible select the books, papers, etc., yourself. You can easily look over the book notices in a weekly and this usually gives a tolerably fair criticism of scientific works, biographies, histories and novels. Boys usually like tales of adventure and to a reasonable amount they should be gratified, for what would a man be without bravery and courage? When my boys were at the age to be attracted by such reading the principal of the grammar school they attended put a list of books on the blackboard for the use of pupils who cared to profit by it. There was the War of the Rebellion, Life of Washington, and others I fail to remember, but various kinds; and for light reading one or two of Scott's and Dickens's novels. I always felt grateful to him and think the plan might be followed by the teachers.

At the public library sometimes an attendant will tell of a popular work, but that is not always safe to go by, as not always is a popular book a *good* one. You must find out about the books in your own way, but be sure to find out in some way. There are many books and papers in the world, some people say too many, but there are more good ones than bad ones and you must sift them out. Don't trust the innocent child to do it for himself. If a home-life is what it should be bad books and bad companions will not be there; and mother at home evenings will be a friend and playmate to the boys and girls. By this I don't mean they are to have no friends or mates, but you'll see they will feel so proud of their mother they'll bring them to see you and you will be able to judge whether they are fit associates or not. In all this, remember the mothers have the love of their children, the fathers the respect, it is said, but let us have both.

Trifles.

A noted man once said, "Attention to trifles makes perfection and perfection is no trifle." How many there are who excuse their faults, extravagances and neglect of duties thinking and saying they are but trifles. They do not stop to thing the whole world is made of trifles.

What make or mar the happiness of our lives? Answer, trifles. And yet we call them little things. To treat little things with contempt is no mark of a superior mind. I think it quite the other way and they who indulge in it will grow worse instead of better. It may seem to you but a trifle that you have not answered the last letter from an absent relative or friend and I am sure you might have written a letter the receiver would have thought no trifle. And if we neglect our friends they will neglect us sooner or later.

There are many who are always making promises and just as constantly breaking them, probably thinking they are but trifles. I think this one of the worst kinds of trifling. I never can think it a small thing to break a promise; it seems to me it is something sacred. I thing it of great importance that parents should keep their promises to their children and also impress upon them that promises are to be kept.

Dexter Smith says of trifles:

"Some kindly act performed, or gentle word,
Will oft cement a friendship once begun,
As mighty rivers feel their heart-strings stirred
By little streams that down the hill-sides run."

Sir A. T. Galt has been appointed chairman of the commission of inquiry as to the advisability of establishing a Dominion Court of Railway Commissioners.

Don't be Afraid of Work.

No, my dear young man, this journey of life does not lie all the way through verdant valleys and flowery meadows. The way is not thronged with generous-hearted friends and rich uncles ready to die and leave you their money.

It is not always bright with the sunlight of pleasure. You will not find a bed of roses to recline on every time you are weary. Don't expect it, or you will very likely be disappointed. You will find that about the time the path gets past the school house it switches off into some rather rough country. You will very probably find some rough hills to climb and some deep gullies to cross. The briars will tear your nice clothes and the stones will wear out your fine boots, and you will have blistered heels and stone bruises in plenty before you get through.

You will find storms too—storms that will snatch you bald-headed, as like as not, or powder your hair with the white dust of the highway.

There is only one way to avoid all this. That is to sit down, a whining beggar, by the wayside, despised and self-despising. But if you are going through you must brace yourself up for hard climbing. You will find plenty of roses by the way but they grow among thorns and if you gather them you must not be afraid of a few scratches. There are plenty of pure springs and cool fountains too, but they flow from the mountain side and you must climb to them.

All the fruits worth having are near the tops of the trees. You can have your game suppers and your quail on toast too, but the game is wild and the birds roost high, and you can't put salt on their tails to catch them. You can have all this, we say, but just as like as not when you get it you'll have no teeth to chew it with, so you must not build too much on that.

Yes, young man, the glaciers of earth are hard to climb and you'll never make a trip without a guide. The name of the guide is "Work." Tie yourself to him young man and he'll put you through all right. He is rough and rugged, as all mountaineers are, but don't be afraid of him on that account. Don't despise his homely garments. He is a brave, true-hearted fellow who has led thousands safely through and will do the same for you if you trust him.

A Pithy Sermon.

Many a sermon has been spun out to an hour's length that did not contain a tithe of the sound moral instruction and counsel to be found in the following brief and pithy sermon from the pen of that witty and racy writer, the late Rev. Dr. John Todd:

"You are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your strength of body and soul; take for your motto, self-reliance, honesty and industry; for your stars, faith, perseverance and pluck; and inscribe on your banner 'Be just and fear not.' Don't take too much advice; stay at the helm and steer your ship. Strike out. Think well of yourself. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Don't practice extensive humility. You can't get above your level. Water don't run up hill. Put potatoes in a cart over a rough road and the small ones will go the bottom. Energy, invincible determination, with right motives, are the levers that move the world. The great art of commanding is to take a fair share in the world. Civility costs nothing and buys everything. Don't drink; don't smoke; don't swear; don't gamble; don't lie; don't deceive nor steal; don't tattle. Be polite; be generous; be self-reliant. Read good books. Love your fellowmen as well as you love God. Love your country and obey its laws. Love honor. Always do what your conscience tells is your duty and leave the consequence to God."—["Good Cheer."]

Sweet-Minded Women.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonder in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister does much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home, worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting room and sees the blaze of the bright fire and meets his wife's smiling face he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast. And so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

The family of Mr. John Barton, of Crofton, Prince Edward County, is passing through a sad affliction. Mr. Barton, his wife, two sons, two daughters and a son's wife were all prostrated at one time with typhoid fever. On Thursday Mr. Barton and his married son were buried. The remainder of the family are not yet out of danger.—*Intelligencer.*

The first General Conference since the union of Methodism in Canada assembled in the Metropolitain Church, Toronto, on Wednesday last. It numbers about 300 members, one-half of whom are ministers and the other half laymen,—nearly all of whom responded to their names on the call of the roll. General Superintendents Dr. Williams and Dr. Carman conducted the opening exercises, after which, on the second ballot, Rev. Dr. Ryckman, of London, was elected secretary.

The postmaster-general of the United States has decided that postmasters who fail to notify publishers when subscribers remove or do not take the papers from the postoffice shall be responsible for their subscriptions. In the United States people appreciate the fact that newspapers, take them all round, are an enormous benefit to the community and guarantee of the public weal and accordingly are disposed to give them fair play. In Canada people have not got so far yet. Canadian laws leabe Canadian newspapers largely at the mercy of swindlers and blackmailers.

Prince Alexander has been welcomed back to Bulgaria by the whole army and population and the only result of Russia's intrigue is that the Prince stands higher in the estimation of the world than ever, and the Bulgarians are more firmly attached to him. Russia has injured herself only; her prestige among the peoples of the Balkan peninsula must have suffered severely by the fiasco. One of her representatives has had to assist foreign diplomats in welcoming Prince Alexander back and the Czar has probably been warned by the Emperor that he had gone too far for once. The traitors in Bulgaria have been promptly sentenced to death, with one exception, the head of the Greek Church in Bulgaria, who has been taken suddenly ill and has retired to a convent where he will probably remain in virtual imprisonment for life. Russia is said to be preparing for a descent upon Bulgaria. Bismarck may be counted upon, however, to preserve the peace of Europe, which would certainly be broken if Russia made war upon the Bulgarians.

Oak Hills.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The big orchard man yawned extensively while Miss Fogg was speaking, which was a very impolite thing to do, but perhaps he could not help it. At the close of her speech he arose and pulled down his vest and said he hoped this long-suffering audience would bear up a little longer as there was only one more long-winded speaker to punish them and that was his Worship of Stirling.

His Worship got upon his feet (no small thing to get upon either) and positively declined to make a speech. If it were near election time he might strain a point but under the existing circumstances he considered it an outrage to the feelings of this audience to cause further delay. "Just think for a moment," said he, "what with long speeches and delays occasioned by the week's holidays taken by the NEWS-ARGUS staff this thing is getting monotonous. The idea of running a picnic into the third or fourth volume and only one dinner. There is one thing that has been brought forcibly home to me while here and that is for man to enjoy life fully it is necessary that he should be kept continually under the sustaining influence of three square meals a day. I tell you Mr. Chairman (here his voice trembled with emotion) I'm hungry." After the cheering had somewhat subsided "Encore" was heard from all sides, which brought his Worship to his feet again. He merely repeated the word "hungry" and brought down the boat the second time.

Then it was revealed to me how it is possible for a great popular leader by striking the right cord to work himself into the sympathies of his hearers and to carry them right along with him.

Even the big orchard man, who is not easily moved by trifles, said he felt the force of the Mayor's remarks; felt them in his chest and said he would submit any resolutions bearing upon this matter if presented in a proper manner. This brought the cook to his feet. He said it was not necessary to go through any formalities on the grub question; he had his reputation and that of the North American to uphold and he was going to do it. "Boys," he said, "you shall pick the bones all over again."

Then the fun commenced and I don't believe there ever was more hilarious enjoyment in the same length of time since small boys were invented.

I hope to give an account of the trial trip of the Clinky Jane next week.

I am sorry that the White Hill man did not hit upon the right day for the launching of the boat at the Oak Hill Lake. However he seems to have been able to take his disappointment and dump it into the pit at Coe Hill. Next to the Clinky Jane Coe Hill seems to be coming into prominence as an attraction.

The Syracuse man cannot bear the idea of being outdone by Canada in the motive power business. Why don't he put the Keely moter on his list. Even then we have him in the shade for on this side we have perpetual motion discovered by mere accident. Something this wise:—A man has a churn run by a dog; to hurry the dog he flings a ploughshare at it and kills the poor dog; replaces the dog with a good lively wheelbarrow and he has perpetual motion and no dog to feed. B. B.

P. S.—Owing to a kink in the back the Chatterton man has not been able to pick chips lately. Hope the dear reader will think kindly of him and overlook any little short-comings on his part.

Don't Snub.

Don't snub a boy when he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he has a humble trade. The author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub any one. Not alone because some day they may far outstrip you in life, but because it is neither kind nor right nor Christian.

The net profits of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the month of July and for the six months ending July 31st show increases as compared with the corresponding periods last year of $12,643 and $191,850 respectively.

The most terrific thunderstorm ever known in Rochester, N. Y., occurred at noon on Monday last. Three and one-half inches of water fell. Cellars were flooded in business houses and private residences all over the city. Damages estimated at $200,000.

W. D. Howells, a novel writer himself, gives the following rule for telling good from bad novels:—"A bad novel is that which flatters and fills the reader with self-conceit. Such a book is full of mischief. A healthy novel is that which makes you think better of your neighbor and fellowman."

A complete survey of Crater Lake, Oregon, has been made. The greatest depth was found to be 2005 feet. The lake is believed to be the deepest body of fresh water on the continent. Until now the greater part of the shores of the lake had never been touched by the feet of white men.

On Saturday last violent earthquake shocks occurred in Greece, laying waste many towns and villages and causing the death of 600 persons, while 1,000 more are said to have been injured. Italy also suffered severely from earthquake shocks and a great amount of damage was done. On the same day shocks of earthquake were felt at different places in North and South Carolina and Georgia in the United States.

Ireland is more or less in despair at present of obtaining Home Rule immediately, and disturbances of a serious character have once more become frequent. Dynamite outrages upon Protestants in Catholic sections of the country are now following the Belfast riots. On the other hand the landlords appear to be encouraged to begin cruel evictions once more. Well may her people sing "God save Ireland," when there is so little saving wisdom and moderation among her sons of either party.

Births.

In Rawdon, on July 31st, the wife of JOHN T. BATEMAN, of a daughter.

At Springbrook, on Aug. 25th, the wife of GEO. FORESTALL, of a daughter.

In Rawdon, on Aug. 30th, the wife of SYLVESTER HORTON, of a son.

Married.

On Wednesday, August 25th, at St. Michael's Church, by Rev. Mgr. Farrelly, Mr. P. C. SHANNON, of Marmora, to Miss MARY ELLEN DEMPSEY, of Belleville.

Deaths.

In Sidney, on Aug. 31st, ELIZABETH WENGER, aged 76 years.

In Sidney, on Aug. 31st, MARY BARTON, aged 27 years.

Our Boys.

"What shall we do with our boys?" he said,
Old merchant Brown, to his business wed,
As with puzzled brow he shook his head.

"Will chooses the law," said Mrs. B.,
"And Ned," said the father, "he stays with me,
I'll take him into the store as clerk,
And if he'll be steady and tend to work
He'll soon be partner; and when I die
He'll be a merchant, the same as I."

"And now," asked the mother, "what about Jim?
Our youngest, what shall we do with him?"

Jim heard the question. "Father," said he,
"I'll tell you what you can do for me,
As all my boyish pranks are played,
It's time to begin; let me learn a trade."

"A trade, my son! That's a queer request,
I'd rather treat you the same as the rest,
And I can afford it as well you know;
And a trade, Jim, isn't that rather low?
I wanted to send you off to college,
To cram your brain with classic knowledge;
Then to choose the profession that pleases you best.
You to learn a trade, Jim? I'm sure you jest!"

"No, father, I mean just what I say;
I've thought of the matter for many a day,
And that is the serious choice I've made;
If you don't object, let me learn a trade!
You say it's low, but we don't agree;
All 'labor is honor' it seems to me.
Not every lawyer can find success,
Not every doctor, as you'll confess;
But a man with a trade, and a thorough skill,
Can find work at hand, look where he will!
As for education, I still may learn;
The night-schools and lectures will suit my turn."

Then parents and brothers had their say,
But Jim stood firm till he had his way.

Will went through college, and studied law,
And looked for clients he seldom saw.
Ned worked as clerk for a three years' term,
Then his father took him into the firm.
Jim learned his trade, and learned it well,
His motto in all things to excel.
His nights he spent in filling his mind
With knowledge of the practical kind.
As time went onward, all he learned
To good and wise account he turned;
Until, within him, he found, one day,
A talent rare for invention lay;
And, before very many years were past,
His fortune had come to him at last;
Though long ere this he had found what's best,
A home with a wife and children blest.

The merchant died, and then t'was known
His wealth had in speculation flown.
Then Jim, the open-handed, said,
"Here's a home for mother and brother Ned!"
And even wise Will looks up to him,
For there's nobody now like brother Jim.

"What shall we do with our boys?" you said;
'Tis best if you let them learn a trade.
You think it is low, but we don't agree;
All 'labor is honor,' it seems to me;
And a man with a trade and a thorough skill
Can find work at hand, look where he will!

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSSES!

DR. HAMILTON BEGS TO ANNOUNCE to the public that he has for many years manufactured trusses of a superior kind which have cured all cases of recent rupture, and been very comfortable and safe for those which are of too long standing to be cured by that means.

CIDER!

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL START HIS Cider Mill on Friday, September 10, and will run every Tuesday and Friday until further notice. T. H. BRADLEY.
Stirling, Sept. 2, 1886.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Six thousand immigrants had arrived in Winnipeg this year up to August 1st.

A FRUITFUL SEASON.

The fruitful season of this year is prolific, with many forms of Bowel Complaints, such as Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, &c.; as a safeguard and positive cure for those distressing and often sudden and dangerous attacks nothing can surpass that old and reliable medicine, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

One hundred tons of iron ore a day is received at Kingston from the mines.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

In a long letter from John H. Hall, of Baddick, Cape Breton, N.S., he says: "I believe were it not for Burdock Blood Bitters I should be in my grave." It cured me of kidney and liver complaint and general debility, which had nearly proved fatal.

A militia general order has been issued in Ottawa providing that two blankets per officer and man will be issued for use in the militia camps of instruction held in September.

TO THE RESCUE.

"When all other remedies fail," for Bowel Complaint, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, &c., then Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry comes to the rescue." Thus writes W. H. Crocker, Druggist, Waterdown, and adds that "its sales are large and increasing.

William Arniel, an old resident of Kingston, died on Monday night at the extreme age of 107.

A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN.

"For ten years," says Jennie M. Harrett, of Wallaceburg, Ont., "I did not see a well day—was all broken down with dyspepsia, liver complaint, catarrh and debility. Three doctors abandoned hope for me, when Burdock Blood Bitters came to my rescue. It is the best medicine I have ever taken. I say this for the benefit of all suffering as I did.

The slaughter of the diseased cattle at the Levis quarantine was completed on Saturday. The cattle cremated have been thirty belonging to Mr. Allen and fifty-seven to Mr. McCrea.

A SURE THING.

A SURE CURE FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS. Procure from your druggist one 37½ cent bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and use according to directions. It is infallible for Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, Canker of the Stomach and Bowels, and Cholera Infantum.

An immense natural fountain has burst from an artesian well near Belle Plain, Iowa, and is threatening great destruction to property in the town.

A GREAT AWAKENING.

There is a great awakening of the sluggish organs of the human system whenever Burdock Blood Bitters are taken. It arouses the torpid Liver to action, regulates the bowels and the kidneys, purifies the blood, and restores a healthy tone to the system generally.

A ticket to Europe was recently purchased in New York for $7.50. This is said to be the lowest rate ever offered—$1 a day for food, lodging and travel at the rate of 375 miles a day.

Years of experience and successful trial have proved McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate the most complete and satisfactory compound for healing Old Sores, Festerings, Ulcers, Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Frost Bites or Felons, and for keeping out the cold and to cleanse or prevent proud flesh, sloughing or decay. Insist on having McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate, sold at 25c. by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

Fluid Lightning is simply a marvellous Rheumatic Remedy. I was for two months a cripple, unable to get out of the house, from Sciatica. One bottle gave me instant relief and placed me on my feet again. I have driven fourteen miles to-day (something I could not possibly have done were it not for Fluid Lightning) for the express purpose of procuring another bottle. So says Wm. Dixon, Gananoque. Only 25 cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Leading California winemakers believe the coming season will be the worst that industry has ever had in the Golden State.

I had for years been a miserable sufferer from Dyspepsia and tried all known remedies and the best medical skill of my acquaintance but still grew worse until unable to eat anything without great suffering or do any kind of work. I began to think there was no hope for me and that I must surely die; when, like a drowning man catching at a straw, I determined to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. I at once began to improve so rapidly that in two months I was as well as I had ever been in my life.—WM. EVERS, Leamington. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists. Free trial bottles.

WON AND LOST.

CHAPTER VII.

"Yes, my dear Leonard," Lady Keith was saying in a deprecatory tone. "It is very imprudent no doubt; but really when you see her you will not be surprised at Cynthia's—at our imprudence. Such a charming person, so thoroughly a young gentlewoman; such a sweet manner, and such a lovely face—the loveliest I have ever seen, I really think. I was exceedingly opposed to it at first. 'How do we know?' I said to Cynthia. 'The circumstances are so extraordinary!' But you know Cynthia; she had her way."

"As Cynthia generally does," says Leonard, with a laugh.

"Yes, as she often does," Lady Keith allowed. "And indeed, Leonard, I believe she is quite right in this instance."

Leonard shrugged his shoulders as he set down his tea-cup. He had just arrived; and Lady Keith, who had her own reasons for thinking a great deal of Leonard Hope and his opinions, was taking the bull by the horns in preparing him for a new and rather startling whim of Cynthia's. And Leonard was seeing through Lady Keith—as indeed any one might do—and was setting himself, according to human nature, against this fresh and much-praised *protegee*—a little by way of contradiction, and a good deal because he really did disapprove of the "extraordinary circumstances" as his aunt detailed them.

She was living by herself, Lady Keith informed him, at Jeffcott's lodgings, a young and beautiful girl without friends and with a history, as she confessed to Cynthia—a history which she could not reveal—Cynthia must take it on trust. She was very unhappy, Mrs. Jeffcott said, crying herself ill and trying to get pupils, who were not to be had at Penmawr. She had lost her dressing-case containing her money, on the journey—she admitted she was terribly embarrassed in consequence of the loss. Mrs. Jeffcott pronounced her "as quiet and sweet a young lady as ever came into a house." Cynthia met her in the village, after their return from St. Sebastian's, was struck with her, went to call upon her, and gradually won her confidence—at least, as much of it as she could give—and, wanting a companion, offered her the post. She would only accept it after telling Cynthia frankly that she had a history in fact. And Cynthia had been sure that the history meant misfortune and not discredit for Miss Deveton.

But Leonard Hope was not so sure. As a man of the world he was bound to be distrustful of beautiful stray young women with histories. And he was bound besides to stand between "Donna Quixotina" and her most dangerous championships. For he was what the law terms her "next friend," her nearest male relative, her heir should she die unmarried or without children; and, young as he was for such a trust, her father had appointed him guardian of the young heiress, now just approaching her majority. In this appointment, as Leonard knew, was implied an arrangement which grew so naturally out of all the rest that it seemed to suggest itself—an arrangement which would unite two fortunes, would restore a lapsed title, and secure the young heiress against greedy fortune-hunters.

As he stood at his dressing-room window struggling with the impatient annoyance Lady Keith's conversation had excited, Leonard began to think whether it would not be better that Cynthia's wings, which carried her on such doubtful flights, should be clipped a little. She was only a woman—a good, brave woman, he knew, but still only a woman; and, like all women, she needed an authority in her life. For want of it—as, meek, yielding Lady Keith did not count—the irresponsible girl, with her generous impulsive nature, was continually getting into scrapes, from which Leonard was as constantly being summoned to rescue her. Her screening of poachers and gipsies, her patronage of doubtful foreigners, her attempts to redress dubious or impossible wrongs, were beginning to earn her a reputation as to which her future husband was becoming sensitive. Yet he was not sure that he was ready to submit his own wings to the clipping process. Matrimony, when he began to look it closely in the face, was a little formidable. He was not sure that he was prepared yet to make that indefinite future an irrevocable settled present. He had come to Penmawr, according to his annual custom, in October, to knock the pheasants and partridges about a little; he was hardly prepared for a more serious occupation.

But with this new freak of Cynthia's he was very much annoyed. How was he to bear himself himself towards this woman, the most difficult of all embarrassments to deal with—a young woman, a pretty woman? In the meantime he was very angry with this interloper.

At that moment he saw the gleam of light garments beneath the trees of the avenue, and presently two figures emerged from the shade and came out into the open. One of them was Cynthia's; Leonard recognized the free, firm step, the erect poise of the head. The other figure—shorter, slighter, moving with a quiet grace which the young man detected even at that distance—must be that of Cynthia's *protege*.

Leonard watched the pair as they came nearer and nearer—so near now that Cynthia, catching sight of him at the window, waved her hand and nodded a smiling welcome, whilst her companion looked up wonderingly from under the shadow of a wide-brimmed black hat, with softly-nestling plumes, which seemed to Leonard to set off a marvellously fair complexion. But the face was turned away quickly—shyly he would have said, had it been any other but a girl in "extraordinary circumstances"—and the clustering plumes drooped, and Leonard saw no more.

But that one glance had flashed across him like a bewildering memory, like the faint echo of forgotten music, like the breath of perfume recalling momentarily some dim sweet association. He held his breath as he leaned forward eagerly from the open window, as watching the two girls passing the entrance to the house and disappearing amongst the shady walks of Cynthia's own garden.

"Many visitors in the house, James?" he inquired carelessly of his servant, who appeared at the sound of the dressing bell.

"No, Sir; the house is nearly empty. Sir George is here, and Captain Allen—just come in from shooting. And one lady, sir."

"Lady Vivian, I suppose?" Mr Hope said, remembering that Sir George had married a young wife only a few months before. And with the remembrance came just a little fleeting shade of disappointment.

"No, sir. Sir George is here alone. It is an elderly lady—a cousin of Lady Keith's I believe."

"Oh!" Then the plumed hat and the fair face belonged to Cynthia's new companion. Leonard Hope did not call her "a woman" now.

The drawing room was empty when he went downstairs, and he passed on to the library. A fire was burning here—for the October evenings were chilly amongst the Welsh hills—and a reading lamp lighted a table furnished with the day's papers, etc. Yet, in spite of fire and lamp, the large room, with its heavy book-shelves, its sombre pictures, and cumbrous antique furniture, gathered shadows which added a mysterious gloom to its appearance of comfort. And Leonard, going forward to the Englishman's favorite post—the hearthrug—nearly stumbled over a young lady who was lying back in the depths of a big arm-chair, just in the shadow of a high screen.

She sat up and bowed in acknowledgment of Leonard's apologies, and so brought herself out of the shadow, and into the full blaze of the firelight. And again that bewildering, haunting sense of something familiar, yet vague and misty, floated past Leonard Hope, eluding him as he tried to grasp it. The girl was in her first youth and of exquisite beauty, with golden hair drawn back simply from her forehead and knotted simply at the back of her head. She looked up at him with large frightened eyes, the lashes and delicately-pencilled brows many shades darker than the beautiful fair hair. There was such a halo of purity and innocence surrounding her beauty that she reminded him involuntarily of some pictured saint that he had seen in a Raphael or a Correggio group. Could this be the person to whom he had applied all these unpleasant adjectives an hour or two ago? He was very much ashamed and very remorseful before the unconscious object of his late invective. He was on his knees—metaphorically—before her, and therefore in a dangerous condition of mind.

She stood up, tall, and fair as a lily, the faintest pink flush, like the dainty heart of a pale blush-rose, dawning on her cheek. Something in her attitude, in the timid anxious gaze fixed on him, in the trembling clasp of her dropped hands showing so white against the soft clinging folds of her black dress—seemed to appeal to Leonard against his harsh unspoken judgment of her; and the young man was convicted in his heart of cruel, unmanly suspicion and oppression of this defenceless young creature. If she had been a plain middle-aged woman with red hair and a snub-nose, perhaps he would not so quickly have reversed his verdict and accepted the story he had so distrusted from Lady Keith's lips.

"I beg your pardon. I am afraid I startled you."

"Me? Oh, no! I ought to have heard you. I believe I was dreaming."

"And you thought that

"The forms of the departed
Entered at the open door."

Isn't that what Longfellow leads us to expect at this time and under these circumstances?"

The startled look was going from her eyes now; and unless the "fitful, firelight shadows" played fanciful pranks, soft dimples showed themselves about her rounded chin, as if she smiled. How tantalizing this wavering light was! It was this coming and going, this elfin play of the shadows, which confused him with that mysterious haunting memory again.

"I wish my cousin would come," he said stirring the fire into a blaze. "I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Deveton; but until Cynthia introduces me——"

"Leonard, are you here? I have been hunting for you," spoke Cynthia's voice at the door. "I know you had arrived; and mamma gave a good report of you. My cousin, Mr. Leonard Hope; my friend, Miss Deveton. Perhaps, though you have already been made acquainted with each other?"

"Not unless frightening a lady a good deal is a mode of making acquaintance," Leonard answered. "I came in here looking for you, Cynthia, remembering your habits, and I found Miss Deveton alone and disturbed her dreams. That subdued light and all these accessories are really too ghostly! Bartlett has an eye for dramatic effect."

"It is my effect, not Bartlett's," said Cynthia, drawing Miss Deveton into her chair again and kneeling down herself on the tiger-skin rug in front of the fire. "This cosey half-light is just what I like—the pleasantest half-hour in the whole day. Tell me your news, Leonard. Where do you come from? What have you been doing since we last met?"

"I come last from Holton."

"From Holton?" Cynthia's hand was on Miss Deveton's arm. "My dear Edith," she interrupted, "are you cold? You are positively shivering!"

"It is—the ghostly atmosphere." Miss Deveton answered, trying to speak lightly. But it seemed to Leonard that her voice trembled. Had he really startled her so much?

"Whom did you meet at Holton? Were the Annesley's in great force?" Cynthia was beginning, when the dinner gong boomed out. "Come to the drawing room!" she exclaimed, starting up and leading the way. "If there is one thing I pride myself on, it is my punctuality. And the Rector must have arrived five minutes ago. I wanted to ask him about——" She stopped, with a conscious look at her cousin.

"About the model Bill Sykes," Leonard laughed. "By-the-way, is he out of prison yet?"

But Cynthia swept on without deigning answer, and Miss Deveton followed; and, in the marshalling of the party for the dining-room, Leonard lost sight of her. Presently he found her again—when the little flutter of settling round the dinner table had subsided—half-way down the gleaming waste of silver and flowers and lights, seated between the Rector and Captain Allen. Sir George Vivian's place was opposite to hers, on the other side of the spreading gardenia.

"Is it high art, or is it genuine unstudied simplicity?" the Baronet asked himself, glancing over between the large wine-red leaves at the marvellous complexion of pearl and rose-leaves and the simple girlish toilet of black grenadine, relieved by nothing more costly than the soft lisse frills at her throat and wrists. "Awfully pretty, anyhow!"

Cynthia, who was on Leonard's left hand, thought her cousin decidedly dull and absorbed, and was rather disappointed, but concluded he was tired; and old Lady Saltmarsh, in the place of honour at his right, who liked to talk and wanted to be listened to, resented the dulness of her neighbor. Neither of them guessed that he was occupied in the most tantalising mental exercise—pursuing a fugitive reminiscence which eluded and harassed him all the time.

Captain Allen, a hearty honest sailor, with a sailor's eye for beauty, admired his fair neighbour exceedingly, and devoted himself to her accordingly; and Leonard saw the shy dimples appear again and the violet eyes sparkle merrily. And Sir George, leaning over, joined in the Captain's lively rattle of talk to win his share of the beauty's smiles, whilst Lady Keith, sitting benignly by, enjoyed the sailor's merry sallies.

"Dear me, all the fun seems to be at that end of the table!" old Lady Saltmarsh remarked, looking enviously over her fan at the group who seemed to be enjoying themselves. "Quite a pretty girl, Cynthia, your friend. Miss—Miss—I forget her name."

"Miss Deveton, cousin Albinia."

"Ah, yes; Miss Deveton! One of the Northshire Devetons, I suppose. A granddaughter of old Sir Charles, eh? And yet I thought I knew all that generation. Who did you say your friend was, Cynthia?"

By these questions, Cynthia knew that Lady Saltmarsh had detected the direction in which the glances of the cavalier who ought to have amused her wandered, and that she meant to be spiteful.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Saltmarsh had retired to her room, the Rector had said "good-night," Sir George and Captain Allen were smoking the pipe of peace in the smoking-room, while Lady Keith, Cynthia, Miss Deveton, and Leonard Hope were gathered round the drawing-room fire, enjoying a chat which the presence of the other guests had postponed.

"By-the-way, Cynthia," Leonard said carelessly, "I met some people at Holton in whom you are interested."

"Really! Who are they?"

"Mrs. Delamaine and two daughters," Leonard answered.

"Don't know them in the least," Cynthia protested. "I never heard the name before"—positively.

"Have you forgotten the wedding we witnessed at St. Sebastian's?"

"No—oh, no! That dreadful wedding! That poor bride!"

"Mrs. Delamaine is the mother of the young lady. I mentioned that I had been a spectator of the ceremony, and I enquired after the happy pair. They are abroad, and you will be glad to hear—I have it on the mother's authority—that they are 'very happy'—in fact 'too much occupied with their happiness to write much or report themselves to their friends at home.'"

"Dear me, how nice!" Lady Keith said. "So, Cynthia, you were mistaken after all."

"That is it!" Cynthia exclaimed abruptly. "The likeness! How it has tormented me! Leonard, is not Miss Deveton the image of the bride when she is pale?"

Miss Deveton was pale enough at that moment. She was standing with her face turned towards the mantlepiece, holding a Chinese fire screen between herself and the fire, and when impetuous Cynthia grasped her hands and dropped the screen upon the hearthrug, turning the pallid features towards the light, Lady Keith exclaimed—

"Oh, my dear, you are ill—you are faint! The room is too warm, and she has been standing too closely over the fire. Open the door, Leonard—sit down here on the couch, Miss Deveton. Cynthia, ring for Julie. Where are my salts? My dear, let me fan you."

"It is nothing," Miss Deveton stammered with white lips, as Cynthia stood over her dismayed. "I will go to my room now, Please do not come. Indeed it is over."

She passed Leonard Hope with a bow, and without looking up at him, and disappeared with Julie in attendance.

"Have you walked too far to-day?" Lady Keith asked her daughter. "Miss Deveton is not as strong as you are, Cynthia. You must not tempt her to overtax her strength."

"I think she is strong," Cynthia answered, "but she is nervous. Something upset her before dinner. Did you not say you startled her in the library, Leonard? I noticed that she was not looking like herself when I found you there."

"Yes," said Leonard, absently.

"We will send for Doctor Marwood in the morning, and he shall give her a tonic. Poor child—no doubt she has suffered a great deal, and it is telling upon her nerves and health! We must take care of her, Cynthia," Lady Keith said.

* * * * *

Such good care was taken of Miss Deveton that she rallied wonderfully. Delicate pink roses bloomed in her rounded cheeks; and her violet eyes gained a lustre which reassured Lady Keith, and justified Cynthia's enthusiastic admiration.

"I thought you would have admired my beautiful friend more," she said once to Leonard. "It is just the coloring and the poetical cast of beauty you have always idealized."

"Yes, she is beautiful," Leonard conceded, with no particular enthusiasm, it seemed to his cousin.

"Well!" said disappointed Cynthia, generous in her friendships as in everything else. "But you have been very good, and I ought to be content. I expected a scolding in your capacity of guardian, and I am glad to be let off. Your forbearance is an admission, at all events."

"Perhaps; but don't do it again," Leonard admonished; and having so far discharged his duty, he turned to the papers before him—for this was a business "sitting."

"I like all my friends to like each other cordially," Cynthia resumed presently, in the midst of an inspection of leases.

"I fancy your friends are dutifully attentive to your wishes in that respect," Leonard remarked, glancing out of the window towards where echoes of pleasant voices and silvery peals of laughter came floating up from the green arcades of Cynthia's garden.

"Yes," Cynthia acquiesced. "Poor Captain Allen—he is no lukewarm admirer, at all events! I like a whole-hearted partisan, or none."

"Perhaps none is safer," Leonard replied gravely, annotating a deed.

"Safer for Captain Allen—yes," Cynthia admitted.

And then the fencing dropped; and Cynthia felt discontentedly that she had hardly advanced her friend's cause with this other friend, whose seal of approval somehow was necessary to Cynthia's comfort in all her undertakings.

"Allen is hard hit," Sir George remarked that same evening to Lady Saltmarsh, indicating the gallant sailor, as he hovered about the black-robed figure seated at the piano, and visible through the open door of the music room; "and, upon my word, I don't blame him. She's awfully pretty and nice, and good form too, and all the rest of it. But who the dickens is she?"

"My dear Sir George, that is exactly what I want to know," Lady Saltmarsh returned, sitting up briskly to discuss the subject. "There seems to be a sort of mystery about her. She is not one of the Northshire Devetons—I have ascertained that. My maid tells me she was living in country lodgings, alone"—Lady Saltmarsh placed great emphasis on the word—"when Cynthia picked her up and brought her here—really, you know, Sir George, a dangerous introduction—a most dangerous introduction. But poor Lady Keith is so blindly indulgent to Cynthia's whims. Just think, it may be an adventuress, or worse, whom Cynthia has let loose amongst her friends—amongst people of family, Sir George!"

"Oh, Allen can take care of himself; let him alone!" laughed Sir George. "Don't report, Lady Saltmarsh; it isn't fair!"

"It is not Captain Allen," Lady Saltmarsh corrected cautiously, behind her fan. "There is a worse danger, Sir George"—ominously. "Poor impulsive Cynthia; her friends ought to rally round her!"

"Why—what——" Sir George looked puzzled.

"Captain Allen is a younger son, with only a commander's poor pay, as everybody knows," Lady Saltmarsh explained. "There is better game here—for an adventuress—than George Allen!"

"But game which is already netted," Sir George said lightly. "Miss Keith comes of age in the spring, I hear. And then I suppose she will give a master to Pontygarth. That"—with a glance over at Leonard's figure, half shrouded behind the curtains of the window near which Cynthia sat—"that is pretty well understood, I suppose."

"Yes; it would be a sad pity if such a very delightful arrangement should be disturbed," Lady Saltmarsh said, pursing up her thin lips as if they held in a secret knowledge that it would be disturbed.

"Why should it be disturbed?" Sir George asked aloud. To himself he said disrespectfully, "What on earth is the old woman driving at?"

"Ah, Sir George"—Lady Saltmarsh shook her head until the marabout feathers on her turban nodded threateningly—"you are all blind, you men! It is the old story of being blinded by a pretty face and a soft, innocent-seeming manner. But I am not blind, and, mark my words, there will be mischief. I have seen——" her lips closed on the rest.

"Oh, come, Lady Saltmarsh," protested Sir George stoutly, "you are mistaken, upon my honour!"

"You will see"—and Lady Saltmarsh looked "unspoken volumes." "For my part, I shall advise Dorothy Keith to dismiss the young person as speedily as possible, or to hurry on the marriage. Such catastrophes have happened before in families."

Then Lady Keith came up, and Sir George moved away.

"Spiteful old hag!" he said as he went, Then he sauntered into the music room, and devoted himself for the rest of the evening to "the young person"—devoted himself conspicuously, under Lady Saltmarsh's very eyes.

"Sir George," Cynthia appealed to him, as they were bidding each other good night, "Are the red deer dangerous? Leonard says there are complaints; they are only just arrived from the Highlands, and are a little wild. But surely you would not consider them dangerous?"

"Oh, no! I have them in my own park. They tame down after a while. An old woman or two may be scared in the meantime, but nothing worse. And you have plenty of room for the deer."

* * * * *

The next day Sir George and Leonard were crossing a corner of the park, making a short cut from one stubble field to another. Sir George stopped as they passed along the brow of a precipitous hill and pointed to the thick belt of trees below.

"Timber wants thinning down there," he remarked. "Women are conservative in trees as in other things. I suppose you'll open up the view in that direction by-and-by, Hope?"

"Yes." Leonard assented quietly; and Sir George congratulated himself that his leading question had been answered.

They stood looking down over the wooded slopes and the distant avenue—the finest in the country—and at the gray walls of the Castle, showing above the crests of the tall trees beyond.

"It's a fine place," Sir George was commencing, when Leonard suddenly snatched his gun from the keeper, and threw himself headlong down the decent, followed by his dogs.

"What the dickens is up now?" cried Sir George wonderingly, looking after him in his mad descent, without, however, any inclination to follow him. "Is it a woodcock or a whale, keeper?"

"No, Sir George," the man answered—he was craning his neck over the edge of the rock—"it's the red deer."

"The red deer! What, another old woman knocked down? Is there any other way down, Price, than this break-neck ladder of rock?"

"Yes, Sir George; round by the Long Walk."

"A long way round?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, we may as well go on," said Sir George resignedly. "The fun would be over before we could get there. And Hope is responsible for the old women on the place—I'm not," he muttered, as he walked on towards the second stubble-field. "Although, if I had my will, I'd set that scandal-mongering old Lady Saltmarsh before the biggest pair of antlers amongst them, and let her run for her life. It might quiet her tongue, at least. There's Hope's gun!" He stopped a moment. "What has he shot, I wonder? Not the red deer, surely!"

Just then came a "whir" from a whole covey of brown wings, rising temptingly within range; and Sir George, forgetful of his curiosity, "blazed away" for the next half-hour, with no other thought than of the bag he was filling.

In the meantime Leonard Hope had caught a glimpse, just below him, of a black-plumed hat and a gray cloak pursued by one of the red deer Sir George had pronounced harmless. The animal, wild and intractable, already, had been irritated by a little terrier dog which accompanied Miss Deveton in her walk, and she had caught up the little creature in her arms, whence he continued to harass his foe, and she had fled towards the boat-house for shelter from the danger. Leonard appeared just in time. At the report of his gun, fired in the air, the wild animal turned and fled in the opposite direction, and Leonard, following the young lady to her retreat, found her faint and breathless, leaning against the wall, just within the door.

It was hard upon him. For many days he had been trying to forget Miss Deveton's existence—as far as he could, spending every evening in her society. He had even contemplated making arrangements for having himself suddenly summoned away from Penmawr, leaving the castle—in the shooting season too—without a host. And here he was, forced, by the common laws of humanity and by all the traditions of chivalry, into the danger he had striven to avoid—into the worst possible phase of the danger. He found himself in the position of defender and protector to a beautiful woman; and his case might be a bad one unless he possessed a safeguard. But was his safeguard strong enough to bear the test?

It was a question he dared not try to answer, as the little trembling hands clung to his arm, and the fluttering heart beat so close to his on the homeward walk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ESCAPE OF THE WEBRA.

Her Propeller Broken off by a Floating Wreck.

On the night of July 20, at eleven o'clock, when the Werra was about one thousand miles from port, and probably near the Grand Banks, a sudden crash was heard, and it was found that the shaft was broken and the propeller lost. There was a brisk gale, and the sea was running heavy. The vessel drifted until six p. m. the following day, when the Venetian, from Liverpool, fell in with her and took her in tow. On the 4th inst. the hawser parted, but a boat was quickly lowered and another hawser was rigged. The Werra had on board 522 passengers, of whom 78 were first cabin, 90 second cabin, and 354 steerage. Among the passengers were thirty children. The Werra was brought to the East Boston docks this (Saturday) afternoon. Just

WHAT CAUSED THE ACCIDENT

is not yet known. After leaving Southampton the Captain reports favorable weather, and the vessel made quick time until the night of the 30th, when they were within one thousand miles of New York. The night was dark and stormy, but there was no high sea running. About eleven o'clock, he thought, the vessel struck something, presumably a floating wreck. The propeller was lost and the wrench at the same time broke the shaft. The pumps showed the vessel to be water tight and the frightened passengers were quickly reassured. The steamer hardly had steerage way and drifted until the next night, when the Venetian noticed their distress signals and effectually replied to them.

A PASSENGER'S STATEMENT.

One of the passengers, Mr. H. Howe, gives the following account of the accident:—

"The accident happened about eleven o'clock at night—perhaps a little before—when we were, the captain said, 1,080 miles out from New York. The ladies had nearly all retired, as had most of the gentlemen. There were only a few persons on deck, and I happened to be one of them. I suddenly felt as if something was going wrong with the machinery—an indescribable feeling, as if the screw had given way and the engine was going like lightning without any resistance in the water. The sea was rather rough. The shaft was broken, but it was not known at first whether it had run a hole into the bottom of the ship or not, and the small boats were all prepared in case of need. We drifted around from eleven o'clock that night all through the next day.

WHAT THE HALF HOUR BROUGHT FORTH.

"During the next day a fog prevailed until about six p. m., when it lifted for about half an hour. During that time we saw a steamer off on the horizon. We fired a gun which was in readiness for use and put up signals, and the steamer altered her course and bore right down on us. The vessel proved to be the Venetian. Without any delay whatever the Venetian turned around, and our second officer's boat carried a very thin line to her and gradually a thicker line until the vessels were connected by a heavy cable. The hawser broke once, but was quickly repaired."

The damage is confined to the screw propeller, which was carried away, and the shaft, of composition metal, which is badly twisted. A new propeller has been cabled for and has been shipped from Bremen.

It is said that on the second day out from Southampton a steerage passenger came on deck, jumped on the rail and stabbed himself and then threw himself overboard. The vessel was stopped, but the roughness of the sea rendered his rescue impossible.

"Oh, hum! I feel broke up to-day," said Mr. Younghusband, ruefully looking at himself in the mirror. "Yes, dear," said the young bride tenderly. "I know all about it. I read it in the paper this morning." "You did, eh?" yelled Mr. Younghusband, breaking off in the middle of a yawn and making an excited dash for the paper. "Wh-where is it? Wh-what does it say?" "Why darling how nervous you are! It doesn't say much. Only that the Knights of Leisure held their annual reunion last night and that the party broke up at an early hour. I suppose they were all broken up just the same as you dear, weren't they?"

MURDER BY THE WHOLESALE.

A Woman Accused of poisoning at Least Eleven Persons.

Mrs. Sarah J. Robinson, a widow, 48 years of age, has been arrested in West Somerville, Mass., on a charge of attempting to murder her son, William J. Robinson, by administering poison, and her alleged accomplice, Thomas R. Smith, were arraigned in the police court in that place. Mrs. Robinson came into court trembling, and appeared very much shaken and shattered in mind and body. To the complaint, which charged them with "mingling poison with medicine with intent to kill one William J. Robinson," both pleaded not guilty. Judge Story decided to continue the cases until the 18th inst., and held Mrs. Robinson in $25,000 and Mr. Smith in $3,500 bail. As yet they have not procured bondsmen. In the mean time it was learned that the boy had died, and the charge of wilful murder will now be made against the woman. The alleged accomplice, Thomas R. Smith, a married man, 48 years of age, who has a home in Hyde Park, was also arrested, as he was about to enter the widow's house in West Somerville. He has been a constant visitor there, and is suspected of having maintained illicit relations with the widow. The arrests were made after a chemical analysis by a Harvard professor had shown traces of arsenic in matter from the stomach of the widow's son, who was then

LYING AT THE POINT OF DEATH

at her house in West Somerville. The dying boy asserted that his mother and Smith had both given him poison in his food. An examination of the food given to the boy showed conclusively that poison was administered.

The case has created a feeling of horror among those conversant with the facts, and the deeper the investigation the more terrible the case appeared. It is said that the police have information of the suspicion death of at least eleven persons.

The last victim was the son of Mrs Robinson, who died the other morning in terrible agony, his physicians say of arsenical poisoning. This was the third death this year in the house. In March last her oldest daughter, Elizabeth, 24 years old, was stricken down with a peculiar malady which baffled the skill of her physicians. After a short illness she, like the rest, passed away. Hardly three months elapsed when Thomas A. Freeman, a child of whom Mrs. Robinson was guardian, fell a prey to illness and death speedily ensued.

The two last deaths following each other so soon, and being apparently similar in their symptoms, caused no little comment, but were regarded as peculiar rather than in a suspicious light. The taking down of William a few days ago with just such an attack as the others had, seemed to demand an examination. The physician, Dr. White, procured a quantity of the contents of the young man's stomach and sent it to Prof. Wood of Harvard Medical College, who made an analysis, which showed large quantities of arsenic. Dr. White immediately informed the police, who arrested Mrs. Robinson and Thomas R. Smith.

The investigation of the police has but just begun. They find that Mrs. Robinson, who is apparently a cultured woman, originally came from Chelsea, but for about four years previous to her coming to Somerville resided in various neighborhoods in Cambridge. The first known about her was when living on Brookline street in the latter city. It was there that her husband, who was a carpenter by trade,

DIED VERY SUDDENLY

four years ago. He was taken ill on fourth of July eight with cramps and abdominal pains, which resulted fatally in a few hours. His death was attributed to drinking ice water when overheated. Mrs. Robinson next moved to Hewes street, where the second sudden death in her family occurred, the victim being a ten-year-old daughter. The circumstances of that death were regarded as very peculiar at the time. After a short residence at the last-named place she moved to De Wolf street. While living there her sister died in South Boston, whereupon the latter's husband, a Mr. Freeman, and his two small children went to live with Mrs. Robinson. The infant child died soon afterward. Mrs. Robinson soon after moved to 54 Boylston street, where Mr. Freeman was taken suddenly ill and died, the suddenness of his death again attracting attention and suspicion.

In connection with the death of Mr. Freeman, and, still later, of his son Thomas, are circumstances which the police interpret as shedding a little light on affairs. Mr. Freeman was a member of a secret society known as the United Order of Pilgrim Fathers in which his life was insured for $2,000. The money was made payable to his wife in case of his death, but his wife dying before him, the money was made payable to Mrs. Robinson, with the understanding that it was to be devoted to the support and education of his son. The death of the son placed the money unrestricted in Mrs. Robinson's hands.

Then the daughter of Mrs. Robinson, who died in March, also had her life insured in the same society for $2,000 which was made payable to the son William, who has just died. He in turn was insured for $2,000 for the benefit of his mother, so that the later will receive the

INSURANCE ON HIS LIFE

and what has not been spent of the sum received on the daughter's. Mrs. Robinson's husband was insured for $2,000 in the New England Mutual Relief Association. The payment of the policy was contested on the ground that the agent who received the premiums embezzled the money, and the case is still pending before the Supreme Court.

The police say, without giving details, that they have learned of eleven sudden deaths in Mrs. Robinson's household within the past four years. It has never happened that the same physician has been called twice.

The man Smith, charged with being an accomplice, has been a frequent visitor to Mrs. Robinson's house. He says he is an old friend of the family. It is said he is a social member of the same Pilgrim Fathers' society that Mrs. Robinson and her children belong, but is not entitled to the beneficiary advantages. He is 58 years old and a respected citizen of Hyde Park, where he is the superintendent of aSunday school. An autopsy on the body of William Robinson and that of the Freeman boy showed the presence of arsenic in such quantities that a careful analysis was not necessary to demonstrate its presence.

A Lady Killed in the Alps.

Tidings have reached Vienna of another fatal Alpine accident in the same neighborhood where, barely a month ago, the Marquis Pallavicini and M. Crommelin, of the Dutch Legation, met with a tragic end.

This time the victim was a lady, Fraulein Pauline von Sonklar of Innsbruck, who, in company of four gentlemen and another lady, had set out from Heiligenblut, in the Grossglocker district, on a mountain ascent, intending to view from a distance the scene of the recent catastrophe. So reach the point whence the Grossglockner might be seen, it would be necessary for the excursionists to climb a ragged mountain path for about two hours, and they would then descend into a wild ravine, through which flows a torrent. Emerging from this part of the road, they would follow a narrow and dangerous mountain track, bordered on one side by a steep precipice, and upon which experienced mountaineers alone should venture.

It was at the most perilous portion of this track that the unfortunate lady lost her footing, and, before assistance could be afforded, was precipitated from the dizzy height and dashed on to the rocks below. Death was instantaneous, and the body, when recovered, was found to be frightfully mutilated.

A Southern newspaper gives an account of a man who tried to hang himself with a towel and came down with a crash. Such levity is ill timed

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

The ladies of Copenhagen have founded a new society for "Improvement and Progress."

Lady Hardy and Miss Ina Hardy are soon about to publish their experiences in Tropical America.

Signora Ernesta Paper, a very skillful and scientific physician, has been appointed doctor to the women telegraph clerks in Florence, Italy, by the G. T. D.

Mrs. Shine, owner of large estates in Kilkenny, has sold her Galmoy property to the tenants, at prices varying from fifteen to seventeen years' purchase, forgiving all arrears of rent.

Acid pulp for paper-making is produced in Sweden at a cost of one cent, per pound. The labor is mostly performed by women, whose wages are from twelve to twenty cents a day.

Five hundred women of Oxford, England, have petitioned the Bishop to sanction the attendance of women physicians upon women who are sick. Why not invite one to come and practice among them at once?

Ernestine Hanna Ratisbonne, wife of M. Boyfus, has bequeathed 40,000 fr. (£1,600) to be invested in French Government securities, and the interest to be devoted to set up in business two working men and two working women of the Hebrew persuasion.

Mrs. Main (till lately Mrs. Burnaby) has written a new work called "High Life, Towers of Silence." The book deals—like the authoress's last work—chiefly with life in Switzerland, and is written in the true spirit of the mountaineer and member of the Alpine Club.

Repeated attempts have at different times been made in Switzerland to introduce women compositors in printing offices, but without success, the innovation having been strongly resisted by the journeymen printers. One office (in Lausanne) permits their employment.

"It is said that the authorities of the Inner Temple propose to celebrate the jubilee of the Queen's accession by allowing ladies to come to hall."—*Englishwoman's Review.* This means that all restrictions will be removed to the occupation by women of an equal place in the English legal profession.

The first book written by an Arabian about Arabians will shortly be published in Berlin, the writer being a lady. The work is entitled "Memoirs of a Princess," and the authoress is the sister of the present Sultan of Zanzibar. The Princess of Zanzibar is known in German society as "Frau Ruete." She is imbued with European notions, and has received European culture.

Heathenism at Home.

Only a few blocks from Printing House Square in New York city is a heathen temple, where the Chinese deities are worshipped as in their own land. Mr. Forman thus describes it:

It is not an imposing-looking entrance; it opens directly upon a steep stairway, and the only suggestive feature is a strip of red paper over the door-way which looks as if it was a label torn off a package of fire-crackers. It bears the name of "Joss," and tells the devoutly inclined Celestial that the temple is up stairs. Early last week the new interior fittings of the temple, the altar, tables and chairs, arrived here from China and were put in place. Now the unpretending third floor contains some of the finest specimens of Chinese art in this city. The altar is of carved ebony, practically a large frame for the picture of Joss and his attendant deities, executed on satin in the most elaborate style of Chinese art, and a heavy table for holding the incense burners and votive offerings. As a whole the carvings represent the universe; along the bottom, under the table, is the sea, with fish, acquatic plants, and the huge turtle upon which, according to Chinese mythology, the earth is supposed to rest. From each side rise trees, shrubs, and heavily carved foliage, with birds and animals among the branches. The branches interlock over the top, and the whole is backed with heavy plate-glass mirrors representing the heavens thickly studded with golden stars. The chairs and tables are in the same style of rich Oriental carving, and the room is lighted by carved lanterns hanging from the ceiling. The walls are hung with Chinese mottoes, the air is heavy with incense, and it it is hard to believe that we are in New York and not in Cathay. The whole affair cost the Chinese residents of New York between $6,000 and $8,000, and is entirely self-supporting.

They have queer features in their religion, which was quaintly explained to me by the old priest in charge. I noticed that a large proportion of the worshipers would come in, make their obeisance to the altar, burn a few prayer sticks, and go out. Some, however, remained a longer time and gave the priest sums varying from twenty-five cents to a dollar. In response to my inquiry he said:

"A man can say all he wants to in three minutes, so he have three minutes for nothing; if he have good deal to say, he pay twenty-five cents for next three minutes, fifty for next three and so on. No good to pray too long."

Then he added, after a moment's reflection:

"In Melican church man talks an hour and every body pray two hours or two hours and a half, then make collection beg to pay minister. Chinese way, 500 or 600 people pray two hours; we make two or three thousand dollar."

With its dingy exterior the Chinese of New York have now one of the most richly furnished places of worship in the city.

The Land of Snow and Ice.

Colonel William H. Gilder and William Griffiths at last accounts were getting ready to sail for Cumberland Inlet on their way to the North Pole as their ultimate destination. These gentlemen propose to travel on foot and with dogs, availing themselves of the local knowledge of the native Esquimaux. The rest of this season will be spent in collecting the dogs and provisions and picking up the natives who are to accompany them. There will be plenty of game to live upon for many months. The explorers expect to reach Fort Conger, where there are abundant stores left by Lieutenant Greely. At the end of the third or fourth season Colonel Gilder thinks he may reach a high latitude, from whence he can make a dash at the pole. There is not one chance in a thousand that Colonel Gilder and his friend will succeed, for the difficulties are apparently insurmountable. They will encounter the ice of the Paleocrystic Sea; that is, ice which has remained such from generation to generation, as it is formed in a region where the temperature is always below the freezing point. According to the testimony of Nares, Payer, and Weyprecht, who have conducted sledge parties in these high altitudes, months are often passed in accomplishing a couple of miles, for the ice piles up hundreds of feet high in front of the explorer. While Colonel Gilder will doubtless fail, the secret of the poles north and south will eventually be revealed, for man will never rest satisfied until he controls all parts of the planet he inhabits. But we do not believe that this end will be accomplished until aerial navigation will be successfully achieved.

The handsome Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, one of the manliest and most interesting of European sovereigns, is decidedly in the favor of Queen Victoria, who proposes to make him a Knight of the Garter. About a year ago Prince Alexander and Princess Victoria, the young daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany, fell in love with one another. It was hoped that a marriage between them might be effected, especially as the Crown Princess was known to think well of the match. But her husband and the Emperor opposed it, and so the rumored engagement has been denied semi-officially. Princess Victoria is quite broken-hearted in consequence. She is now twenty years old, by no means pretty, yet of excellent form and pleasant manner.

FOREIGN ECHOES.

The season for most Swiss landlords has been a very poor one, it is reported, and at times the heat has been almost unparalleled for the Alps.

Advices from Tien-Tsin say that great excitement prevails there over the report that the island of Lazareff, in the Pacific Ocean, has been occupied by Russia.

The number of insane in the asylums of St. Petersburg has more than doubled within the last ten years. There has been a still greater increase of suicides throughout the country.

The skeleton of Bishop Courtenay, Edward IV.'s Lord Seal, has been discovered in a coffin built up in masonry in the crypt of Winchester Cathedral. Courtenay, it will be remembered, was at Bosworth, and is mentioned by Shakespeare in "Richard III."

Mme. Patti has raised $7,500 by two concerts for the Swansea General Hospital, and she will give a third concert for the same purpose on Thursday evening of next week. At the close of the entertainment Sir Hussey Vivian will present to her the fine painting of herself by James Sant, R. A., now exhibited at the Royal Academy.

The following is a summary of Mr. Gladstone's expenses, as issued by the Sheriff of Midlothian:—1, Returning officer's expenses £7 11s; 2, personal expenses, £29 10s; 3, election agent, £63; 4, clerks, £18 10s; 5, printing, advertising, stationery, postage, and telegrams, £20 5s 5d; 6, meeting and committee rooms, £31 14s 6d; 7, miscellaneous, £20 12s 2d. Total, £191 2s 1d.

Even poor old Emperor Dom Pedro lost his mental equilibrium in the delirium of general rejoicing over Bernhardt in Rio Janeiro, and sent for Sarah and presented her with a costly bracelet set in brilliants. The series of honors was crowned by a high society journal, the æsthetic Semana, issuing a special edition containing Sarah's praises, printed on silk and inclosed in rich covers of plush.

The Queen-Regent of Spain is spending the season at La Granja. Every morning Her Majesty goes out with the children, very simply attired, and unattended by any suite. She may be frequently seen sitting on a bench in the palace grounds with the infant King in her lap and the two little princesses playing on the grass around her. After dinner Her Majesty gives an audience to Senor Martinez on affairs of the State, and at 6 in the evening she takes an hour's drive along the Balsain road.

Mr. Labouchere writes:—Landlords have said to me: "My land costs me more than it produces." My reply has always been: "Then give it to me." This they invariably refuse to do, which proves that either their land has a value or they are silly enough to hold property which is owned at a loss. Why should we waste our pity on people who have a saleable article and who refuse to sell it? "But we cannot sell," they reply. This, however, only means that they cannot sell the article for more than its real value. Of course they cannot. No more can any one else.

A girl was taken before the Paris tribunal charged with stealing a blanket. She pleaded that she was under the influence of another person and could not help herself. In prison it was found in an hypnotized condition, and acted readily under the commands of others, doing anything that was told her. She was examined by a commission of Charcot, Brouardel and Mollet, who reported that this state came from the use of morphia, suffering and hunger, and that these suggestions from others, acting on an unstable nervous organism greatly deranged by morphia and other causes, rendered her irresponsible for her acts. She was acquitted.

HE DEFIED THE DEITY.

A Story of a Boastful Physician's Humiliation and Bereavement.

A gentleman residing in Middletown, who was visiting in Sullivan county last week, was attracted by eight headstones in a little grass-grown cemetery, near Fallsburgh, all of which stood in a row and were exactly alike. He got out of his wagon to look at them, and found that they were all children of a well-known physician, and that all were grown when stricken down, and that the dates on the headstones showed that the first one died Nov. 23, 1861, and the other seven between that date and Dec. 15 following, or that the entire family of eight children had died within eight weeks.

When speaking of the matter to friends that day, he was told the history of the case, which is regarded in that neighborhood as a visitation of Providence in punishment for defiance of the Deity.

The story as told is that in 1861 there was a scourge of diphtheria in that neighborhood, and the physician was kept busy treating patients suffering from that disease. He was very successful, and gained such confidence in his skill that he began to boast that he could cure any case, and went so far that he "defied God Almighty to produce a case of diphtheria he could not cure." In less than a week his youngest child was seized with the disease, and although he exercised his skill to the utmost, having not only professional pride but a father's love to urge him to do his best, his boy grew worse and died. One after another his children sickened and died, until all were gone and laid side by side in the little graveyard near Fallsburgh. But one child was left, a married daughter, but in a few weeks she, too, was stricken down and became a victim to the dread disease.

How to Tell When a Person is Dead.

While we are decidedly in favor of cremation, we do not admit that the fear of being buried alive should be a reason to cause us to reject burial and to adopt cremation. There are two simple tests by which we can always convince ourselves whether a person is really dead or not. One test is the same that has been crowned with a prize by the French Government, which has for years offered a large reward for the discovery of any method, always applicable, always reliable, and one that may be practised by the most ignorant. The method of determining actual death which was considered by the French Government as being worthy of the reward is the following:

When the fingers of a person who is supposed to be dead are fully extended, but kept near together, and if placed in front of a candle light in a dark room, a peculiar bright color, due to the capillary circulation, will be visible where the fingers touch each other, if there is any life left.

The other is based upon the well-known fact that the muscles of a human being will never respond for a longer time to the strongest electrical current than for one hour and a half after death; while as long as life lasts, may its evidence be ever so little, the contractility of the muscles, if not affected by some forms of paralysis—and in cases thus affected, when death seems to occur, it always is real—remains.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

One hundred Anarchists were drilling in an up-town hall. "Attention! Carry, arms! Forward, march!" "Bang! bang! bang!" Seventy-five men dashed for the door and tumbled over each other down stairs, ten jumped out of the third-story window, eight fainted, six fell on their knees and commenced praying, and one nearly butted out his brains trying to crawl into a mouse hole. Some one had carelessly dropped two parlor matches on the floor, and when they were stepped on and exploded, the Communists, who were training for a fight thought it had begun.

"What paper should you think would sell best at the Summer resorts, Mr. Spicer?" asked one of the boarders. "Fly-paper," said Seth, making a vicious dab at the place which his back hair formerly occupied.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A lamp standing for some time in a cool room, and then filled full of cold oil, will run over through the expanse of the oil when taken to where it is warm. Then the lamp may be blamed for leaking. To obviate this, never fill the lamp quite full.

Myopia is said, on good evidence, to be increasing with great rapidity in Europe. During the past fifteen years the proportion of the near-sighted students in the Polytechnic school of France has raised from thirty to fifty per cent., and eighty per cent. of the students have to wear glasses.

Dr. Riley, in his last entomological report, does not take a very hopeful view of the immediate prospects of silk culture in the United States. In his opinion it requires a temporary stimulus, and he would suggest a duty on reeled silk imported from foreign countries.

Handsome pillow shams can be made by using eight medium sized, hem-stitched handkerchiefs, four for each sham. Trim them by inserting either lace or fine embroidery so that the insertion forms a cross in the middle. Edge with lace or embroidery and make up over bright colored cambric.

As a rule, phosphorized cod liver oil is well borne by "rickety" children, and it renders them great service. The appetite and general health improve rapidly. A grain of phosphorus may be dissolved in five ounces of good cod liver oil, of which a teaspoonful may be given three times a day.

Carlyle wrote of women as physicians: "Their form of intellect, their sympathy, their wonderful acuteness of observation, etc., seem to indicate in them peculiar qualities for dealing with disease; and evidently in a certain department (that of female diseases) they have quite peculiar opportunities of being useful."

If a pleasure boat capsizes, it is safety itself to let the water support ninety-nine hundredths of the weight of the body, and let the upturned boat support the remaining one-hundredth by merely bearing the hands. An overturned bucket, a chair or a plank, if required to bear but a portion of one's weight will keep the head above water.

Scenes of Bible History.

Over thirty years ago, when two or three Englishmen began the work of collecting in a volume the knowledge then existing about the scenes of Bible history, they became very much impressed with the scantiness of the information they sought and the haphazard manner in which it was gathered. Out of their report on this subject grew the Palestine exploration fund, which for twenty-one years past has kept its explorers ransacking the ruins of ancient civilization. The world owes to the work of this society, supplemented by the fruitful labor of its colleagues in Egypt and Assyria, the identification with more or less certainty of most of the important places mentioned in the Bible.

These tireless explorers, with their spades and geological hammers, digging into ancient tombs and crumpled synagogues, mapping every ruin, exploring all the caverns and water courses, and bringing the stage upon which the drama of sacred history was enacted clearly before the eyes of modern students. It is a precious boon to this generation that these new lights have been supplied to illumine its researches into the greatest of books. History cannot be studied intelligently without maps. The student of Europe in this century requires a series of maps to enable him to understand the momentous and numerous changes in political boundaries from the rise of Napoleon to the treaty of Berlin. So these recent researches in Bible lands are restoring to the maps most important information.

We can now trace with a large degree of certainty the route of the Exodus. We can correctly place on the map of Egypt in the eastern half of the delta the fertile land of Goshen where Joseph bade his brethren dwell. We know where the children of Israel reared the treasure city of Pithom at Pharoah's command. We know, it is believed, the exact spot where Jeremiah stood when the people listened to the fiery eloquence of one of the prophecies. Not the least interesting to these researches is the discovery just made by that very fortunate explorer, Mr. Finders Petrie, who last year unearthed Naukratis.

In an arid waste, once a rich, pastoral district of the Nile delta, he has discovered the ruins of that very palace, built, as the records in its foundations show, by king Psammetichus I., to which "the remnant of Judah," brought the daughters of king Zedekiah after that unfortunate monarch had been led a mutilated captive to Babylon. These remains of a royal palace, which have hitherto escaped the notice of Egyptologists, are still known to the wandering Arabs as "the castle of the Jew's daughter." The proofs found by Mr. Petrie seem conclusive to identify this place as the Tahpanhes of Scripture and the refuge of the Jewish princesses. One of the interesting features of this discovery is the probable identification of the very pavement of brickwork mentioned in the forty-third chapter of Jeremiah. The prophet says: "Then came the word of the Lord unto Jeremiah in Tahpanhes saying. Take great stones in thine hand and hide them in morter in the brickwork which is at the entry of Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes in the sight of the men of Judah; and say unto them. Thus saith the Lord of Hosts the God of Israel: Behold I will send and take Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, my servant, and will set his throne upon these stones that I have hid; and he shall spread his royal pavilion over them. And he shall come and smite the land of Egypt."

The revised version gives as an alternative reading for "the brickwork which is at the end of Pharoah's house" the word "pavement or square." Mr. Petrie found in the course of his excavations, facing the entrance to the building, "an area of continuous brickwork resting on sand about 100 by 60 feet." The brickwork is two or three feet thick, and was apparently designed as an open-air platform for meetings or the transaction of public business. The palace was destroyed by fire, and it is reasonable to believe that the torch was applied by the soldiers of the Babylonian king when, as is well known, Nebuchadnezzar verified the words of the prophet by his invasion of Egypt.

All these fruitful researches are not only serving to elucidate the text of the sacred volume, but they are also affording new and striking proofs of the great fact that the Bible is the most logical and reasonable of books. We know now more fully than we ever understood before the discoveries of recent years, that there is no book in the world more worthy of investigation.

The Highest Observatory.

The advantages of regular accounts of what is going on several thousand feet above the earth has long been recognised by meteorologists. To furnish data to these scientists, the Tyrolese are going to have the highest observatory in the world. They have built two houses, one made of logs and the other made of stone, on the summit of Somblick. As a stone house would be uncomfortably cold so high up in the air, the weather observer is provided with a hut made of logs, lashed, anchored, and cabled to the top of the mountain; but no wooden structure can be entirely secure, so terrible are the wind storms that sometimes rage in the upper air, hence the stone refuge, which is cut into the rocks. Of course the observer will be able to communicate the diary he keeps to the scientists on the surface of the earth by telegraph and telephone. Another observatory will be the famous tower, 1,000 feet high, the foundations of which are soon to be laid, on the *Champ de Mars*, to be in readiness for the Paris exposition two years hence. It will be one of the wonders of the world. We have described its features in these columns already, but after the exposition is over it will be used as an observatory, and will be devoted to forwarding scientific objects.

THE FARM.

Horses Kept on Grass.

Grass may be the natural food of the horse, but he takes to grain with wonderful readiness, and if fed nothing but grass the whole system is relaxed and but a comparatively small amount of work can be endured. Grass is so washy and the stomach of the horse is so small that but a small amount of nutriment is contained in the stomach when full. The bowels are loose, the stomach is emptied, and the horse feels weak and faint in a very short time when at work. The sweat rolls out almost in streams and a few minutes exertion causes him to puff and blow as if he had been running a race. He may do very well if he has nothing to do but run in pasture and fight flies, but he is not fit to work. He can stand a moderate amount, but he does it with great exertion and corresponding exhaustion. If a team is to be worked regularly it is better to keep them in the stable and feed them hay and grain regularly, with an occasional bite of grass as a relish and a regulator of the bowels. This may be mown and given them, or they may be permitted to run out a little while and gather the grass. This mode of keeping a team of horses will pay much better in work than permitting them to run to grass. If but a moderate amount of work is required, the horses may be permitted to run in the pasture at night, but should be put in the stable during the day, when not at work, and given hay and grain regularly, but with discretion. It does them no good to fight flies all day in the pasture, but torments and worries them. The stable may be darkened, and yet kept so well ventilated and airy, if properly constructed, as to avoid the annoyance of flies, and still preserve a comfortable temperature—even more so than that effected by the shade of a tree.

Turnips as a Profitable Crop.

Waldo F. Brown says that for twenty-five years he has not made a failure with the turnip crop, and with the exception of perhaps two years he has grown from 100 bushels up to as high as 1,500 each year. Although some years he has not been able to sell, and so fed them to his stock, in other seasons they have paid him a larger net profit than any other crop grown on the farm, and, taking the years one with another, he has found an acre or two of turnips to pay better than most farm crops. He remembers one year that he sold a carload of 400 bushels at 33½ cents a bushel on the track at his station, and, as he was loading the car, was frequently asked by farmers the price, and several times when he told it they said: "Can you make anything growing turnips at that price?" It so happened that corn was selling at the same price, and Mr. Brown said to them: "You grow on an average less than fifty bushels of corn to the acre and gave it the entire season and several thorough workings; I grew an average of 200 bushels of turnips to the acre and grew them as a second crop, and gave them no cultivation at all." Mr. Brown says that 200 bushels is a very moderate crop and that he has grown 500 bushels on an acre of highly manured land that had grown two crops besides the same season, the first crop being early peas that were marketed June 11, and the second crop pickles, and the turnips were sown about the 1st of August at the last working of the cucumbers. He believes that it is easier to grow 1,000 bushels of turnips on an acre than 100 bushels of corn.

Timely Suggestions.

In answer to question how to know when watermelons are ripe, snap the melon with the fingers and if it has a dull, hollow sound it is ripe. Another way is to press on it, and if it cracks it is ripe, but pressing on it a few times has a tendency to spoil it. The stem drying and turning black is one sign of ripeness. Common whitewash, which consists of lime and water only, lasts but a short time when exposed to the weather, hence various articles are added to increase its durability. One of the simplest of these washes is made by slaking half a bushel of lime with boiling water. When thoroughly slaked dissolve in water and add to the lime two pounds of sulphate of zinc (white vitriol) and one pound of common salt. This wash is very white. If desired of a beautiful cream color add three pounds of yellow ochre.

I am not disparaging manure when I say that the cheapest way of fertilizing land for wheat is to plow early and then stir the soil after every rain so as to keep it open to atmospheric action. I think I can safely say that I have seen ten bushels per acre added to the yield of a field by this means. I think the "coming farmer" will pulverize his soil more and better than we now do.

THE NOBLE DOG.

A Letter From "Sheep-Hater."

It was with great pleasure that I read, in a recent issue of your paper, your splendid article in defense of that noble and much abused animal of the canine species. I have been intending for some time to give you my thoughts on that subject, but have been "let hitherto." The howl sent up by the sheep-men all over the country, for the blood of our noble friend, the festive cur, is truly terrifying. Have we dog-men and dogs no rights that sheep-men and sheep are bound to respect? Can't a poor, innocent dog, in a playful mood, frolic and caper with a flock of worthless sheep, without creating a great stir—even to stirring out the owner with his shot gun on murder deep intent? What if a few of the worthless creatures yield up their life blood to cater to the fastidious appetite of my canine pet? Of what profit are sheep anyway? The abominable stuff that grows on their backs is not fit to eat, and their carcass won't weigh a thousand pounds. Why, I ask, should such worthless things seek the protection of the law? Better, far better, as you say, make outlaws of them and throw the loving and protecting arms of the law carressingly around our friend. What a huge satisfaction does the possession of a few dozen dogs give a man! With what complacency he views them as they prowl around hunting for hens nests (just for the fun of it you know; they would not suck an an egg, no, oh no;) or how he enjoys the sight of a flock of sheep speeding across the green pasture for dear life, with his noble dog in hot pursuit—just for the fun of it you know—he needs the exercise. I love to sit on my front gallery and watch the noble creatures as they trot to and fro. (I am too poor to own one of the "valuable critters.") What if their ribs do "shine" and their hip bones stick up like signals of distress? What if they are so poor that their bones rattle in their hides? A few worthless sheep will remedy all that. Here's to the festive cur; long may he waver and totter along. There is little doubt as you say that he will receive ample protection from our salons. Never you fear for that. There are votes in it. If the poor innocents themselves have not these votes, their owners have; and most of them have an "eye to the main chance." But we want this sheep nuisance abated. It is costing us too many dogs, for an infernal fool who owns sheep will kill a dog with a good relish. So we demand the passage of a law making it a crime to own sheep in this country. Doggedly yours,—SHEEP-HATER.

Clara (Bobby's big sister)—"I heard father call you a little while ago, Bobby." Bobby—"Did he say Robert or Bobby?" Clara—"He said Robert." Bobby—(with a serious look in his eye)—"Then I guess I had better see what he wants."

Mr. Average—"My dear, I never refused you money in my life. What do you go through my pockets that way for?" Mrs. Average—"Bless you, love, I do not look through your pockets in search of money." "What then?" "The letters I gave you to mail."

LATE DOMINION NEWS.

The Knights of Labor propose to establish a biscuit factory in Catham, Ont.

A boy of eight years old fell from the top to the bottom of the cliff at Quebec, 160 feet, but escaped unhurt.

A Wolf Island hen laid an egg which weighed only a sixth of an ounce. Her name is withheld out of respect to the family.

In an answer to the question, "Who was Sir Walter Scott?" on one of the entrance examination papers, a Parkhill boy wrote, "A celebrated Scottish novelist who was killed by Riel."

Just as Richard Sullivan, of Farmerton, N. B., had got his last load of hay into his new barn the building was struck by lightning, and all the hay, and some farm machinery, consumed.

The latest "longevity" item is furnished by a family living in Kingston, N. S. It consists of ten members, who are all living, the youngest being 52 years of age. The added ages of the ten equal 700 years.

A child who was fishing near Syndroal Island, Stoney Creek, caught a small black bass. Before it could be landed a large maskinonge swallowed the bass, bait, and part of the line, and got off with the booty.

A New Brunswick man while cutting up an old tree for kindling struck what he thought at first was a nail. He began to whittle around it, when he found an old brass door knob thoroughly imbedded in the wood, the tree having grown entirely around it.

The work of deepening the ship channel between Quebec and Montreal to 27½ feet is advancing rapidly, and there is now a fair chance of a vessel drawing 27½ feet of water passing down the St. Lawrence from Montreal to Quebec before the close of navigation this autumn.

A Jersey bull which a boy was leading into a stable at Richmond, P. Q., became obstinate and refused to move, whereupon the lad very unwisely seized hold of the ring in the bull's nose with his hand. The animal resented this insult by flinging him several times around the stable. He fortunately escaped with slight injuries.

A fire occurred in Robert McAbe's house, near Eganville, while the occupants were in bed. Mr. McAbe got outside and put a ladder up to the bedroom window, egress to the door being cut off by the flames. When he ascended the ladder it broke, consequently the children, mother, and grandmother had to leap, one at a time, into his arms. The two latter were badly shaken up.

George Ke-se-ka-wa-sis recently hired a saddle-horse from M. McCauley, of Edmonton. At St. Albert he sold the horse to another party. He stole the animal back, came to town, and paid McCauley a part of the hire, and leased him for another term. The Indian and the horse have both disappeared. The Indian has made the horse go a long way in more senses than one.

The Golden Lion property, situated on the business part of Main street, Winnipeg, was sold a couple of days ago to Mr. John Robertson, of Vankleek Hill, Ont., who already is an owner of Winnipeg property to the extent of $200,000. The property, which has a frontage of 28 feet, was sold for $800 a foot, including the building, which is worth about $8,000. The price is deemed a very good one by local dealers.

Two years ago Charles, fifth son of Mr. Rutherford, now Mayor of Owen Sound, dislocated the bones of his left wrist. The bones were set, but it was not then known that the ligature which binds the bones was ruptured, and the discovery was made only when it was too late to restore to the boy the use of his hand. The thought that his hand would be useless all his life gave him great distress, and was the cause of a nervous disease of which he died a few days ago.

The people of River Philip, N. S., were thrown into a state of excitement on the other evening by the report that three small children, aged respectively 10, 5, and 2½ years, were lost in the woods. As soon as possible about one hundred men were searching the woods in all directions until one o'clock the next morning, when the moon went down and further search until daylight was useless. In the meantime a messenger was despatched to Oxford for more men, and Hugh McLellan threw open his house and by the help of other friends the hungry men were fed. About daylight fully two hundred men were again on the alert, and the wood was searched in every direction for about two hours, when the rain began to fall in torrents and every one was getting discouraged, but after an hour or two more search the little girl, aged 10, appeared carrying the baby on her back. She says that after they found they couldn't get home she took off her flannel shirt and wrapped the younger children up in it, and they slept until daylight, when, no doubt guided by the noise, she was able to find her way home. They do not seem to be any the worse for their night's rest in open air. Two of the children were son and daughter of Frederick Oxley; and the other a daughter of A. Hodgson.

With Illustrations.

An amusing scene was that once enacted in an English hospital, between the celebrated Dr. Abernethy and an Irish patient. The doctor had been absent from the hospital for a short time, and consequently many cases were no longer in the condition in which he had left them. He was passing through one of the wards, pointing out at every step some very instructive fact to the crowd of pupils who followed him, when an Irishman suddenly leaped from one of beds, and prostrated himself at Abernethy's feet.

Everybody was momentarily bewildered, but the poor fellow began pouring forth such a torrent of thanks and blessings, illustrated by phantomimic display, of his legs, and the scene speedily explained itself.

"That's the leg, yer honor!" cried Pat. "Yer honor's the boy to do it! May ye prosper forever and iver! Long life to yer honor! Bad luck to the spalpeens that said yer honor would cut it off!"

It seems that the man had entered the hospital some three months before with a diseased ankle, which had at once been condemned to amputation. Abernethy, however, suggested that rest and some mild treatment should first be tried, and the result was most happy. With some difficulty the patient was now induced to go to bed, and Abernethy began a short lecture upon the case, interrupted by a commentary fro Pat. Every statement made by the surgeon was confirmed by the patient.

"The patient, gentlemen, was greatly weakened," began Abernethy.

"Thrue, yer honor! Sorry a lie div ye shpake!" cried the Irishman.

"I recommended nourishing food"——

"Ah, yer honor's the great doother entirely!"

At the slightest allusion to the leg, off went the bedclothes and up went that member, as if taking aim at the ceiling.

"That's it, yer honor! And a bitther leg than the villian's that wanted to cut it off!"

He Was Very Kind to Him.

"Well, Berkey, how are things?"

"Oh, so-so."

"Did you see your man, Colonel Karper?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"How did he treat you?"

"Didn't treat me at all; I had to do all the treating."

"I mean did he appear kind to you?"

"Oh, yes; very. He took a drink every time I asked him."

He Died Punning.

A stranger loitering about a mill the other day was caught by a belt and drawn into the machinery. He was taken out in a dying condition; but smiled faintly as he remarked to his rescuers:

"I see that you are determined that I shall no longer remain incog."

He was a professional humorist.

HEALTH.

Headache in School Children.

Prof. N. J. Bystroff has examined seven thousand four hundred and seventy-eight boys and girls in the St. Petersburg schools, during the last five years, and found headache in eight hundred and sixty-eight; that is, 11.6 per cent. He states that the percentage of headache increases almost in a direct progression with the age of children, as well as with the number of hours occupied by them for mental labor; thus, while headache occurred in only five per cent. of the children aged eight, it attacked from twenty-eight to forty per cent. of the pupils aged from fourteen to eighteen. The author argues that an essential cause of obstinate headache in school children is the excessive mental strain enforced by the present educational programme, which leaves out of consideration the peculiarities of the child's nature and the elementary principles of scientific hygiene. The overstrain brings about an increased irritability of the brain, and consecutive disturbances in the cerebral circulation. Professor Bystroff emphatically insists on the imperative necessity for permanently admitting medical men to conferences of school-boards. Of palliative measures, he mentions methodical gymnastics, mild aperients in well-nourished children, steel in the anæmic, bromides, inhalation of oxygen, and, in severe cases, a temporary discontinuance of all studies.

Advice to Mothers and Fathers.

I would advise mothers to study the laws of their own being, read books upon the subject of infants and how to take care of them (there are many excellent works published upon this subject), ask the advice of your physician instead of your neighbors, and take proper care of yourselves; instruct your daughters when they arrive at a proper age and impress upon their minds what responsibilities they assume when marrying. Not alone do we need to advise mothers but fathers also. Your life and conduct have as much to do with heredity as a woman's, even more so, for if you think you can persist in drinking, ill-treating your wife and disobeying all physical and moral laws you need never expect to be proud of your sons and daughters. Your sins in the past will often produce a living witness to testify against you here and hereafter. This is so much to be said on the subject, but I feel that if what I have said will benefit and console just one dear, loving mother's heart, I will be content.

Hygienic Bill of Fare.

1. Bread and milk with fruit.
2. Bread and whipped eggs; honey.
3. Bread and boiled eggs; apples (Roman.)
4. Bread and butter; rice-pudding with sugar and milk.
5. Corn bread and butter; roasted chestnuts; honey, grapes (Orsleans).
6. Oat-meal porridge and milk; fish, bread and butter (Danish).
7. Poached eggs; pancakes with honey or syrup; bread pudding; hot milk.
8. Vegetable soup; baked beans; potatoes and butter, biscuits and apple dumplings.

BACK FROM HEAVEN.

A Girl Apparently Dies—The Marvellous Stories She Told on Returning to Life.

The little town of Vernon, in Lamar county, has furnished a first-class sensation which has set the entire country wild. Mollie Pennington, who resides four miles from Vernon, aged thirteen years, was taken sick June 15. Physicians state that her illness resembled hydrophobia. The 17th Drs. Reed, Browe, Morton and Burns were called in to see the girl. She presented every sign of hydrophobia, attempting to bite every one around her, even herself. The 18th she somewhat rallied, gained her consciousness and told those around her that she would die for an hour exactly and at the expiration of that time to chafe her hands and feet and that she would

COME BACK TO LIFE.

At the time predicted she sank away, and physicians present state that death was apparent, the pulse failing to beat and her body was cold. Her physician applied all available remedies to restore her, and at sixty-two minutes exactly from the time she swooned away she astonished all by opening her eyes and jumping nimbly from her bed. She said that she had been to heaven, and that God had cured her. She then said that she was returned to preach to the earth, and commenced there exhortations that

AMAZED THEM ALL.

The most curious circumstance is that she remarked immediately that she had seen Mrs. Briermore in heaven and had talked with her. Mrs. Briermore, who lived four miles away, died during the hour the girl was apparently dead and no one had any communication from that family. At appointed times, evenings, she has continued her exhortations, telling before hand at what hour God would be with her. Ministers from all over the country are flocking to see her and her discourses move her audiences to

SHOUTS AND TEARS.

She is unusually small for her age, weighing but forty-one pounds. She has always been of a reticent disposition, but within the last month she has been in unusual good spirits and talked incessantly.

The Editor Receives a call.

A chronic loafer, who thinks he has a right to bother people and render them as idle as himself, walked into the office recently. He wanted to see the editor. He saw the editor.

"Nice day," said the visitor.

"Pretty warm," replied the editor.

"Warm enough for you?" said the visitor.

A look of disgust on the face of the editor.

"How are you gettin' along?" said the visitor.

"Very well, thank you," said the editor. Pause.

"Guess it'll rain 'fore night," said the visitor.

"Probably," said the editor.

Full stop.

"How's all the folks?" asked the visitor.

"Well, thank you," replied the editor.

Another pause.

"Hotter'n 'twas yesterday, I believe," said the visitor.

"Very likely," said the editor.

"Need a good shower now to cool the air," said the visitor.

"Y-e-s," said the editor.

Two paws.

"What's new?" asked the visitor?

"Nothing special," replied the editor.

A very long pause.

"Believe it's gettin' cooler, by thunder," said the visitor.

"Shouldn't wonder," replied the editor.

"I'll be hanged if I don't believe I'd freeze to death if I stayed here much longer," said the visitor.

"Quite likely," replied the editor.

And then the visitor cooly vamoosed and the editor, "hot in the collar," resumed his pencil.

Why He Hated Him.

"O, Charles, let us turn and go off some other way; there is that bad man following us."

"Who is the fellow, my deah?"

"Why, that is the man who was so near marrying me before I met you. I just hate him."

"By Jove, so do I."

"You?"

"Yaas."

"You don't know him. How can you hate him?"

"He didn't marry you, don't yer knaw, my love."

The new name for the man who throws a banana peel on the sidewalk is Bananarchist.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

What Became of the Ben Bolt on that Dead Calm Night.

There are mysteries of the sea which fascinate, and there are mysteries which appal. One cannot read the record of ships which have sailed forth from the great ports of the world to be heard of never again without feeling a mighty awe creep upon him.

"I had been ill of fever at Valparaiso for several weeks," said a seaman named William Bondwell, "and about the time I was fit for duty a Boston bark which had been above the equator and was now homeward bound called in for some slight repairs, and was a man short. She was a snug craft, well officered and found, and after a few days we were booming down the Pacific on our way to Cape Horn. We were running the Cape pretty well down to a point, when we one day fell in with an English whaler—a brig from Portsmouth, I believe. She was three quarters full of oil, and was working down to the south to catch a few more whales before heaving the brickwork overboard and squaring away for the English Channel. The way I came to know these things and a good many others was because we overhauled her one morning about 10 o'clock, and just at that time the wind died away and the two crafts were becalmed until about sundown.

"Some of our men were permitted to visit the Ben Bolt, and some of her men came over to chat with us. They were a hardy,

JOLLY SET OF FELLOWS,

and were making a successful voyage of it. I don't know as the Captains had any understanding about it, but as we were both bound the same way, we kept company as the breeze came out of the northeast. The bark was a better sailor than the brig, and we were also homeward bound; but, much to our surprise, our Captain did not crack on and leave the Englishman astern. On the contrary, he kept us under reduced sail to allow the brig to lie on our starboard quarter almost within hailing distance. And when night shut down what did the old man do but give orders that a lantern be hung over the stern, and the brig dropped into our wake as if we had her tow-rope board. We of the fo'castle couldn't make out what these things meant, but finally agreed that there was some understanding between the Captains. There was a stiffish breeze through the night, and when morning came the Ben Bolt was not over a mile astern. She showed her colors and the compliment was returned. I am satisfied that we could have run her hull down in two hours, but we made no more sail than we had carried through the night.

"The breeze began to die out toward noon, but it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before it left us entirely. Then the brig was a full mile away, and dead astern. The weather was

INTOLERABLY HOT,

and perhaps that was the reason why neither Captain lowered a boat for another 'yarn.' It was evident from the looks of the sky and the run of the sea that we need expect no change of weather before sunrise next morning. Just at dusk a lighted lantern appeared on the bow of the brig, and one was suspended over our stern in answer. I was at the wheel, though we had lost steerage way, and the Captain stood near me and surveyed the brig for a long time thro' his glass. As he shut the glass and turned away he shook his head and muttered under his breath, but I could not catch any of the words. It was as quiet a night as a sailor ever saw at sea. There was a long, glassy run to the ground swell, and as we rose and fell to it, there was the creaking and cheeping and groaning from hull and aloft, which always gives a sailor the blues. One of the last things I saw before my watch turned in was the lantern on the Ben Bolt rising and falling as regularly as clock work. As

I TURNED OUT AT DAYLIGHT

neither lantern nor the slightest sign of the brig could be seen. The first mate had just gone to arouse the Captain, and in a few minutes everybody aboard had heard the news. From our deck we could have seen the hull of the brig miles away. From a perch aloft, with a good glass, her upper sails could be seen for twenty miles or more. We looked for her from the deck, and we looked from aloft, but neither eye nor glass could find the faintest trace.

The excitement of the men was shared by the officers. The Captain hurried to the cabin to look at his last observation and consult the chart. There were no currents to drift the brig away from us. If she had drifted we must have gone too. From dusk to daylight there had not been wind enough to flare a candle. Her lantern had been noticed by the watch up to 2 o'clock. Then what had become of her? I tell you, sir, every man felt as if a hand was clutching his throat as his eyes surveyed that glassy sea and failed to find a trace of the brig. We heard the officers talking among themselves, and it was the Captain who said:

"'There's no other way to account for it—she's gone to the bottom!'

"As soon as the breeze came up we worked the bark down to the locality where the brig had last been seen, and we ran back and forth and circled around for hours, every man, from Captain to cook, keeping his eyes open for wreckage. She could not have floated away from us, and if she had gone down there would be

WRECKAGE FLOATING ABOUT

—a boat, a spar, ropes, belaying pins, buckets—something from the litter of a ship's decks. We found nothing, absolutely nothing. Our Captain didn't give up in an hour, nor half a day, nor until it was dead certain that we had beaten back and forth across a space at least ten miles wide, and we had failed to discover even a floating chip. Toward night it came on to blow pretty stiff, and we squared away for the Cape, leaving behind us, an unsolved, one of the greatest mysteries of the sea.

"It came out before we had finished our voyage that the Captain of the brig had been ailing for some time when we overhauled him, and he was what you might call a bit babyish. Our old man had given him some medicines from his chest, and some delicacies from his pantry, and had stood by him as related to cheer him up a bit. We spoke to two whalers before we rounded the Cape, and gave to both the particulars about the mysterious disappearance. We also reported the case to a homeward-bound English ship. The affair happened over twenty years ago. Since that time I have sailed from several English ports, and met English sailors who knew the Ben Bolt and her Captain. After about a year she was given up as lost, and from that day to this not the slightest trace of ship or crew has ever been turned up. No longer than two years ago I saw the case mentioned in a London paper, and reference was made to our bark and Captain. What do I think? Well, that case has been talked over by sailor men in more than one fo'castle, and has always been a stunner. She couldn't have burned, because we saw no fire, She couldn't have floated away, because there was no current. Suppose that the weight of her cargo forced a large section of her bottom out, shouldn't we have discovered some of the wreckage floating about? I long ago gave up trying to satisfactorily solve the case."

He Could Catch.

Base ball captain—"You say that you catch?"

Tramp—"Yis, sorr."

B. B. Capt.—"You don't look like it. What kind of a catcher are you?"

Tramp—"Rat-catcher, yer Honor."

Miss Genevieve Ward performed the part of the *Queen* in Lady Archibald Campbell's open-air representation of "Becket."

Doubtful-looking Guest—"Landlord, have you a fire-escape in this hotel?" Experienced Landlord—"Yes, sir, but we generally keep the bulldog chained at the bottom of it.

HOUSEHOLD.

Household Hints.

Never serve potatoes boiled or baked whole in a closely covered dish They become sodden and clammy. Cover with a folded napkin that allows the steam to escape or absorbs the moisture.

Many people object to hard-boiled eggs because they are difficult to digest, but if they will boil them one hour they will find them light, mealy, and digestible. Perhaps even a better way is to put them on in cold water.

J. R. C. tells of this way of cutting glass: Saturate a woolen string with oil and lay it on the glass where you wish to cut it. File a notch at each side to hold it in place, then set fire to the string, but be careful not to break it too soon.

A "Well-Wisher" says: If your readers have trouble with people striking matches on their paint and spoiling it, saturate a piece of flannel with vaseline and rub the spot well, and after that they may strike their matches as much as they like, they will not get a light or injure the paint.

Teakettles or other tinware which have become blackened and dull from long use should be scoured with coal ashes from which every bit of coal and coarse ashes has been sifted. Wash after in a good hot soapsuds and wipe dry. Do not repeat the scouring often, but wash frequently in clean hot suds, with a clean soft cloth, and they will keep bright for a good length of time.

If you are going away for a summer trip, and wish to carry along a nice dress, a good plan is to fold it carefully and pack it in a box before putting it in your trunk or valise, and it will not be crushed by the other clothing, as it would inevitably be if made after the prevailing style of draping and packed with the other clothing. Delicate ruching, etc., may be put in with it. The light pasteboard boxes such as tailors send home suits in are best.

The sprinkling of a little water over the surface of a flower bed or about a tree or shrub under the pretense of watering it is labor lost, and sometimes worse than that; a daily wetting of the surface may bring the roots up when they ought to go down, and thus do mischief. Only water plants once in ten days or so, and then do it well. Draw the earth away, making a deep hole in the ground; pour this full of water, and repeat the dose after the first bucketfull has soaked away. Then draw back the dry earth.

Choice Recipes.

PICKLED GREEN TOMATOES AND ONIONS.—Chop one peck of green tomatoes and half a peck of onions. Let them stand two days in layers of salt. Bring just enough vinegar to cover them to the boiling point. Put in the vegetables mixed with one ounce cloves, one ounce allspice, two ounces white mustard seed, five large red peppers shredded. When well scalded put in jars.

TOMATO CATCHUP.—Take one gallon of skinned tomatoes, four tablespoonfuls allspice, three tablespoonfuls mustard, eight pods red pepper. Simmer slowly in enough sharp vinegar to cover the tomatoes, for three or four hours, and then rub through a sieve and bottle closely. It may be used in two weeks, but improves by keeping. If the flavor of onions is liked, an onion may be boiled with the rest, or two tablespoonfuls of garlic juice added when the catchup has cooled a little.

CUCUMBER SALAD.—Be careful to get only firm, fresh cucumbers, and not those that are at all wilted; choose small cucumbers rather than large ones, as the latter are apt to be flabby and seedy. Lay on ice until ready to use them; then wash, pare, and slice as thin as possible; sprinkle salt over them plentifully and let them stand for half an hour; then press or drain all the water from them and mix with the dressing as for bean salad. Prepared in this way the cucumbers are not as crisp as when the water is not drained from them, but they are a great deal more wholesome. We have no fear or dread of eating cucumbers in our family, as no one has ever been afflicted by partaking of them when prepared described.

A Spring Chicken Theory.

A city man named Muggs has been out visiting some friends who live on a farm. Mr. Muggs is not only a man of more than average intelligence, but he is also of an inquiring turn of mind; and while he was visiting on the farm he managed to pick up a good deal of valuable information by asking questions about things. The first day he was there he went around with the farmer to look at the stock. One of the first things that excited his curiosity was a hen that was on a nest under the end of a lumber pile.

"This must be a hen," said Muggs, confidentially.

"It is," said the farmer.

"She seems to be taking life pretty easy," ventured Muggs.

"Quite the contrary," said the farmer; "she is busy."

"Laying an egg [probably," suggested Muggs.

"Probably not," said the farmer; "she is setting."

Then Muggs made some patronizing remark to the hen and reached down to stroke the fur on her neck. The hen was busy, but not too busy to keep an eye on Muggs, and when his hand came within reach she picked a small piece of skin off from it. Muggs took his hand away with wonderful quickness and put it into his pocket. Then he stood and contemplated the hen in silence for several minutes. At length he said:

"I suppose hens seldom have the hydrophobia."

"Seldom," said the farmer.

"But when they do have it, they have it pretty bad don't they?" inquired Muggs, with considerable anxiety.

"Oh, you needn't be alarmed," said the farmer. "The hen is mad, but not in that way. Her fangs are not poisonous."

"I suppose now," said Muggs, "that an industrious, persistent hen like that will hatch out a chicken every day, and not feel it."

"There is a difference in hens," said the farmer, "Some hens set harder than others and hatch chickens faster. I have got one that hatched out a brood of chickens last summer in ten days. She never stopped for Sundays or legal holidays, but just kept right at it. But it wasn't a very good job because it was rushed too much. Nine of the chickens were foolish, and the other four were not any too bright. You see they were not expecting it, and they seemed sort of dazed—couldn't understand how they got here so soon. They would stand round in a half-witted kind of way and try to figure it out, but they never seemed to understand it at all."

"I should think," said Muggs, thoughtfully, "that chickens hatched so fast as that would be apt to mature quickly—get old while they are young, as it were."

"Exactly; they do," said the farmer.

"You remember that I bought a couple of spring chickens of you last fall," said Muggs, still more thoughtfully, as if an idea had occurred to him.

"Yes, I remember," said the farmer, who was also beginning to have an idea. "What of it?"

"Oh, nothing; only I thought perhaps they belonged to the brood that you have been speaking about. We boiled them a couple of days and then gave them to my boy to cut into bean-shooters."

A coolness has since existed between Muggs and the farmer.

Bill Nye is a kind, obliging man. Somebody wrote to him for his autograph and received in reply the following note from the humorist: "Dear sir, In absence of my amanuensis will you kindly excuse me if I write my autograph myself? Yours, Bill Nye."

BREVITIES.

Cattle ranges in Montana are reported over-crowded.

No man was ever so mean that he would not give advice.

Onions from Egypt are being sold in the streets of Boston.

Some Boston girls languidly proclaim themselves Buddhists.

"All the world's a stage," but the fare oes not suit every body.

If you have means live within them; if you have not, live without them.

A New York philanthropist has established a co operative farm for tramps.

If you scorch clothes in ironing, place them in the sun to draw the mark out.

There is a church to every 1,250 inhabitants of Cincinnati and a saloon to every 100.

When ministers begin to make denominational flops they never know when to stop.

The wart on the nose, which a quack called serious, drove a Shasta (Cal.) man to suicide.

The Pacific Coast produces annually 1,500,000 cases of canned goods, valued at $4,510,000.

It is proposed to use the American gold dollar as the basis of monetary transactions in Peru.

It is said that in all Japan, out of a population of 37,000,000 there are less than 10,000 paupers.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the product of enthusiasm.

Half a million wild ducks are annually killed in Southern Louisiana and sent to the New Orleans market.

Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," knew all the languages of Europe and most of those of Asia.

A merchant of Wallingford, Vt., recently reduced to ashes a book that had $10,000 of bad accounts on its pages.

Shillalahs, they say, are never seen in the hands of Irishmen in Ireland now. It is the tourist who swings the stick.

A California editor gratefully acknowledges the receipt of an invitation from a subscriber to visit his house and take a bath.

There were fourteen daily papers published in New York City in 1845, of which eight are still in existence. There are now thirty dailies in that city, ten of them printed in foreign languages.

Carried to the Bottom of the Sea.

A curious adventure, as well as a marvellous escape, was that of Mr. Gerald McCarthy of Washington, who was recently carried to the bottom of the Atlantic in the hold of a capsized vessel. Mr. McCarthy, who is a member of the senior class at the Deaf Mute College at Kendal Green, and who has already attained a considerable reputation and standing as a botanist, has been collecting plants during the summer vacation on the pine barrens and banks of North Carolina. Wishing to visit Roanoke Island in order to carry on his work there, he recently took passage in a schooner thither bound.

The schooner, a small vessel in the service of a picnic party from Roanoke, was to have sailed homeward at 7 o'clock in the evening, but it was 11 before the crew came on board, when they appeared to be highly intoxicated. They set sail in the teeth of a Hatteras storm, and when well out from land they began to quarrel over the contents of a jug they had brought with them. Meanwhile the vessel was struck by a gust from the cape, and, from want of proper management, capsized completely, and sank to the bottom when about two miles off the coast. It was about midnight, and the cabin having been given up to the gay party, Mr. McCarthy had gone down into the hold for shelter. He was dozing there on a box, and, being deaf, was not aware of any disaster until he suddenly found himself pitched headlong to the opposite side of the hold. Instantly comprehending the situation, he jumped for the hatchway and succeeded in grasping the casing, but was torn away by the inrushing torrent and carried to the depth of the hold, where he was banged against the side of the vessel with such force as to nearly dislocate his shoulder.

Thanks to his familiarity with water, being a fellow of temperance principles and an expert swimmer, he realized the futility of attempting to escape before the stoppage of the current, and, so remaining quiet where he had been dashed, he carefully husbanded the little air in his lungs until he judged the inrush of water had ceased. By this time he was nearly strangled, but with no little presence of mind he groped his way to the hatchway, and, diving through, rose to the surface none too soon to catch the air. Many of the party were drowned. After swimming about and clinging to the wreckage for a half hour, he was picked up in a small boat and taken to Roanoke Island, where he was hospitably entertained.

The Dark Continent Again.

It is difficult for us Canadians who stay at home and lead rather humdrum lives to realize the mighty changes which are taking place in other lands. Here is Africa, for instance, which is being attacked by civilizing influences from every quarter. The English are hard at work in North eastern and Southern Africa, the French in North Africa, while the Germans and Portuguese are penetrating that continent from the east and west coasts. The Portuguese Government is building a railroad from Loanda, on the west coast, to Ambaca, two hundred and twenty-three miles inland. Another road is soon to be constructed to Congo land. In the meanwhile white travellers, principally Germans, are making themselves at home in all parts of the interior. They are welcomed everywhere, and oddly enough their chief embarrassment is the desire of the African princesses to marry them. One Serpa Pinto had to fly in the night from an Ambuella princess who offered him the alternative of marriage or death. Herr Buchner had the utmost difficulty in declining a marital alliance with the sister of Muata Yano, who offered broad acres and herds of cattle if he would only be her spouse. Herr Hopfner has been adopted into an African tribe as the king's son, John Dunne, a Scotchman, is the most important chief of the thirteen in Zululand, and there are scores of other white men who are becoming all powerful in the interior of Africa. The next century will see a great change in the *status* of the Dark Continent.

The Human Ear.

Few people realize what a wonderful, delicate structure the human ear really is. That which we ordinarily designate so is, after all, only the mere outer porch of a series of winding passages, which, like the lobbies of a great building, lead from the outer air into the inner chambers. Certain of these passages are full of liquid, and their membranes are stretched, like parchment curtains, across the corridors at different places, and can be thrown into vibration or made to tremble as the head of a drum or the surface of a tambourine does when struck with a stick or the fingers. Between two of these parchment like curtains a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to tighten or relax these membranes, and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all, rows of fine thread, called nerves, stretch, like the strings of a piano, to the last point to which the tremblings or thrillings reach, and pass inward to the brain. If these nerves are destroyed, the power of hearing certainly departs, as the power to give out sounds is lost by a piano or violin when its strings are broken.

A lady who is suffering dog-day weather writes that it seems as if "breaths were sold at auction, and everybody was able to bid higher than you."

ADVERTISING NOTICES

To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

Dr. Dixon, of Belleville, is at present visiting at Sine.

It is stated that a camp meeting will commence at Halloway on September 12th.

Jas. Milne & Co. have just received a car of shingles of different qualities, which will be sold cheap.

A new crossing is badly needed near the Methodist Church. If not attended to soon the corporation will likely be in for a bill of damages.

School commenced in this village on Monday last and it was considerable of a relief to get rid of the small boy as well as some of larger growth.

Duck shooting commenced Wednesday last and a number of parties from here went north on the day previous to be in readiness at the first peep of day.

Messrs. McLachlin & Farmer, of Springbrook, having determined to give up business are having a big clearing sale at which great bargains are being offered. See adv't in another column.

On his return from the sea side Mr. W. G. Mills, B. A., was presented by the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Seymour, with an invitation to become their pastor on the completion of his studies next spring. Mr. Mills, however, declines the invitation.

Mr. H. McKelvie, of Campbellford, marble and granite dealer, was here two or three days last week erecting a monument for Mrs. Hagerman, wife of Joseph Hagerman, and to all appearances it ranks No. 1, and will bring no discredit to the dealer or purchaser as the design is neat and the material first class.

Albert College, Belleville, has made a highly creditable showing in both the Departmental and the Matriculation examinations. Out of six candidates for second class teachers' certificates four were successful. Out of twenty candidates for third class teachers' certificates ten were successful. Out of nine candidates for matriculation eight were successful.

Parties in Stirling and vicinity wanting good pine lumber and lath will save money by communicating with A. M. Paton, Hastings, agent for the Harwood mills. Purchases will be delivered prepaid, and rates quoted will be inclusive of railway charges. If one party cannot find use for a full car load perhaps a second can be found who will join him.

The General Conference of the Methodist Church met in Toronto on Wednesday, the 1st inst. Rev. Mr. Lambly, of this village, is absent attending its session as a delegate from the Bay of Quinte Conference. During Mr. Lambly's absence his pulpit will be occupied next Sunday by Rev. S. G. Rorke, of Huntingdon, and the Sunday following by Rev. R. J. Fallis, of Warriston.

Mr. T. H. Bradley has just about completed a splendid beaukwater and foundation at the rear of his premises near where the bridge was washed away last spring. It is very substantially and solidly built, and looks as if it would withstand the floods for many years to come. Mr. Bradley thinks the bridge should be rebuilt at once, now that he has done his work as agreed.

It is estimated that not less than 8,000 people were present on Sunday at the camp meeting near Trenton. The Central Ontario Railway ran excursion trains from both ends of the line to the grounds and about 500 went by steamers from Belleville, while thousands drove there in private conveyances. A number of stands were provided for speakers and three, and sometimes more were speaking at once on different parts of the ground. The great majority present were idle spectators.

The Toronto Industrial Fair opens on Monday next, the 6th inst, and continues for two weeks. Great efforts have been made to make the fair better and more attractive than any preceding one and a varied programme of attractions will be given on each day after the formal opening to the public, which takes place on Wednesday, Sept. 8th. Arrangements have been made for reduced railway fares and from the 11th to 17th only single fare will be charged for return tickets. Special excursions will be run on other days.

"Coffin" McDonald's case has been before the magistrate in Belleville and eight different charges of burglary have been examined into.

Mr. Alex. Robertson's elevator at Trenton was set on fire on Friday night last. Two men were seen to run from the elevator and a few minutes later the flames burst out, but fortunately the fire was extinguished without any damage.

The Murray Canal has been so far completed that the waters of the Lake and Bay have been united. There is a good deal of excavation yet to be done, and bridges to build, so that the canal will not be completed and open for traffic for about a year yet.

The Picton canning factory has resumed operations in its new building, the old factory having been destroyed by fire about two months ago. Mr. Boulter has shown commendable enterprise in rebuilding and getting to work in so short a time and he deserves success.

There is a squabble in legal circles in Belleville. The story is told that while a prominent counsel was absent from the court room an attorney donned his gown and entered upon the defence of a couple of criminals in the dock. When the owner of the gown returned he peremptorily ordered the removal of the garment, but the judge allowed the attorney to appear before him without a gown. Several members of the profession now threaten to bring a charge against the attorney. They claim that an attorney has no right to conduct a case at any criminal court except a police court.

The Deseronto *Tribune* is responsible for the following:—It is in fishing as in other matters—the Deseronto men always come out ahead. Dr. and Mrs. Yones started out on Wednesday of last week for a few days outing down the bay. On Thursday morning the Dr. in a few hours caught seven large maskinonge. Five of these he brought to Deseronto. The largest weighed 26½ pounds, the five weighing 114 pounds. This is the largest catch which has been made in the bay for many years. The big haul made a great commotion among sporting circles and has attracted scores of American anglers to Hay Bay and vicinity.

Fall Fairs.

Industrial, at Toronto, Sept. 6 to 18.
Provincial, at Guelph, Sept. 20 to 25.
Bay of Quinte District, at Belleville, Sept. 21 to 24.
Rawdon Township, at Harold, Sept. 28.
Madoc, Sept. 29 and 30.
Kingston, Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.
East Hastings, at Roslin, Wednesday, Sept. 29th.
North Hastings, at West Huntingdon, Friday, Oct. 1st.
Sausage, Oct. 5 and 6.
Picton, Oct. 6 and 7.

Credit Sales.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 8.—On lot 33, 7th con. Sidney, the Farm Stock, Implements and Household Furniture belonging to the estate of the late Herman Bleecker. Sale at 12 o'clock sharp. C. Butler, auctioneer.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22.—On the west half of lot 2, in the 7th con. of Rawdon, the Farm Stock, Implements and Household Furniture belonging to Mr. Wm. Hagerty, jr. Sale at 10 o'clock, a. m. Free lunch at noon. C. Butler, auctioneer.

Chatterton Chips.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The Marsh Hill school has a new teacher in the person of L. W. Burke, Miss Harold having gone to the city. Marsh Hill must be a training school for teachers, as they teach here a year or so and then skip to the city to fill better positions.

Our annual Sunday School picnic came off on Tuesday last at the Oak Hill Lake, and was a well regulated affair. We were joined this year by the Foxboro S. S. To the sorrow and disappointment of a great many the "Clinky Jane" was not available this picnic; the engineer of the North America having (in spite of loud protestations from Billy) put on too much steam and blew her to atoms. Let her R. I. P.

And now the time approaches when ye Moosback hunts his big pumpkin and gets out his wheat that took the prize last fall, etc., to beat his neighbor at the local horse-trot.

R. V. W.

Chatterton, Sept. 1st.

A Pleasant Surprise.

On the 24th inst. a number of the young people of Tranhoe and Fuller collected at the home of Miss Frankie Pringle and presented her with a beautiful silver butter cooler and pickle cruet accompanied by the following address.

DEAR FRIEND FRANKIE,—We, your friends and associates, have met here this evening to express our deep feeling of regret at your having been called to leave us, yet we trust that your going away may prove a blessing in disguise, and we as your associates will long remember you as a true friend. In conclusion we assure you of the high esteem in which you are held by the entire community to which you belong and we humbly ask you to accept these gifts as a slight token of our affection and pray that the Almighty Father may support and comfort you wherever you may be.

Miss Pringle replied to the foregoing in a few well-chosen words expressing her pleasure at seeing so many of her friends; her appreciation of their friendship and the valuable gifts with which they had presented her; her sorrow at parting with them and a hope that the people among whom she was going might prove as truly her friends as they had always done.

Miss Pringle and her mother are leaving us to join their friends in Michigan. They will be missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances whom they have made during their long residence here.

W. B. T.

Harold Notes.

The harvest is nearly done and many farmers have sown considerable seed.

The school has reopened, Miss Kerr, teacher, reports an increase in the attendance of pupils.

Mr. Albert Tompkins had a cow so injured by falling to outrun an engine on the Central Ontario Railroad that she had to be killed a few days ago.

Mr. August Stone, who has been in this neighborhood for about three years, intends starting for his home in Germany on the 7th inst. By his steady and industrious habits and his cheerful manner he has made friends where he is known and all will wish him "Bon Voyage."

Mrs. Wm. Heath has returned home from her visit with her friends in Michigan.

Misses Lottie Bailey and Blanche Vanderveort start to-day to attend the young ladies college at Whitby.

Miss Whitty, of Brighton, has been visiting at her brother's, Mr. Geo. Whitty, for a few days.

The new fence around the agricultural grounds is completed and the place now looks quite business like. Mr. John Morgan was the builder. The driving track is not yet finished but it is expected that a general turnout of the members and others on Saturday, 11th inst., will, with willing hands, put everything in good shape.

We may expect to hear some enlarged duck stories soon, judging from the crowds of guns and dogs that went north towards the lakes and marshes yesterday. Guess the season of fines is closed.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MARMORA, Aug. 31st, 1886.

Last Thursday morning Mrs. Derlin and her daughter, Mrs. Mills, left for Bowmanville on a visit to friends there, from which place Mrs. Mills intends taking her departure for her home on the "mild Pacific shore." She has been here since last March.

Miss Pearce left on Friday last for Saginaw, Mich., to pay a visit to her sister, Mrs. Fowler. Expects to be absent three or four weeks.

We omitted to state last week that the duck market here is at this season of the year unusually active and prices range as high as $5 each and shoot them yourself. Besides this you must pay the costs of the court so we advise all sportsmen not to shoot till the ducks are *ripe*.

Another departure. Mrs. Jas. A. McDonnell went to Norwood last week and purposes visiting Trenton and other places before her return.

Miss A. E. Powers started to-day on her return to her duties as teacher of music in Brantford Young Ladies' college.

The latest and by no means the least of the lawn socials was held on the evening of Tuesday, the 24th inst., on the grounds of Capt. O'Neil. The grounds were beautifully illuminated and refreshment tables were great centres of attraction. The attendance was very large, the whole ground seeming alive as well as the house from cellar to roof. About the most interesting part of these doings is the result, which in this case was in the neighborhood of $75.

Early last Wednesday morning Mr. P. Shannon was united in matrimony to Miss Dempsey, of Belleville, and the happy couple came here the same day, dinner being ready on their arrival at W. E. Gladney's new house, which is to be their residence for the time being.

The bakery here has changed hands. W. H. Shaw, the new proprietor, baked his first bread last Saturday.

G. E. M.

Fanny Foggs Heard From Again.

The very naughty remarks of R. B. and R. V. W. concerning my health and personal charms and their irreverent and contumelious references to my late dissertation on "Mothers-in-law and Sisters-in-law" are responsible for me again casting aside the raiment of a lady and donning the *trousseau* of a *literateur*.

For R. V. W's benefit I state that pursuant with his advice I consulted a physician and I think he must have been a homœopathist for he treated me with the information that I had a conglomerated aggregation of the three diseases generally known as locomotor ataxia, purpura hoemorrhagica, and actinomykosis, produced by the mental strain consequent on my last prodigious effort.

Such a dose as the above may seem a little inconsistent with the principles of homœopathy inasmuch as it is the custom of that school to prescribe very minute remedial agents in infinitesimal doses but the digression was occasioned by my idiosyncrasies and the aggravated nature of the case. It gave instantaneous relief. Moral. The bite of a rattlesnake can only be cured by another bite from a member of the same family.

Billy Boggs is a gentleman and that too with a big G (as six-line pica) and therefore I am disposed to forgive him those insidious remarks concerning myself. His erratic enthusiasm over the Clinky Jane is also pardonable for she's just too lovely for anything. While the Dr. was speaking I went down into the cabin which, with its elegantly-frescoed walls hung round with pictures, magnificent in their beauty, and its richly-carpeted floor that soothed and caressed the footsteps of each honored guest had such a salutary effect upon my vocal anatomy that there is no wonder that Billy was unable to take me down when I got up to speak.

Big Clearing Sale!

Now is the time to buy your fall goods, and

McLACHLIN and FARMERS', SPRINGBROOK,

Is the place for you to go to get them cheap. They are going out of business and are now selling off their Stock at Cost.

JUST LOOK AT THEIR PRICES.

23 yards of Cotton for	$1.00
16 yards of good heavy Cotton for	1.00
20 yards of Print for	1.00

Their Stock consists of all kinds of

DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, HATS & CAPS, HARDWARE and READY MADE CLOTHING.

All of which shall be cleared off AT COST. Remember the place, McLACHLIN & FARMER, SPRINGBROOK.

NEW

Merchant Tailoring

—AND—

Gents' Furnishing Store!

F. T. WARD,

PRACTICAL TAILOR & CUTTER,

Begs to announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he has started business on his own account in the store lately occupied by H. G. Thurber, and has purchased a choice stock of

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH, and CANADIAN TWEEDS, DIAGONAL COATINGS, WORSTED SUITINGS, and FANCY TROUSERINGS,

Of the latest designs and colors, also a full assortment of

Hats, Ties, Shirts, Collars & Cuffs, and Gents' Underwear, etc.,

Which will all be sold at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

F. T. WARD.

I could continue to write this sort of stuff if I desired but *cui bono?* So much of such errant nonsense is not congenial to my nature and therefore unless I have written sufficient to show that I am not a shrewish old maid I shall, if ever I again appear in these columns, put on an entirely new dress.

FANNY FOGGS.

Do you wish a beautiful complexion? Then use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby removes blotches and pimples from the skin, making it smooth and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance.

The new exhibition buildings at Peterboro, which will be handsome and commodious, will be finished in three weeks.

The best medical authorities acknowledge the value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and frequently prescribe their use with the utmost confidence, as the most effectual remedy for diseases caused by derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

NATIONAL PILLS will cure constipated bowels and regulate the liver.

Michael Davitt has accepted an invitation to visit Montreal.

PROF. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP is a cheap and handy form of obtaining the healing virtues of a sulphur bath.

It is stated that the hop crop in England will be unprecedentedly large.

WORMS CAUSE MUCH SICKNESS among children that Freeman's Worm Powders will surely cure.

IF YOUR CHILD IS STUBBORN or hard to administer medicine to, Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup will be appreciated.

The importation of swine from Minnesota and Dakota, except by way of Emerson, has been prohibited, except after a 21 days quarantine.

TO RENT

AT SPRINGBROOK.

A VERY COMMODIOUS AND CONVENIENT Grain Elevator situated on the Central Ontario Railway, in the centre of a good grain growing country. Applications will be received up to the 1st of September. For particulars apply to

THOS. RUPERT,
Sec. Elevator Company, Springbrook.

Glen Ross Mills.

THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS TO INFORM the public generally that he has had his mill thoroughly overhauled and repaired where necessary, and that he is now in a position to execute with promptness all orders with which he may be intrusted for

Flouring, Chopping, and Cristing.

—ALSO—

SAWING AND CARDING!

He would call special attention to his extra brand of

Patent Process Flour,

Which he guarantees to be equal to any, and superior to most brands offered in market. He desires to call attention to the fact that he is always ready to wait upon those who may favor him with a call, and that you can depend upon getting your grist home with you. There is no lack of water and no waiting for the pond to fill. A first-class miller always in attendance.

D. MORGAN.

Glen Ross, Aug. 20th, 1886.

TO THE

Farmers of Rawdon, Seymour, W. Huntingdon and Vicinity.

HAVING AGAIN INTRODUCED OUR Farming Implements in this neighborhood, we have determined to establish a permanent depot for North Hastings in the Village of Stirling, and with this in view have decided to buy a lot and erect a suitable building for a show room and storehouse, where all our repairs can be obtained free of charge for the first three years, excepting where accident happens beyond our control. But as we have not yet got located, and have no permanent agent established, our repairs and Implements can be obtained of Mr. John Graham or Mr. David Seeley, jr., in Stirling, and Mr. Stephen Dean, Heard's Station. Will give due notice when we are permanently located.

Thanking you for the kind patronage extended to us, and guaranteeing to uphold the reputation already established for our Farming Implements, we remain,

Yours respectfully,
JOHN HIRRIRING & SONS.

Stirling, Aug. 6th, 1886.

N. B.—A cash offer for any of the Implements left on hand, if anywhere near the mark, will take them, rather than store them over, or will sell on next year's terms.

At Drewry's

MR. ROBERTSON, MANAGER OF THE STAPLE DEPARTMENT, AND MR. DREWRY ARE AWAY SCOURING THE MARKETS FOR NEW, FRESH BARGAINS. LOOK FOR THEM NEXT WEEK AT DREWRY'S BON MARCHE, TRENTON.

SEED WHEAT.

FIRST-CLASS SEED WHEAT FOR SALE Cheap. Apply to JOSEPH DOAR.

Money to Loan.

PRIVATE AND COMPANY FUNDS TO lend at the very lowest rates, from 5 to 8 per cent. interest, payable yearly. Charges very moderate. No delay in procuring the money. Now is the time to renew your mortgages, or to make improvements, or buy land while money can be had at such low interest.

GEO. J. SHERRY,
Barrister,
Branch office Stirling, Ont.,
Head office Belleville, Ont.

THE ONE PRICED CLOTHING STORE

STILL TO THE FRONT.

The question is frequently asked why? Which is easily solved, simply because they keep the right goods at right prices.

I have received during the past week the choicest array of

GENT'S FURNISHINGS

Ever offered for inspection in town, including

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves, Hose, Silk Hankderchiefs, Braces, Etc.

In fact everything that comes under the heading of Gents' Wear. A specialty in American Silk Scarfs!

JAMES BOLDRICK.

JUST OPENED!

New DRESS GOODS.
New Plush Trimming,
In Plain and Stripe.
New Wool Shawls,
In Fawn, Cream and White.
NEW SCOTCH TWEED SUITINGS.
NEW CANADIAN TWEEDS.

Close Prices to Cash Buyers. Come and See.

MILNE & CLUTE

See what you can buy for Money

AT MARTIN BROS., STIRLING.

We now offer for JULY, AUGUST and SEPTEMBER:

$7.50 Sideboard we now sell at	$ 6 00	$25.00 Sideboard we now sell at	$20 00
8.00 Bureau " " "	6 00	10.00 Couch " "	8 50
6.00 " " "	4 50	8.50 " "	7 25
9.00 " " "	7 50	10.00 Extension Table "	8 00
4.00 Stand " "	2 75	8.00 " "	6 00
1.50 " "	1 00	60.00 Parlor Suite "	45 00
2.50 Bed " "	1 25	5.00 Chairs, ½ doz. "	4 00
4.50 " "	2 50	7.50 " "	6 00
6.50 " "	3 50	25.00 Bedroom Suite "	18 00
7.00 " "	4 50	18.00 " "	15 00
2.50 Crib Bed " "	5 50	16.00 Sofa " "	14 00
15.00 Sideboard " "	12 00	19.00 " "	17 00

EVERYTHING ELSE ACCORDINGLY.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH, or 1 per cent. per month, for good credit.

UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

O. HEWAT,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

Choice Wines, Brandy, Gin, and Cigars.

—ALSO,—

FIRST-CLASS PRIME ALE,

IN FIVE GALLON KEGS OR UPWARDS.

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, Pork, Bacon and Hams,

On hand, which will all be sold at the lowest figures possible.

O. HEWAT.

BOOTS & SHOES, TRUNKS, VALISES, LADIES' SATCHELS,

—AT—

W.S. MARTIN & CO.

G. W. FAULKNER

Is constantly receiving additions to his stock. He would call attention to his large stock of

CARPETINGS, ENGLISH & SCOTCH TWEEDS, WORSTED COATINGS, MEN'S & BOY'S STRAW HATS, PARASOLS, CURTAIN LACE, DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, HOSIERY, ETC., ETC.

The MILLINERY DEPARTMENT is in full blast and is filled with fashionable goods.

He is selling choice Japan Tea, worth 50c., for 40c.

Just arrived, a consignment of Western Sugar Cured Hams.

Clothing made to order.

Don't forget to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

NOTICE.

BY ORDER OF COUNCIL ALL PERSONS claiming the two dollars reduction on Cemetery Lots on account of removing their dead from the old burying ground in Stirling, must remove the same before the First day of December next, as there will be no reduction on the price of Cemetery Lots after that date.

A. GLASS, Clerk.

Stirling, 4th August, 1886.

LOVELL'S

GAZETTER AND HISTORY

OF THE

DOMINION OF CANADA,

IN NINE VOLUMES, ROYAL 8vo.,

TO BE COMMENCED WHENEVER A sufficient number of subscribers is obtained to cover cost of publication. Subscription to the Nine Volumes $75.00, to the Provinces of Ontario or to Quebec $12.50, to New Brunswick or to Nova Scotia $11.50, to Manitoba or to British Columbia $9.50, to Prince Edward Island or to Northwest Territories $9.50. Each Province to have a map.

Please send for Prospectus.

JOHN LOVELL,
Manager and Publisher.

MONTREAL, 4th August, 1886.

HARDWARE.

A FULL STOCK OF GOODS,

Spades, Shovels, Scoops,
Half bushel and Peck Measures,
House Furnishings,
PAINT OIL, MACHINE OIL, MIXED PAINT, WHITE LEAD, VARNISHES, ETC.

BOTTOM PRICES.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

We have the most complete stock of **MIXED PAINTS**, of every shade, ever offered in Stirling.

The day of buying paint and oil has passed, as mixed paints make a better finish and cost less. These durability has been established beyond doubt, and any man can do most of his own painting.

Music constantly on hand. Parties wishing sheet music not in our stock will kindly leave their orders, as we purpose ordering every fortnight.

PARKER & BUTLER.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES

CHOLERA, CHOLERA INFANTUM, DIARRHŒA, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

PIANO, ORGAN,

—OR—

SEWING MACHINE

—GO TO—

JOHN CONLEY,

STIRLING.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE.

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, And every species of diseases arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1886. Vol. VII, No. 51.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drugstore, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, M. C. P. S. O., Marmora. Will also be at Mrs. Bird's Hotel, Springbrook, on Mondays and Fridays, from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE, 1868,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

GEO. J. SHERRY,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR IN THE SUPREME Court, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc.
Branch office over Dr. Parker's Drug Store, Stirling, Ont. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Head office, Front St., Belleville, Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,

BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street,
on
Thursday Eve. Sept. 16, '86.
Visiting brethren welcome.
J. SHAW, Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. J. McDOUGALL, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.,

A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of **TRENTON**, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.

VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

FRESH LIME!

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST BURNED a kiln of lime, and now offers the same for sale at 20c. per bushel delivered, and 15c. at the kiln. JAMES COUTTS.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of Lot 7, in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—a well in the barnyard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place. The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.

JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor,
Stirling P. O.

NEW GOODS!

MY STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE IN

Spring & Summer Tweeds, Diagonals, Etc.

SUITS TO ORDER, made up in the best and latest styles, under the superintendance of MR. J. S. MURRAY.

THE DRY GOODS STOCK

Is now complete, including

Dress Goods, Cottons,
Shirtings, Ducks, Cottonades

OF UNUSUALLY GOOD VALUE.

The BOOTS & SHOES are nearly all new stock, and of the best quality.

The HARDWARE Stock has been specially selected to meet the requirements of parties building, and prices are lower than usual. A car-load of Goderich Salt on hand.

C. CRAIGE,
STIRLING.

CROCKERY!

I have just received another lot of those

BEAUTIFUL DISHES, SPRIG AND BAND WARE,

And can again supply customers with parts or full

Dinner, Tea & Breakfast Sets,

At prices as low as the common white ware. Call early and secure full sets.

Remnant sale of Summer Dry Goods still going on.

M. G. VANDERVOORT'S, Harold.

THE ARCADE!
MARMORA.

During the past two weeks I have opened 20 cases of New Goods suitable for the spring trade, and which I will sell at prices to suit the times.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE
—IN—
COTTONADES AND SHIRTINGS.

The Heaviest Shirting made in Canada for 12½c. per yard.

READY MADE CLOTHING,
A SPECIALTY.

The GROCERY & CROCKERY STOCK

Will be found complete at all times, at prices to suit the closest buyer.

TERMS CASH. Farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. W. PEARCE.

Marmora, March 31st, 1886.

SEED WHEAT.

FIRST-CLASS SEED WHEAT FOR SALE Cheap. Apply to
JOSEPH DOAK.

TO THE

Farmers of Rawdon, Seymour, W. Huntingdon and Vicinity.

HAVING AGAIN INTRODUCED OUR Farming Implements in this neighborhood, we have determined to establish a permanent depot for North Hastings in the Village of Stirling, and with this in view have decided to buy a lot and erect a suitable building for a show room and storehouse, where all our repairs can be obtained free of charge for the first three years, excepting where accident happens beyond our control. But as we have not yet got located, and have no permanent agency established, our repairs and Implements can be obtained of Mr. John Graham or Mr. David Seeley, jr., in Stirling, and Mr. Stephen Dean, Hoard's Station. Will give due notice when we are permanently located.

Thanking you for the kind patronage extended to us, and guaranteeing to uphold the reputation already established for our Farming Implements, we remain,

Yours respectfully,
JOHN HRRING & SONS.

Stirling, Aug. 5th, 1886.

N. B.—A cash offer for any of the Implements left on hand, if anywhere near the mark, will take them, rather than store them over, or will sell on next year's terms.

Glen Ross Mills.

THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS TO INFORM the public generally that he has had his mill thoroughly overhauled and repaired where necessary, and that he is now in a position to execute with promptness all orders with which he may be intrusted for

Flouring,
Chopping,
and Gristing.
—ALSO—
SAWING AND CARDING!

He would call special attention to his extra brand of

Patent Process Flour,

Which he guarantees to be equal to any, and superior to most brands offered in market. He desires to call attention to the fact that he is always ready to wait upon those who may favor him with a call, and that you can depend upon getting your grist home with you. There is no lack of water and no waiting for the pond to fill. A first-class miller always in attendance.

D. MORGAN.

Glen Ross, Aug. 20th, 1886.

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping Cough, are rapidly cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "For children afflicted with Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, or Croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1251 Wash'n st., Boston, Mass.

Pneumonia, Or Inflammation of the Lungs, may, if properly treated, be relieved and cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "I contracted a severe cold, which developed rapidly into Pneumonia. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I do not hesitate to say that the prompt use of this remedy saved my life."—R. A. Semmes, Laredo, Texas.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. For Sale by all Druggists.

The Bulgarian Troubles.

Prince Alexander Leaves the Throne

SOFIA, Sept. 4.—Prince Alexander has publicly announced his intention of abdicating. He says he cannot remain in Bulgaria on account of the objections of the Czar. Before leaving he will establish a regency.

In an address to the officers of the army Prince Alexander said:—"The independence of Bulgaria requires that I leave the country. If I did not Russia would occupy it. I will, however, consult with the superior officers and constitute a regency which will endeavor to protect the interests of my officers. In any case, I rely on the army."

Prince Alexander imparted his intention of abdicating to the German and Russian Consuls. A grand council, among the members of which are MM. Stambuloff and Kareveloff, is being held to arrange for the regency. The Prince will probably leave within two days. The officers of the army are greatly excited and talk of detaining the Prince. They have resolved in any case to refuse to receive a Russian envoy. They will hold a meeting to decide what course to adopt. The city is tranquil.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—The *Post's* Berlin correspondent says Emperor William proposed Prince Alexander's telegram to the Czar as the best means of effecting a reconciliation and that the Czar's reply was therefore a direct blow at the Emperor. The correspondent says the news of Alexander's abdication caused the utmost indignation against Russia among the German army officers.

Advices from Vienna say the news of Alexander's abdication was received with consternation there, the Prince's action being looked upon as the beginning of a serious stage of the Bulgarian question. It is believed in Vienna that the abdication will not deter Russia from attempting to occupy Bulgaria, a proceeding which Austria cannot allow. Despatches from Sofia say the Russian party there, headed by the Russian consulate, show signs of great activity, and are preparing an address to the Czar. It is expected that Prince Alexander will go to Servia, thence to Darmstadt and then to England. M. Popoff and numerous Bulgarian officers have decided to accompany him.

SOFIA, Sept. 5.—Thousands of copies of the Czar's reply to Prince Alexander have been printed by order of the Russian consul and distributed among the people. It is believed that Russia will give the throne to the Duke of Oldenberg, who is commander of a cavalry division at St. Petersburg and a favorite of the Czar. Bulgarian army officials are greatly excited, although it is stated that Russia will not occupy Bulgaria unless a civil war should break out. It is also said that Alexander foresaw that the popular enthusiasm would speedily cool when the Russian rouble was again set to work. Many Bulgarian officers and politicians are still strongly pro-Russian and the disloyalty in the army is more widespread than was at first supposed.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—The *Morning Post* says: "We greatly doubt whether Prince Bismarck's policy will ensure the peace of Europe. Europe will have no peace until the wrongs Russia has inflicted on a rising people are avenged. Whatever may be the reasons which induce Bismarck to sacrifice Prince Alexander to the personal animosity of the Czar, we cannot believe that Europe will approve a policy tending to make the Czar arbitrator of the whole continent.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—Sir J. Ferguson, Under Foreign Secretary, stated in the House of Commons this afternoon that a change in the Government of Bulgaria can only occur in accordance with the Treaty of Berlin and with the consent of the signatory powers to that treaty. England, he said, had no separate interests in reference to Bulgaria. The election of a new prince of Bulgaria must be unanimous. [Cheers.] The Government, said the speaker, had hoped much from the ability and great qualities of Prince Alexander and they deplored the treachery and violence which had interrupted his reign. His final decision to abandon his work in Bulgaria was greatly regretted.

The *Daily News* doubts whether Russia will go to the length of occupying Bulgaria even though assured of German neutrality. It would be unnecessary to do so, it says, as the moral victory gives the czar all he asks and practically makes Bulgaria a Russian province.

Methodist General Conference

The first General Conference of the Methodist Church since the accomplishment of Methodist union assembled in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on Wednesday, the 1st inst. The General Conference is a delegated body composed of an equal number of ministers and laymen from ten Conferences, extending from British Columbia to Newfoundland, taking in also the Isles of Bermuda and distant Japan. Nearly 300 delegates responded to their names at the opening of the Conference. Rev. Dr. Carman, one of the general superintendents, presided; having on his right the venerable Dr. Williams, the other general superintendent, and on his left Rev. J. C. Antliff, secretary of the last General Conference. After devotional exercises, conducted by the presiding officer, the Conference proceeded to the election of a secretary, resulting in the choice of Rev. Dr. Ryckman, of London. The first few days of the Conference were occupied in the formation of committees, the reception of memorials, notices of motion, etc., from various parts of the connexion. On Sabbath, the 5th inst, about fifty ministers of the Conference occupied the pulpits of the city and suburbs; Rev. O. R. Lambly preaching in the Parliament St. Church on Sunday evening. On Monday evening was commenced the discussion of one of the most important questions that will be brought before this highest court of the Methodist Church, viz.: the question of College Confederation. Rev. Dr. Sutherland, who is the acknowledged leader in opposition to the proposed scheme, spoke for nearly two hours. His speech was able, eloquent and powerful, and made a very deep impression upon the minds of the delegates assembled. On Tuesday morning Rev. Dr. Dewart resumed the debate. He also spoke for nearly two hours, earnestly advocating the adoption of the scheme of federation now before the Church. At the close of Dr. Dewart's address a deputation from the Dominion Alliance, headed by Mayor Howland, was introduced, and severally addressed the Conference. A resolution was then adopted by the Conference, expressing pleasure at the reception of such a delegation, and a hearty purpose of co-operating with the Alliance in every possible way to overthrow the accursed liquor traffic. The real hard work of the Conference is only fairly begun, as many questions of very grave importance affecting the interests of this Church all over the country are yet to be presented and acted upon. The Conference is honored by the presence of distinguished representatives from England and from the United States. Rev. T. B. Stevenson, B. A., of London, Bishop Galloway, of the M. E. Church South, and Dr. Phillips, of the Methodist Book Concern, New York, having been duly introduced to the Conference. As this is the first meeting of such a body under the new regime, it will be readily seen that matters of the highest interest and gravest importance to the connexion must come before it for consideration and adjudication.

No rain has fallen in Jones and Stonewall counties, Texas, for 14 months. The district has been turned into a desert. Three thousand families have been burnt out by prairie fires.

A Ruined City.

Ever since the destruction caused by the earthquake on the night of the 31st of August, at Charleston and vicinity, there have been frequent smaller shocks, not of sufficient force, however, to do much, if any, damage. The shocks have had the result of keeping the people in a constant state of excitement and fear that more damage may yet result from earthquakes.

A despatch from Charleston, 6th, says:—The scene here to-day beggars description. Last night's shock added to the awful terror of the people and they are almost hopeless. Despair is depicted on every face and the sense of still further ruin is on all. Sleepless nights and the always present fear of impending evil have worn them out and they wander aimlessly about the city or herd together in a common mass in the squares. If the shocks continue they will crumble every wall to the ground. Another fear is that of rain, as the cracked walls of the ruined houses would expose the interior, filled with costly furniture and goods, to the elements, and thus increase the already enormous loss. There is not a sufficient number of tents to protect the people in the streets.

Earthquake shocks continue to be felt at Charleston and vicinity almost daily since the destruction of the city on the night of the 31st of August. On Sunday last religious services were held in the open air, the churches being considered unsafe. There is no doubt that the estimates of the loss by earthquake are far below the mark. The city appraiser, who has gone over the whole city, and is familiar with the value of property, estimates that it will cost at least $5,000,000 to put Charleston in a position as good as that which it occupied a week ago. There are many persons who are suffering for want of bread and meat. Their wants, however, begin to be known and will be quickly met. The Government tents have been erected in encampments in different parts of the city, where full attention will be given to sanitary requirements, but it is calculated that at least 5,000 people will need shelter for weeks to come, and it is proposed to erect huts on the public grounds for the accommodation of those for whom tents will not suffice. The loss of life is estimated at from 35 to 40, and injured about 100.

If Charleston is to be rebuilt, if the shattered houses are to be restored, if those that are in a dangerous condition are to be made safe, Charleston must have at an early day the command of at least $4,000,000, to be lent at a low rate of interest upon the security of the property to be rebuilt or restored.

A Highway of Migration.

It has been regarded as a certainty for some time that the British Government would subsidize a line of Canadian steamships on the Pacific, but the announcement just made that it is the purpose of the Government to establish a mail line between Ireland and Canada is news. The Dominion Government is trying to make arrangements to secure the services of a fast line of steamers for the Atlantic mail service and the Canadian Pacific Company are likely to tender. If the Company can secure from the British Government a subsidy for carrying the mails across the Atlantic as well as across the Pacific there should be no difficulty in establishing a line of fast steamers on both oceans.

If such an arrangement is effected there can be no doubt that Canada will become the highway of travel to the East. The great tide of emigration to Australia will probably pass through Canada and many who set out from England with the intention of locating on the island continent may become so favorably impressed with Canada on the way as to decide to settle in the Dominion instead of going farther. At all events those who go on to Australia will carry with them impressions of the Dominion that must help to stimulate trade between the two countries. Canada has suffered much in the past from misrepresentation. The popular impression in Europe has been that Canada is an arctic country with scarcely any summer. With the tide of travel coming this way these false impressions are likely to be removed. Each traveller will help to disseminate the truth and the result must be greatly increased immigration of the most desirable kind.—*Star.*

Steel Steamers for Ontario.

The Rochester *Democrat* and *Chronicle* of Saturday gives some information concerning a new company that has been organized to run a line of steamers on the Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence route. It is to be known as the Ontario and St. Lawrence Navigation Company. Its officers are: Col. C. L. Stowell, Rochester, President; Charles L. Fisher, of Montreal, Vice-President; and F. L. Stowell, of New York, Secretary. The capital is $500,000, in 5,000 shares of $100 each. There has been paid in 20 per cent. of the capital. The shares are held principally by New Yorkers. It is proposed that the steamers shall run between Lewiston and Montreal, calling at Toronto, Charlotte, Oswego, Clayton, Alexandia Bay and other points both going and returning. The steamers are to be built of steel, expressly for the requirements of the route. They are to be furnished with electric lights, and fitted with all the luxuries of a first-class hotel. The contracts call for a speed of at least twenty miles per hour. The boats are designed to surpass anything of the kind hitherto floated on the great lakes. They will possess a handsome appearance, and outwardly resemble some of the ocean steamships. The length will probably be about 256 feet, with an extreme beam over all of about 42 feet. They will carry two spars, schooner-rigged, and the steel hulls will be double and divided into water-tight bulk-heads. The hulls will be of unusually staunch construction, and the machinery the very best money can procure. Compound engines will be used and will be very powerful, as it is designed that the steamships shall not stop for wind or weather. "This company," said the President, "is backed by ample means, and if no unforseen circumstances arise the steamships will be running next season. It is the intention of the company to start with four steamers and add others as occasion may require.

Weather Predictions.

Mr. Walter H. Smith, the Montreal weather prophet, republishes his almanac fore-cast for the present week, which he claims will be fulfilled. Certainly the beginning of the week gave us the hot weather. It is as follows:—

"Hot weather for the time of year, followed by heavy storms of rain and wind and some heavy rains in northern sections. A reactionary period of cool to cold weather, with local frosts reaching down to the more northerly of the Southern States."

An Oregon prophet, Prof. Hammond, foretells cyclones and earthquakes for September 26th, 27th and 28th. A cyclonic occurence may be expected on September 14th and 15th.

A man, woman, boy and girl have been discovered running wild in Washington County, Kansas, and captured. They have hair on their faces and the tops of the heads of the man and woman bear slight evidence of having been scalped. It is believed they were scalped by Indians and became insane and that they have wandered in the woods ever since. Doctors propose to perform operations on the party in hopes of restoring their minds.

Our Fruit Crops.

In spite of a fine and early spring and a great abundance of blossoms it seems doubtful if we will have even a good average fruit crop in the Province this year. The severe drought of midsummer had a marked effect on such fruits as apples and pears, as well as on the spring cereals, and their growth has been very much dwarfed. There may be a large supply as regards numbers—and even that is doubtful now in many localities, as the fruit appears to be wilting and dropping off—but in size and quality apples are almost certain to be defective. The small fruits have done well and in spite of the black-knot cherries have been a good crop. But there are many districts of the Province in which the black-knot is rapidly killing off all the cherry and plum trees and it seems to be only a question of time when all will be gone. This result is no doubt largely chargeable to the neglect of fruit-growers themselves, for they have allowed the disease to progress and spread without any heroic attempt to stamp it out. There is only one known effective remedy for black-knot and that is to cut out the affected part as soon as the disease appears and reduce it to ashes. To let it alone is a sure way of losing all control over it, for it is in a high degree contagious and spreads rapidly from branch to branch, from tree to tree and from orchard to orchard. We have had a law on the statute book for several years providing the proper remedy; but a law is only of use when it is enforced, or when a sense of duty impels men to observe it. Thus far there is a sad lack of the sense of duty observant in the country, and there are few who care to enforce an apparently rigorous law against their neighbors. Those who know how hard it is to make men observe the laws governing human health, and how often epidemics break out because these laws are not observed, cannot be surprised at the apathy shown when only plant life is attacked; yet there are signs of an awakened sense of duty in respect to both plant and animal life, and those whose office it is to direct and instruct the people in those matters of their well-being ought not to despair of success. There is a better day coming, we trust, in the vegetable as well as in the animal kingdom; and just as we have seen improvement in sanitary conditions resulting from outbreaks of disease in the towns and cities, and improvement and diversity in agricultural operations resulting from the loss or failure of particular crops by the attacks of insects or the continued appearance of some form of blight or disease, so may we hope to see improvement in the methods of fruit growing and in the care of the health of all fruit-bearing trees and plants. The lesson of the black-knot will be learned some day, we hope, in the near future, and possibly in the end the loss will prove to be a real gain. Were it not for the appearance of the midge and the weevil thirty years ago our farmers might still be devoting their land to wheat growing and so steadily reducing its fertility after the manner of districts in the Province of Quebec and in the New England and Middle States, where settlement began 200 years ago. We shall probably get rid of the black-knot and the yellows in the course of time, when we realize how much they cost and doubtless we shall be wiser for our hard experience.—*Rural Canadian.*

CANADA'S GREAT EXHIBITION.—The most extensive preparations have been made for the success of this great exhibition. The vast extent of the grounds, and number, size and grandeur of the buildings makes it difficult to appreciate at once the greatness of this enterprise. It was announced that the exhibition would continue from the 6th to the 18th inst., but the formal opening did not take place until Wednesday, the 8th inst., by the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Robinson. The exhibition is now in full blast, and everything gives promise of a most successful fair. Fine weather, cheap fares and a magnificent exhibit will doubtless draw thousands of people to this Queen City of the West.

Hon. Messrs. Bowell and Foster have been making a tour of Manitoba and the Northwest.

The G. T. R. train despatchers of the Kingston and Toronto division have been removed from Kingston to Belleville.

A serious fire occurred in Flint & Holton's lumber yard, Belleville, on Monday afternoon last, destroying about 2,000,000 feet of lumber and causing a loss of $25,000 or $30,000, on which there was no insurance. The fire originated from sparks from the smoke stack of their planing mill.

Crops in Madoc township are said to be all good and for the most part above the average. The grain crop will be safely in this week. Government surveyors have recently gone through this township, we are told, with a view to a more accurate geographical map of the province.

There was another big fire in Belleville on Monday night last when the extensive furniture warerooms of G. S. Tickell & Sons were entirely consumed, along with other buildings adjoining. The total loss is estimated at about $40,000, of which Tickell & Sons' loss is $18,000 to $20,000 on which they have insurance of $11,000. Mr. W. R. Carmichael, druggist, also lost heavily.

An infamous traffic in young girls, particularly from the Province of Quebec and Eastern Ontario, has just been unearthed. The plan has been to insert an innocent looking advertisement in the papers for one or two young ladies as travelling companions to an elderly lady, and having secured an interview to entice them to some of the larger cities of the United States, where the innocent victims were drugged and ruined. Energetic measures are being taken to put a stop to the traffic.

Frank Loomis, of Shannonville, has been before the Police Magistrate at Belleville on a charge of lunacy and an effort is being made to have him confined as a dangerous lunatic. Loomis is married and lives with his wife, yet he has been persistent in his attentions to a young lady of the village, whose greatest fault, evidently, is her prepossessing appearance. Loomis took to writing her notes in hieroglyphics, furnishing a key for their interpretation. These she showed to members of the family. They were of a highly objectionable character. The young lady's brother found Loomis going to the house one night and intercepted him. A fight ensued in which the defendant drew a revolver but got the worst of it. The magistrate committed the man to the county gaol for safety. He has been under restraint before on a charge of lunacy.

Although not blessed with the natural advantages of the sister Kingdoms, Scotland occupies the proud position of being the richer and more intelligent of the three kingdoms. This is chiefly, if not altogether, due to the diffusion of education by its splendid and long established system of parish schools. Among the districts of Scotland itself, Aberdeen ranks first in an educational point of view. This was exemplified at the general election of 1885, when West Aberdeenshire was the only country constituency in the United Kingdom entirely free from "illiterates," and the South division of Aberdeen city was one of the two burgh constituencies which occupied the same high position. The North division of Aberdeen city had only two illiterate voters and East Aberdeenshire eight. This is a splendid record. It is quite unnecessary to state that the electors of these constituencies, probably the most intelligent in the world, send only advanced radicals to parliament, and vote solid for home rule for Ireland.

A German horticulturist who was sent to East Africa some time ago to introduce the cultivation of corn, potatoes and other garden vegetables, reports that after repeated trials the experiment has completely failed.

A New York despatch says: "It is now very well settled that the wheat crop of 1886 is a full average, that there will be an exportable surplus of at least one hundred millions and that western Europe will require all we have to spare."

The members of the Dominion Senate are rejoicing over the prospects of a large number of divorce cases to be settled by them next session. The principal duty of the Senate is in this connection. Such matters should be left to a properly constituted divorce court.

The Mississippi river has not been lower in years than it has been this summer. A few days ago a man on horseback forded it near Galena, Ill., where usually the river is three-quarters of a mile wide. The deepest water he found was in the channel and there it was but a trifle over two feet deep.

A young man of Glencoe, for a wager of $1, last week tried to eat two watermelons, weighing 26½ pounds each, in two hours. He finished just ten minutes behind time. He still declares his ability to do the work in the allotted time, however, and will eat melons against any man in Canada for $25 a side.

On Thursday evening last the barn and outbuildings of Mr. E. W. Taplin, of East Whitby, the whole season's crop, a quantity of implements, and six fine Hereford cattle and a grade cow were destroyed by fire. The fire is supposed to have been the work of tramps. Mr. Taplin intended threshing his grain on the following day.

The second son of Sir A. Campbell was found dead in his room on Friday last. The deceased was about 24 years of age and was employed as assistant reporter in the Supreme Court. He was found lying on the floor with a revolver near him, one chamber of which had been discharged, the ball having passed through the heart. It is supposed that he was examining or cleaning the weapon when it was accidently discharged.

An observant contemporary notes that whenever a newspaper says a kind word of a man that man never discovers the favor; but if a newspaper handles a man rather roughly, the man finds it out by eight o'clock next morning. This is the kind of man who, when conferring with the editor upon his grievance, says his "attention has been called" to the article in question.

Oak Hills.

From Our Own Correspondent.

After his Worship and other hungry ones were filled their clothes were drawn to a comfortable degree of tightness, and quiet was restored, steam was gotten up and the boat started on her first trip around the lake. The big orchard man hoped they would keep within the three mile limit, as he was a poor swimmer but a splendid wader. The ex-merchant said there was nothing to prevent our keeping within that limit if the York State man was'nt allowed to fish. York State said: "Fishing is a scaly business anyway, and it is to test the speed of this boat that I am after. I want to see if she can beat the record of Maud S." He then went below to look after the fire, and pretty soon the boat began to move at a tremendous rate; the whole face of nature seemed to be changed; some saw nothing but cleared land, while others saw nothing but woods. The Dr. explained the phenomena by saying that it was an optical illusion caused by the high rate of speed at which we were going. For instance, if you are riding very fast on the cars and you fix your eyes upon the telegraph poles the whole road seems lined with poles. I mention this merely to show what the "Clinky Jane" can do in the way of sailing. But this is not all. Some one threw a few of the spiciest of those Chatterton Chips on the fire, causing the safety valve to open, which showed that there was more steam that was being used. York State said that this would never do, and at once climbed up and sat upon the valve. This increased the speed of the boat to such an extent that the whole lake was set in motion, drawing the water from the centre and sending it towards the shore, flooding the banks.

About the fifteenth round the water was travelling at the same rate as the boat, and presenting the appearance of a vast whirlpool. Fanny Fogg said the sight was grand and awe-inspiring. When it was decided that we had had enough it was found impossible to stop until until the water had subsided. This took us around four times more before it was safe to land.

When the "Clinky Jane" was safely moored, and the friends were about to disperse, the big orchard man again called them to order, saying that the best was to come yet; there was to be a wedding in the grand saloon. Fanny Fogg, relict of the late lamented Fogg, was to be united again in the holy bonds, this time with Mr. Clearweather. This would have been a greater surprise if she had not intimated her intention of dropping the name of Fogg in her last communication to the NEWS-ARGUS.

The Dr., who has made a special study of her case, says that she is laboring under the impression that she is afflicted with all the unpronounceable diseases on record. He believes that great good will result from her marriage, as it will have a tendency to draw her mind away from these strange hallucinations and get it working in a different channel, so that she will yet take a prominent place in that society which she is so well qualified to adorn. B. B.

THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE for September is a number of more than ordinary interest, containing as it does articles written by such well known and talented writers as James Scully, Max Muller, Justin McCarthy, Alfred H. Guernsey, E. W. Goodwin, and a number of others. Those of our readers who want good solid reading matter on the live topics of the day should subscribe for the LIBRARY MAGAZINE. Only $1.50 per annum. Specimen copies free. It gives more "solid" literature than any one of the $4.00 monthlies. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.

A SURE THING.
A SURE CURE FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS. Procure from your druggist one 37½ cent bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and use according to directions. It is infallible for Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, Canker of the Stomach and Bowels, and Cholera Infantum.

A GREAT AWAKENING.
There is a great awakening of the sluggish organs of the human system whenever Burdock Blood Bitters are taken. It arouses the torpid Liver to action, regulates the bowels and the kidneys, purifies the blood, and restores a healthy tone to the system generally.

Mr. Blake and Mr. G. W. Ross will address a public meeting at Belleville on the 24th instant.

Years of experience and successful trial have proved McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate the most complete and satisfactory compound for healing Old Sores, Festerings, Ulcers, Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Frost Bites or Felons, and for keeping out the cold and to cleanse or prevent proud flesh, sloughing or decay. Insist on having McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate, sold at 25c. by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

On the 14th inst. the monument erected at St. Catharines to the memory of fallen volunteers will be unveiled by Gen. Middleton.

I had for years been a miserable sufferer from Dyspepsia and tried all known remedies and the best medical skill of my acquaintance but still grew worse until unable to eat anything without great suffering or do any kind of work. I began to think there was no hope for me and that I must surely die; when, like a drowning man catching at a straw, I determined to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. I at once began to improve so rapidly that in two months I was as well as I had ever been in my life.—WM. EVERS, Leamington. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists. Free trial bottles.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHAPLIN, REID & SELBY,
NURSERYMEN,
NURSERIES AT NEWCASTLE, ONTARIO.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

W. C. REID,
ENTERPRISE, ONT.

Stock guaranteed true to name, and delivered in a healthy and thrifty condition.

Hardy varieties a specialty.

Parties wishing stock of any kind would do well to see agent before purchasing.

WON AND LOST.

CHAPTER IX.

"This is it; this is the grave monsieur is seeking. I knew it well—the little grave always so carefully tended, with fresh flowers laid on it, and the roses blooming over the cross. Now, since the last month, there have been no fresh flowers. But the rose-leaves and magnolia-blossoms drop over it, and it is covered as over. And the roses bloom on; they never die!"

So the good woman who had charge of the little foreign-looking cemetery ran on, as Percival Danvers picked his way amongst tinsel crosses hung with wreaths of *immortelles*, or decorated with coloured figures and flimsy gilt ornaments—tawdry and grotesque perhaps, but yet lovely with the expression of the tender rememberance and undying love of simple faithful hearts.

There was the grave he had come so far to find, just within the fringe of cypress-trees, and shaded by a splendid magnolia-tree, which was dropping its large rose-tinted petals like soft pitying tears over the mound. The name carved on the marble cross stood out as if to meet his eye, as Mr. Danvers approached.

"Marie Delorme Danvers."

That was all, but that was enough; that was what he had come to seek—and had found. He drew a deep sigh of relief as he stood beside it, and then he smiled with an exultant satisfaction that surprised his guide.

That was not how people generally looked who visited their dead. And monsieur had been so anxious to find this one; his face had been so haggard and careworn that she had thought it was some dear friend he was seeking.

"There is no date," he said, presently. "When did she—die?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell! It is little more than one year since I came here; the grave was already here then. A woman—a *bonne*, I should say—came often, at first to place the flowers and to water the rose tree. I never spoke to her; she came and went without a word to any one, until the last time. Then she bade me water the flowers for her, and she gave me little fee—that was all. And since these last months she comes not, and I water the roses always. A sad-looking woman she was, grave with some great sorrow or care, I should say. Many such come here to this place, monsieur," the guardian of the cemetery, not yet hardened by her task, concluded with a sigh.

But monsieur was not of that kind. There was no sorrow in his look, there were no tears in his eyes. His haggard face had brightened, and his sternly-set lips relaxed, as with joy, not grief, in sight of his dead; and the fee which he laid in the woman's hand was so large that she turned it over doubtfully in her palm as he left her. Of what was this gold piece the price? There was an instinct in the quick-witted Southern blood which warned her of a motive in this uncalled-for-liberality; and the woman resolved that the money should be spent only on such needs as touched neither hearth nor home.

"What if it should bring a curse on the little ones?" she said with a shudder, as she rubbed her hands together to cleanse them from that contact.

"The thing is transparent enough," Percival Danvers congratulated himself, as he left the cemetery behind him. "It is just as I imagined. The woman—the old servant—has traced me out, either for revenge or for what she hoped to gain, never dreaming that I should come here to confound her lying story; or perhaps reckoning that she would first pocket the wages wrung from my fear of her revelation. One step more, and the thing is set at rest for ever; the snake is scotched that would sting me to the heart."

There was no pity, no remorse in his soul, as he stood before the priest and demanded of him the legal proofs of death of Marie Delorme Danvers.

The priest was a young man, and had not long been appointed *cure*. He echoed the name with the indifference with which it had been already spoken as he turned over the pages of his register.

"What date? What year?"

Mr. Danvers shrugged his shoulders.

"Four—five years ago, I am not sure," he answered. "That is what I desire to ascertain."

He watched the priest's forefinger as it travelled slowly down the page, and he knew, before it stopped, that the name was found.

"This it it. 'Marie Delorme Danvers. Died June 25th, 187—, Interred June 26th.' This is the entry?"

"Yes. Will you supply me with a copy duly certified?"

The *cure* proceeded to draw out the required form, and Percival Danvers watched him as he wrote, a suppressed fire gleaming from beneath his dark eyebrows. His strong hand shook a little as he took the document from the priest—shook with the eagerness of a hand which grasps a coveted and hardly-won treasure.

"You are perhaps the father?" the *cure* asked, noting these signs of an agitation he had not suspected until now.

"The father?"

Percival Danvers laughed aloud at the question; he was too content to be displeased.

"Pardon me, I thought it was possible. I am almost a stranger here, and the child's name is new to me."

"Child! What child?"

The *cure's* eyes opened wide. What a strange manner this man had, who trembled and laughed and asked such strange questions all at once!

"What child?"

"The child whose death is attested there."

Then Percival Danver's eyes fell for the first time on the page he held in his hand, and he read words which seemed to make his heart stand still, and which drove the blood from his cheeks.

"Marie Delorme Danvers. Aged 3 years."

"You are ill!" the priest cried, seeing the man's livid hue.

Mr. Danvers commanded himself the next moment.

"There is an error here," he said, returning the paper to the *cure*; "the age is wrongly stated." He bit his lip to steady it as he spoke.

"It is so written in the book," the priest replied, referring to the record; "see for yourself. The age is three years and three months.

Then a glimpse of the truth came to him and maddened him. He threw the fee down upon the table and rushed out into the hot blinding sunshine, walking with a rapid step, never heeding the burning heat nor seeking the shade. His frantic walk ceased before the gate of a low dwelling, half hidden in a rich growth of tropical foliage, its encircling verandahs wreathed with crimson passion-flowers and splendid purple blooms and long drooping sprays of flame-coloured blossom, all untrimmed and untrained in their wild luxuriance.

The house stood silent and deserted, like the castle of the Sleeping Beauty in the fairy-tale. Perhaps it was waiting for the touch of the prince to awaken it to life and love.

Percival Danvers shook off the fanciful thought impatiently as he trod the neglected path and thrust aside the clustering wide-leaved fern, pungent-scented myrtle, and crimson blossoming pomegranate.

An elderly woman answered his summons at the door.

"This is the house of Mr. Delorme?" he said. "Are any of the family living here now?"

"Mr. Delorme has been dead a long time," the woman answered. "There was only his daughter left. She went away five years ago. Are you a friend of the family, sir?"

"Yes—that is, I knew Mr. Delorme. Can you tell me where Miss Delorme went?"

"Miss Delorme? Ah, that is a sad story! It must be many years since you knew the family, sir, or you would know. If you will please to enter, I will tell you."

"Is she living?" That was Percival Danver's next question, and beads of perspiration stood on his pale forehead as he asked it. But the sun-blinds were down all round the cool, shaded apartment, and the woman was too full of the tale she longed to tell to notice the pallor of her visitor. "Is she living?" he repeated.

"That is more than I can tell. Sometimes I think she must be dead, since even the grave in the cemetery has been unvisited for months, and that is the last thing she would neglect. But it has been a sorrowful life, and a lonely one, and she must have had little to grieve for. Did you know her, sir, when you knew Mr. Delorme?"

"It is a great many years ago, and she must have been quite a child then," he answered evasively.

"Yes, she was only a child when she met the man who married her and ruined her life," the woman said. "She was away from her father then, staying with her aunt. She was a sweet young girl, and as beautiful a one as you would wish to see; and, young as she was, she had plenty of lovers. Amongst them was an Englishman. Madame Delorme, the aunt, did not like him, but the young lady did; and—Cecile Lacroix, who was her *bonne*, told it all to me—they met in secret. Then Mr. Delorme heard of the affair, and he called his daughter home. The young man was summoned away at the same time by his father, a rich merchant in Toronto. Mr. Delorme was not rich; he had had great losses, and his daughter would have no dowry. The young people were in despair at the separation, and the young man persuaded her to marry him privately, with only Cecile as witness. She was a Roman Catholic, the Englishman was a Protestant; he bribed a priest to make them one. Then he went away to his father, and she came home here. He was to get his father's consent, and to return to claim her; and they parted, full of love and hope. But the blessing of the Church was not on that marriage; how could it be? The bridegroom never bame back; he never even wrote. He was a villain!

"Our poor flower faded and pined. Then the truth came out. Mr. Delorme was furious, and he would have hunted the Englishman to the end of the earth; but the priest put in his word. It was no marriage that had been celebrated, he said; the bridegroom was a heretic, and there could be no sacrament of marriage between one of the true Church and a heretic. So Mr. Delorme forbade her to call herself by the English name, even when her child was born. I think she would have broken her heart but for that sweet child. For her she lived on, and even Mr. Delorme grew soft and tender to the little thing. Then he died, the old man—they say his death was hastened by his daughter's trouble—and she lived on here, with Cecile and the child.

"Perhaps the Englishman died. I have thought so sometimes. Surely he could not have been such a monster as to have forsaken her all these years if he had lived! We may have called him hard names which he did not deserve, and have slandered the dead."

She crossed herself, and went on.

"Then came the hardest trial of all; the child died. She was well and bright one day, playing here under the magnolia-trees, and the next day she was in heaven. It was a sunstroke, some said. Others said it was fever. It broke the mother's heart. She never looked up afterwards, and she could not live here, where the child's voice seemed always in the air. She went to live with Madame Delorme on an estate a few miles away.

"But they sent the notice of the child's death to the English papers: so Cecile told me. It might reach the father's eye—who knew? And Cecile at least never believed that he was dead. Then, more than a year ago, Madame Delorme died. She left her little fortune to her niece, and Cecile came here. She always used to come and tend the child's grave in the cemetery, and she told me they were going away—she and her mistress, for a long time, on a long journey. Sometimes I think she has gone to seek her child's father, and that we shall never hear of her again, as we have never heard of him. It is the land of forgetfulness there, over the sea."

Percival Danvers rose up, white and ghastly, and staggered out into the air.

"It is nothing," he said to the woman, as she followed him anxiously. "I have walked too far in the sun. It will go off presently."

She went to fetch him water; and he sat there in the flower-hung verandah with his world of ruins about his feet and a risen ghost beckoning him with pale hand to his doom.

"I did not mean to desert her!" he cried aloud, striving to thrust back the accusing spirit. "It was my father! I dared not tell him. And then I heard she was dead."

. . . .

"Yes; he will live now. It is always so; the worthless lives are spared, the good and the beautiful are taken away."

Was the air full of ghosts still, and had the ghosts voices? Percival Danvers opened his eyes. A face was bending over him—one of the faces which had haunted his fevered dream so long. It was a hard stern face, full of vengeance and of hatred.

"Cecile?" be said weakly.

"Yes, it is I."

"This is no ghost; it is a woman in the flesh," he muttered, as she raised him and held a cup to his lips. "What has happened to me? Where am I?"

"You have been very ill. You are here, in the home of your wife. Marie Delorme—where surely I thought the righteous judgment of Heaven had brought you to die," she added to herself.

"Marie—is she here?"

"No, she is in heaven."

The next moment she was sorry she had spoken, for a flash of joy lighted up the pale features; Cecile knew that not even she could win pity or sorrow from him for the woman he had treated so cruelly.

"Oh, that my hands should have nursed him back to life, the viper!" she exclaimed to the housekeeper.

But he lived and grew strong enough for the homeward journey he was so impatient to make.

"He goes to the young bride," Cecile groaned; "and she—she lies in her grave."

"Cecile, when did she die?"

Vengeance was within her grasp. Could she forego it? That reluctant promise to her dead mistress was forgotten in the whirlwind of her wrath now.

"She died the day she wrote you that letter at St. Sebastian's. That day killed her."

"And you left her there"

"No, I brought her here. She lies with her child—and yours."

"That is enough. Now leave me."

And she went; for there was something so dark and terrible in his look that she was frightened.

It was the day before he was to sail for England. He had not dared to ask her the question upon which his fate hung until then. Now he drew from his pocket-book the record of his child's death and spread it out before him. As he glared at it with wild eyes, he seemed to see a demon pointing to that solitary figure "3," and to hear it whispering something it had whispered before in the darkness of the night, when his mind was at its weakest. How easy it would be to write another figure before that one! See, there was space left for it! Who would know? He thrust the paper hastily from him. He started up and walked to the farthest corner of the room, and turned his face to the wall. But the blank wall showed him a vision of a ruined man, bankrupt in honour and happiness, shrinking before the scorn of the world which had so lately smiled on him; and of a fair sweet face, with horror and loathing written upon it, turned away from him for ever. And the tempter whispered more importunately than ever. "It is not a crime. It can harm no one. Who would know?"

In another moment it was written, "Marie Delorme Danvers. Aged 23."

The next day he was gone, and Cecile sent an imprecation after him which made the tender-hearted housekeeper shudder.

"May the cup he would drink be dashed from his lips! May vengeance dog his footsteps, and justice seize him and drag him down!" the faithful servant said, with raised hand and solemn voice.

CHAPTER X.

"Miss Doveton!" Lady Keith was saying anxiously. "It must have been Cynthia. Albinia, it must have been Cynthia."

Lady Saltmarsh said nothing, and Sir George Vivian shrugged his shoulders.

"All cats are grey in the dark," he said, quoting a French proverb.

Lady Keith took up her knitting and sat down. There was an agitated flush on her delicate cheek, and her slender white hands trembled; Lady Saltmarsh's shafts, often essayed in vain, had taken effect at last.

It was afternoon—growing late by the shadows, but early as yet by the clock. There were no lights in Lady Keith's morning room, which opened on to the terrace and looked over toward the park; and without the gorgeous crimson and gold of the autumnal glory had resolved themselves into the sombre neutral gray of twilight.

Sir George glanced outwards, and saw two persons presently mount the terrace steps slowly, lingeringly, and pause at the top, looking back at the shrouded giants in the park below. Lady Keith saw them too.

"It is Cynthia," she repeated faintly.

"Cynthia is in the music-room," Lady Saltmarsh said, pointing to the half-open door, whence came echoing round the rich tones which all knew to be Cynthia's

Then a white hand came fluttering against the glass, and a gray-robed figure stole in out of the shadows and sat down, just as a footman threw open the door, with a lighted lamp in hand; and, in the illumination, Edith Doveton, all unconscious, raised her beautiful glowing face—transformed in some mysterious way since they had seen it last—and looked at the three who were, each in their own fashion, sitting in judgment upon her in their hearts. There was only one thing which could cause such a transformation in a woman's face. Sir George knew what it was and looked grave; Lady Saltmarsh knew what it was and looked triumphant. Lady Keith guessed dimly and her heart sank.

Miss Doveton was the only one who did not know—did not guess. What she did know was that the world had grown brighter, more beautiful than her dreams; that a subtle philter, sweet as the nectar of the gods, was running through her veins and thrilling her heart with an ineffable joy. Leonard Hope, coming in behind her, looked dazed, as if the sudden light blinded him.

"What are you all doing in there?" called Cynthia's voice from the next room. "You are so quiet. Mamma, is there no tea yet?"

With the last sentence she was with them, and something—a "mind-wave" perhaps, or an electric touch of quick sympathy—warned her. Her proud head was held a shade higher than usual, but her cheek was pale, Sir George fancied, as she seated herself at the little table and filled the china cups, and presently chatted pleasantly with him, and sent pretty messages to Lady Vivian; for Sir George was going away by first train in the morning.

"And, by Jove," he said tersely, as he ran up-stairs two steps at a time to his dressing-room, "I'm sorry! I'd give something to see the end of it, and it's a precious mess whichever way it goes."

The evening passed with something—no one knew exactly what—weighing the hours, which were wont to be so light-winged in that pleasant circle. It was as if the air were heavy with the threatening of a tempest. Cynthia was calm and a little more stately than usual; all her duties as hostess were punctiliously performed to the little gathering of neighbours and friends who filled her drawing-room. Leonard was grave and preoccupied, Sir George silent and watchful, and Lady Keith's high-bred composure was disturbed. She was restless and nervous, and a flush burnt still on her cheek. Only Miss Doveton was radiantly happy and lovely, wrapped in a sort of dream, which rendered her deaf to the mutterings of the storm. And there was somethings in her unconscious innocent happiness and in the sweetness of her beauty which told its own story and touched the hearts which should have been hardened towards her.

"We have been to blame. Poor child—how could she know?" Lady Keith said. "We ought to have told her; it ought to have been understood. She is young and susceptible, and alone; and Leonard has been very kind to her. I will tell her tonight."

So Lady Keith sat by the fire in the girl's room later the same evening—it was a motherly custom which she had of bidding her good-night there—and told her what should have been told before.

"So you see," she concluded, "I am quite happy about dear Cynthia's future. In her circumstances and with her responsibilities it would have been an anxious matter to choose wisely; but dear Leonard is all and more than all we could desire. I could not have trusted her to a stranger, but he understands her so thoroughly. It can scarcely fail to be a fortunate and happy marriage."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The First Crazy Quilt.

The "funeral tent of an Egyptian Queen" formed part of the sepulchral trapping discovered in in 1882 in the royal tombs at Deir-al-Bahari, near the ancient Thebes. The lady whose remains it had covered was a contemporary of the Queen of Sheba. Her grandfather may have bowed before the charms of Helen when the guest of Polydamna, "wife of Thon." Her son-in-law, Shisak, first King of the Bubastite dynasty, captured Jerusalem shortly alter she death of Solomon. Queen Isi-em-Kheb, however, did no live so long. She died young, and her obsequies must have been celebrated within a few years of 1000 B. C. The date of the "tent" is thus perfectly well ascertained. It is the earliest example extant of "opus consutum," or patchwork. Constructed of innumerable fragments of gazelle hide, finely stitched together, its surface even now retains the gloss of a kid glove, and displays in marvelous freshness, considering the antiquity of their application, the four colors—red or bright pink, yellow, (two shades,) bluish green, and pale blue—employed to produce a striking, if somewhat gaudy, decorative effect; an effect, to our ideas, strangely incongruous with its sombre desitination. The shape, size, and design of this ample expanse of variegated leather (201 square feet in area) correspond unmistakably to its purpose as a canopy for the royal coffin. A central panel, 9 feet by 6, was adorned over one-half of its surface with pink and yellow rosettes on a blue ground; over the other, with six flying vultures, emblematic of supernal protection, separated by bands of hieroglyphics, setting forth the earthly dignities and immortal hopes of the illustrious departed. Four attached flaps, checkered pink and green, completed the covering of the mortuary shrine. The borders display, among other emblems, gazelles kneeling in adoration on either side of a sacred tree or shrub. The device (with unessential modifications) was prehistorically diffused in the East, and is thought to have been connected with the old Aryan home worship.

Must Have Home Comforts.

Stranger: I see ye advertise board with home comforts?"

Landlord: Yes, sir.

Stranger: Any skeeters 'bout the place?

Landlord: Not a mosquito within forty miles.

Stranger: Well, I'm sorry. I've lived in Muskoka, an' the hum of a skeeter is music to me. I'm looking for board, stranger, but I'm an old man, an' I can't git along 'thout home comforts. Good day.

The average yearly rent of the Bell telephone is placed at $100. The average cost of the instrument is $3.25, and hence nothing but an early assignment can save the company from total financial ruin.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Rhymes of the Play-ground.

Nursery rhymes have received much attention of late as an expression of national life, and many collections of them have been made. The quaint rhymes of the playground, some of which are very old, have received less attention. H. Carrington Bolton, of Trinity College, contributes to the Boston *Journal of Education* the following specimens of "counting out" rhymes, collected by him from children and by correspondence. A favorite jingle is

"One-ry, o-ry, ickery Ann,
Fillison, follison, Nicholas, John;
Queevy, quavy, English navy,
Stiegelum, stangelum, buck."

This rhyme is widely used, having been reported to me from Connecticut, Philadelphia and Cincinnati. It is subject to many variations: "English navy" becomes "Irish Mary;" some insert the word "berry" or the word "John" before "buck" in the last line. "Iokery" is "hickory," etc. New York City:

"Ana, mana, mona, Mike,
Barcelona, bona, strike;
Care, ware, frow, frack,
Hallico, ballico, we, wo, wack."

This also is subject to countless variations: "Barcelona" becomes "tuscalona," etc. One form ends in—Central New York—

"Huddy, guddy, boo, out goes you."
"Ana, mana, dippery Dick,
Delia, Doila, Dominick;
Hitcha, pitcha, dominitcha,
Hon, pon, tush."

In some districts the third line is given as "Houtcha, poutcha, dominoutcha," and in others "Hotcha, potcha," etc. "Tush" may also become "tus" or "tusk.' Delaware, Rhode Island, etc.:

"Haley, maley, tippety, fig,
Tiney, tiney, [illegible] nug;
Goat, thr[illegible], country note,
Tiney, toney, alg."

"One, two, three, Nanny caught a flea;
The flea died, and Nanny cried; out goes she."

Scotland:

"Eatum, peatum, penny pie,
Bablyoni, stickum, styo."

Besides rhymes of the character of the above,—*i. e.*, consisting of gibberish, with disconnected words,—there are very many rhymes containing no uncouth words, but possessing, in general, a jingle easily recognizable:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,
Mary at the cottage gate, eating grapes off a plate.
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight."

This is given also "plums" in place of "grapes," and "garden gate" for "cottage gate." When "cottage door" ends the second line, the counting stops at "four" to satisfy the rhyme.

The collection is quite incomplete. What Western forty-year-old boy or girl does not recognize the following?

"Intry, mintry, entry, corn,
Apple-seed and apple-thorn;
Wier, brier, limber, lock, three geese in one flock,
One flew east, and one flew west,
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest.
One, two, three, out goes he."

Our "devil" contributes the following:—

"Ones-all, twos-all, zigs all san,
Bobtail vinegar, ticklem, tan,
Harem, scarem, popularem,
Be, baw, buck."——

The Man Under the Apple-Tree.

There was once at the University of Cambridge, England, a student who, in after years, gained a great name. A disease breaking out in the college, drove him to his father's home. One day he went into the orchard and sat down to read under a tree.

He raised his eye from his book and saw an apple fall. That was a common thing. Millions of people had seen apples fall. But this young man was set to thinking. What made the apple fall? Not the wind; it was a quiet day. Why, when the stem broke, did it not stay in the air?

This thoughtful young man did not stop thinking about the falling of the apple until he had discovered the cause that made the apple fall; and that the same cause keeps the moon and planets in their paths. This young man was Sir Isaac Newton.

Now, let us see what kind of boy he was. His father was a yeoman or a farmer. He was sent to school but "he was always full of the business he was born for." When other boys were at play, he would be after his own work, call it what you like.

He made water-wheels, models of mills and machines. He made a water clock from an old box, and fixed it to an index which moved as the sinking wood, floating on the water, fell.

But his father would not hear of young Isaac doing such foolish things. He must farm. He was to learn about wheat and grass lands, and to feed and sell sheep. So he was sent to the fields, and was usually found lying under a tree reading when he should have been with the cattle and the laborers.

When he was sent to market, he permitted an old servant to sell the sheep, while he went into a hayloft to work out a mathematical problem. His father found that he could not make a farmer out of him, so he let him devote himself to study, and he became a great philosopher. There was in England a breed of very small curly-haired dogs, called King Charles Spaniels, because they were great favorites of the king. Newton owned one of them, whom he called Diamond. He was very fond of the little creature, and was continually caressing it and stroking its glossy hair.

One night he left his library and in it this little black Diamond. The dog jumped upon the table, overturned the candle, and set fire to papers upon which were figures that had cost his master years of hard work. They were all destroyed, so that when Newton returned to his room he found, in place of the papers, nothing but ashes.

What should he do? Fall to beating and kicking the dog? No; he was a great-souled, self-governed man; and he simply said. "Ah, Diamond! Diamond! little thou knowest the mischief thou hast done."

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT.

When one lives entirely with the course of nature, every day is fully lived.

There are three little wicks to the lamp of a man's life, brain, blood and breath.

There is frozen music in many a heart that the beams of encouragement would melt into glorious song.

The wealth of the world is the wealth of civilization, and civilization is the fruit of Christianity.

As reasonably expect oaks from a mushroom bed as great and durable profits from small and hasty efforts.

When we look down upon the earth we think of the past; when we look up to the sky, we think of the future.

The eye of the master will do more work than both of his hands. Not to oversee workmen is to leave your purse open.

A tyrant cannot well bind one end of a chain around the arms or legs of a people, without finding the other around his own neck.

A snob is that man or woman who is always pretending to something better—especially richer or more fashionable—than they are.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

Patience is a moral mosquito net. Politeness is like an air-cushion; there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.

Fashionable Lady: "Don't you think, Doctor, that my husband ought to send me to some fashionable watering-place for my health?" Doctor: "Why, madam, you have a phenomenonally robust physique. Fashionable Lady: "I knew there was something the matter with me. Where have I to go to get rid of it."—

DEMONS EXORCISED.

Queer Story of Ghostly Interference With Earthly Affairs.

The following is the most extraordinary recital of what purports to be facts that has ever engaged the pen of the present scribe. Those persons who look upon the revelations and manifestations of modern Spiritualism as fraud and deception will see nothing in the narrative except so much pabulum for derision and contempt. But those earnest believers who are persuaded that our earth is peopled by vast myriads of the spirits, evil and good, of the departed and that they exert their influence in accordance with their specific natures on the living—on all of us, in fact—the experience recorded herein will be fraught with instruction, warning, astonishment,

HORROR AND EVEN SOME ENCOURAGEMENT.

The Mosscrop family consists of the father and mother, and a grown up son and daughter. The father was born in England fifty-one years since, His wife is five years younger. Jane, the daughter, is twenty-seven and George, the son is twenty-three. The Mosscrops came to this country four years since and now reside in Westchester county. The father is a watchmaker by trade; the son is a saddler and harness maker. The family was prosperous and had no inducement to emigrate on account of social surroundings or worldly circumstances But when Miss Jane Mosscrop attained her twenty-first birthday the once lithe, strapping, rosy-cheeked, buxom lass began to pine and fade. A famous Manchester and a renowned London physician were substituted for country doctors. The former's diagnosis seated the complaint in the brain; the latter located it in the spine and indicated an application of the moxa as a probable alleviation, if not a perfect cure. None of the doctors succeeded in doing the young lady the least appreciable good. She gradually became so weak that she kept her bed and nothing but death seemed in store for her. The family physician, an old gentleman, had seen a few cases wherein the symptoms were similar. He advised a total and radical change of scene and country, suggesting Australia or America for choice. They elected to come to new York.

THE VOYAGE WROUGHT NO BENEFIT

on Miss Mosscrop. She had a lover who accompanied her to Barrow-in-Furness, where they embarked, and she had bidden him good-by with as much sang froid as if he had been an ordinrry and recent acquaintance. She was able to walk aboard the steamer, but she kept her berth till New York was reached, when she again walked ashore, entered a cab and was driven to a friend's house. When the family settled in Westchester she took to her bed as she had done in England. Two years since George Mosscrop attained his majority. He received the congratulations of his parents and he said to his sister, "Jennie, I'm twenty-one to-day." Opening her pale lips, she said, "I'm sorry, George; you'll be sick now." He felt no such depressing premonition. He was in the full enjoyment of every faculty and in perfect health. When night came he went to spend the evening with a few friends. It was midnight when he returned to his home, and for the first time in his life he was drunk. Both parents expressed surprise and disapproval. His companions had left him between nine and ten and gone to their homes sober, and he was thinking of coming home at the same time when he saw behind the bar as plain as could be the figure of John Outwater, an acquaintance of theirs and a disreputable fellow who had

DRANK HIMSELF TO DEATH

in Lancashire ten years before—and this shade or spirit or aura seemed to say, "How d'ye do, George? You're twenty one today. Aren't you going to treat?" Somehow he couldn't withstand the shade's promptings. He drank glass after glass of gin, the liquor preferred by Outwater in life, and the ghost seemed to enjoy the liquor and get gradually intoxicated by George's drinking. His parents naturally regarded this as the talk of a young man deeply intoxicated and unaccustomed to the use of alcohol. But they were mistaken. Henceforth two or three times a week George was in the habit of getting drunk in the same ghostly society, as he alleged. He would get into a car and go off to some remote liquor saloon under the ghostly promptings and drink glass after glass of gin, the spirit of Jack Outwater standing vis-a-vis across the bar grinning and laughing and getting drunk

AT SECOND HAND, AS IT WERE.

Matters were at this pass during last April, one Saturday night another mysterious visitation overtook this family. George had been out, presumably drinking. Jane had been weaker than usual in the evening and the mother had sorrowfully whispered to the father: "We shall not have her with us much longer." The father had gone up-stairs to bed. It was eleven o'clock and Mrs. Mosscrop lay on the parlor sofa awaiting her son's return. He tarried longer than usual with his imaginary companion and the father upstairs prayed with extraordinary fervor for his reformation and restoration to reason. Suddenly while he prayed a light shone round about him and when he looked up,

BEHOLD HIS LONG DEAD MOTHER

sat on the chair by his side. She spoke in the soft low tones that had been hers in the flesh and told him not to be alarmed. She said she had tried over and over again to manifest herself to him, but she had not been able to do so because of his disbelief in spiritual life. She told him that his son George was under the guidance and direction of an evil spirit that would never leave him till he joined the shadowy ranks of the evil-world malevolents, unless he took means to have him exorcised. The shade furthermore told him that his daughter was under the influence of another vindictive spirit and that the cause or motive of such affliction lay back in this world's history in a bitter family feud wherein because of some property a sister had wrongfully succeeded in convincing the jury that her brother was a forger and had him sent to Van Dieman's Land. The incident had occurred in the Mosscrop family, but is too long for rehearsal here. Before the spirit of his mother faded gently out of his visual ken she had indicated the steps requisite to be pursued in order to remove both the malign influences under which the family suffered. She intimated, moreover, how that it had been her spiritual promptings—her action on his mind—that had caused him to elect America as his abode, because in this country

LIVED THE ONLY PERSON

who could effect the spiritual emancipation. The individual is a person in humble life, who works at his business and lives in a quiet, unassuming house in Paterson, N. J. The writer made careful notes of Mosscrop's visit to this gentleman, and they are hereby produced as nearly as may be told:

Ah set on on the ninth of April for Paterson and it was a real fine day. The man I was seekin' was good eneeaf to find. He lives in a canny looking brick house in a back street; ah knocked at 'door wi me stick an' a woman com out. Yes, she said, her man was at hoeam and ah was to gain in. He is a darkish lookin' little chap, with a deal o' hair about his face. He axed me to sit down and then he browt a chair and set hissel' down beside me. An' then he said, quite low, almost in a whisper, "Now, I take it, you've come from the upper part of New York city this morning to consult me about that son George of yours and your daughter Jane." When he said that

IT GAVE ME A START

and he noticed it. 'Oh, don't be alarmed," he says, "I know all about it; your daughter's been troubled with a spirit, or as they would have said in Bible times, 'vexed with a devil' since she came of years; and your son George is under the bad influence of a man who used to be a drunkard in his life." He said there were many such. This talk fairly took my wind away, especially when he told me exactly the same things as my mother's ghost had already told me. Well, he said I must leave you for a few hours and send word to my wife at home that I was going to stay to Paterson all night. I was to go back to him at eight o'clock, and when I went he said that he bad sent his own wife down to Newark in accordance with special instructions from the spirits who were at present directing him. He said it was the first time as a medium he had ever been called upon to act in the capacity in which he was now instructed to act, but he had no alternative. He was not known among men as a medium, but his father had been a medium like himself, though never parading the fact, and only

DOING GOOD IN SECRET

as he was doing now. He said his present action in connection with the two afflicted members of my family would relegate the malign spirits to great degradation and agony in the spirit world. "But," he said, "the act will restore George and Jane to health and strength and you will therefore remain with me the whole of this night; but you must first take a solemn oath on the Bible that you will never divulge to anybody, man woman or child, anything whatever that you may see or hear during this long night watch." Ah felt rather harfish about it, but, however, I thought, why, I had come here for the purpose of helping George and Jane and why shouldn't I take the oath and kiss the big Bible.

Well, it was such a solemn going on as I never saw before nor am likely to see again. And I've kept my oath an' I mean to keep it till mi dying day, so you needn't axe me what I saw an' heard, for ah'll never tell. I stopped at the house till daylight, and when I was comin' away he said, sez he: "Now you'll find Jane ever so much better when you get home; she'll be sittin' up in bed and makin' a hearty breakfast off boiled eggs and tea." "Nay, nay," I says, "that's impassible. Her recovery will have to be more gradual than that if she recovers at all." "You'll see!" he said, "and mark ye, neighbor Mosscrop, George will trouble you

NO MORE WITH HIS GIN DRINKIN'!"

Sure enough. when I got back from Paterson, there was Jane sittin' up in bed eatin' eggs broken in a cup and suppin' tea and my old woman caperin' an' prancin' about the floor like a young lass, and she cried as I went in, "Daddy, Jane's better! and George's been and signed the pledge this mornin'!" My wife told me that the poor lass had been desperate bad during the night and tossed and tumbled about at such a rate that her mother thought she was going to die. But towards the morning sleep came, and when she woke it was ten o'clock, and there was a new look that spoke of life and hope in her eyes. "Mother," she says, "I feel better and I think I am going to mend right away."

IT ONLY REMAINS TO BE ADDED

that Jane is now a healthy, plump lass with a fine figure and shapely arms, and that her lover has been written to and is expected in the course of the current month, while George is working down town in a saddlery and harness establishment and never dreams of touching strong drink, nor has he again seen the mocking face of his ghostly adversary, Jack Outwater.

A Horrible Discovery in Paris.

The horrible discovery of the body of a woman, minus the head and cut up into several pieces, has been made at Montrouge, a Parisian suburb, and causes a great sensation in Paris. The police are convinced that a crime has been committed, but the absence of the head makes it a matter of extreme difficulty to follow up a clew to the mysterious affair. The police have been engaged since the discovery in searching for the head, even in the drains of the neighborhood, but to no purpose. It is supposed that, the first parcel having been placed opposite the church in the Avenue d'Orleans, the persons carrying the ghastly bundles turned into the Rue d'Alesia, where he placed the thigh and portions of the back, after which he went to the border of the railway line, where he got rid of the breast, which was found among the plots of acacia abounding in the spot. According to the vague evidence collected up to the present, it appears that a toll collector in the locality observed during the night a cab "crawling" up and down the streets near his office. In the interior of the vehicle was seated an individual who had behind him a large parcel. This morning a little girl playing outside of a shop in the neighborhood found a packet of brown hair, which is presumed also to have belonged to the deceased. A half burned letter was among the tresses. The police inspector of the district received information this afternoon that the daughter of a workingman had been missing from her home at Mountrouge for the past two days, but on further inquiry it was found that the woman was alive and well. Every precaution, in fact seems to have been taken by the persons who perpetrated the crime, not only to carry it out successfully so as to avoid discovery, but also to throw the police off the scent the elaborate care taken to elude vigilance convinces the police that they have once more to deal with criminals who—as is generally the case with Parisian murderers—are a match for the keenest officers of the law. The remains have been placed in the freezing apparatus at the morgue, and can thus be preserved for three weeks.

Famous Old Men.

The longevity of famous statesmen is remarkable. Imagine Lord Palmerston acting vigorously as Prime Minister of England when over eighty, governing the vast British Empire with steady hand, and making speeches three hours long in the House of Commons, and rising next day fresh as a man of forty! Think of the venerable Guizot, the French statesman, who, at the age of eighty-seven, was still writing histories, presiding over religious conventions, and carrying on lively discussions in the French Academy.

The late Lord Lyndhurst made able speeches in the House of Lords when he had passed his nineteenth year; and his long-time rival, Lord Brougham, wrote his autobiography, in three goodly volumes, when he had nearly reached ninety years.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, who, as Lord Henry Petty, was a leading member of the "All the Talents" Cabinet of which Charles James Fox was the chief, in 1806, was still an active member of the House of Lords nearly sixty years later, in 1863, and died in that year at the age of eighty-three.

The Duke of Wellington took part in public affairs until his death in 1852, in his eighty-third year.

In former generations energetic statesmen of advanced years are found thickly scattered through the pages of history. There was the old Marquis of Winchester, who could remember Edward IV., the first York sovereign, in 1843, and who, when he died in 1672, at the age of ninety-seven, was holding office under Queen Elizabeth.

Referring to the statement of our own country, it is a familiar fact that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, the second and third Presidents, both died on the 4th of July, 1826, just half a century from the day on which both signed the Declaration of Independence, Adams being ninety-one, and Jefferson eighty-three. President Andrew Jackson lived to be eighty-two, John Quincy Adams to be eighty-one, Madison eighty five.

A correspondent wishes to know "how editors spend their leisure hours." Catching up with their work.

"Boodle" is not in the dictionary. The enterprising servants of the public got it all, and there wasn't any left for dictionary use.

"Now, Mr. Witness," said a lawyer, "are you willing to solemnly swear that the chair was facing the east? Remember, Sir, the awfulness of perjury." Witness—"Well, I won't swear, but I'll bet you $10 it was."

"Billy Jones struck a great snap," said a man to an acquaintance. "Has he, indeed?' was the reply. "Well, I'm mighty glad to hear it. Billy is a first-class, hard-working, young fellow and deserves a good thing. How did he run across it?" "Why he monkeyed with a turtle in front of a restaurant."

MY FAMILY.

BY PHILANDER RUSSETT.

I had a prejudice against my family from the first.

I considered that my father lived in a house much too small for a man of his means, and that I was deprived of many advantages to which I was justly entitled. I often told my father of this, but it seemed to make no impression.

He was always willing that I should associate with more pretentious people, and when I declared at sixteen, that I was going away from home and to a fashionable school, he made no resistance. Indeed as I now interpret it, he heaped fiery coals upon my head; for, besides paying my regular tuition at school, he often sent me, unsolicited, packages of currency which permitted me (as I was a boy) to travel far during my summer vacations, and see the country. This it would seem should have reconciled me, but it did not. It made me worse. The family grew more unpretentious in my eyes each succeeding year, and the climax was reached when my father decided to leave the city, and take up his residence on a farm. There was a pretty stream running through the farm, and woods and hills, and numerous sleek cattle, which our new neighbors praised as being of the best blood of any in the country, but I looked contemptuously on all this, and only thought of the difference between the way we went about, all in one carriage with father driving instead of a coachman in livery, as my friend Harry did in the city. I condescended to visit my people occasionally, and sometimes in the excitement of shooting and fishing, forgot our disgraceful position. But at night, upon my return from shooting, we gathered in the sitting room, only to read the magazines and play whist, it would come back to me how we should be attending brilliant receptions and making witty speeches in full dress in the city, and I would fall to upbraiding my father for denying me and my sisters the advantages of city life.

The most curious part of all this, as I look back upon it now, is the complacency with which all my criticisms were received by my family; and the absence of acrimony, of any bickerings or strife, on the part of any of the other members. My sisters and my mother always agreed that the way I was deprived of what other boys had was outrageous, but it seemed to be tacitly understood that having given me their sympathy, they could do nothing more, and the most friendly and loving relations existed between us all; they spending much of their time manufacturing presents with which to surprise me, and I constantly sending to them fruit and novelties from the city. That my father bore with me so patiently illustrates a peculiarity of many Canadian homes. Whether the English strait-jacket might not have been better, I leave you to debate with yourselves. Sometimes he would gently reprove me for being so fiery and impertinent, but as a rule he allowed me to do all the talking, and seemed satisfied that I should think what I pleased, so long as I did well at the school, and kept in good health.

If he proceeded on the theory that only time and experience were needed to convince me of my folly and his wisdom, he would be eminently satisfied if he could talk with me now: A decade has passed, and the impetuous and ambitious youth has lived among the fashionable and pretentious people whom he used so much to envy. Moreover his profession has brought him in contact with their family secrets, family jars, and family griefs. How often has he found beneath the honeyed words and liveried servants, which strangers admire, an existence of selfishness and greed and hypocrisy of which he never dreamed!

If any youth from farm or shop, with unpretentious home shall read this sketch, I beg to remind him that, as the human body changes every seven years, so does the mind.

Let none of us imagine that what to-day is to us all important, will be next year or the year after. The most intelligent and the most successful men of all ages have recorded their convictions that no ambition, no success, gives the lasting satisfaction of a peaceful home and a loving family.

And as I review with familiarity the palatial homes in the great city where I now live, and witness the relations of the members of each family as they move about and address each other, I remember with great gratitude the happy relations which existed (with the exception mentioned) at the old home farm.

And if you ask me to-day where and how I best enjoyed myself, I must admit that no ambition achieved, no wealth acquired, gives me the pleasure that the contemplation gives me of the return services which I afterwards rendered (as partial retribution) to my kind old father and the happy and unselfish relations that have always existed, by reason of my father's early influence, between my sisters and myself.

Such of you as are philosophers can take up the thought where I leave off and make much more of it. That scores of such homes, as mine was, exist all around us I have no doubt. If some of the dissatisfied members will be brought to reflect that experience only, as a rule, brings wisdom, and that toleration and unselfishness are, after all, the badges of a strong mind and a good heart, I shall be paid for my trouble in writing. After many years of observation you may conclude, as I have done, that your unpretentious family, honest, simple and affectionate, in all their dealings with each other, is, compared with the majority of the more pretentious ones, a shining monument to be proud of—a veritable aristocracy to which you are glad to belong.

The Antarctic Ocean.

The Antarctic Ocean occupies a position around the south pole similar to that of the Arctic Ocean at the opposite end of the earth. It fills all the space to the south of the Antarctic Circle. It differs vastly, however, from its northern homologue, for, instead of having land at its outer circumference, it has water While the North American, the European, and the Asiatic coasts encircle the Northern Ocean, the Pacific, the Atlantic, and the Indian Oceans mingle their waters with those of the frozen zone at the south.

As it differs in physical conditions, so also it differs in having received much less attention from the world at large. While the aim of innumerable expeditions for the past four hundred years has been to find a northwest passage to Asia, to plant a flag at latitude 90°, or to rescue some unfortunate commander and his crew from a horrible fate, and while thousands of dollars have been expended, and hundreds of lives have been lost, there is a strange contrast offered when we turn to the far south. The expeditions which have been sent out by the great nations of the world to explore the vast watery expanse about the southern pole are so few as to be counted on the fingers of one hand, and all the ships which have left records of any extensive explorations beyond the Antarctic Circle might be counted on the fingers of two hands. And yet "within the periphery of the Antarctic Circle," says Lieutenant Maury, "is included an area equal in extent to one sixth of the entire land surface of our planet. Most of this immense area is as unknown to the inhabitants of the earth as the interior of one of Jupiter's satellites. . . . For the last two hundred years the Arctic Ocean has been a theatre of exploration; but, as for the Antarctic no expedition has attempted to make any persistent exploration, or even to winter there." It is noteworthy, too, that in the voyages which have been made not a ship nor a life has been lost south of the circle. "It does not appear," says one writer, "that Antarctic voyages would be attended with any excessive degree of danger. . . . It may even be found that the Antarctic barriers are impenetrable; but this has certainly not as yet been demonstrated."

Many a poor but honest man now wakes up feeling that before night some college may give him a degree.

FOREIGN FLUTTERINGS.

Peet Browning has gone to law to obtain possession of a Venetian palace he had contracted to buy.

Gerpodin Lab'mscff, the Russian tragedian, has been created hereditary honorary citizen of St. Petersburg, a title conferring distinction and certain social privileges upon the owner.

The latest novelties on English railway platforms are the "Sweets" seats, by placing a penny in which a small piece of toffee or chocolate is obtained on the automatic principle.

The Cremation Society of England has forth a statement, congratulating its friends on the steady progress which the society is making. It appears, however, that it has only cremated six corpses in the last two years.

In Russia a very large proportion of the marriages are between boys and girls under twenty years of age, and no less than from 60 to 70 per cent of the conscripts, who cannot be twenty one years of age, are already married when they come to be enrolled in the army.

It is proposed to place a marble medallion of large size in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, as a memorial to Sir Walter Scott. The medallion, which is to be the work of Sir John Steell, is to cost £157, and it will scarcely credited that the face to the Dean and Chapter for the amount is the scandalously large sum of £101.

At Madras the other day a European employed on the railway, previous to committing suicide, posted letters to two of the officials saying that he had been on the look-out to take their lives, but, since that could not be managed, he was resolved to take his own. His correspondents must have been rather glad that he changed his mind at the last moment.

A great number of policemen at Amsterdam have tendered their resignations in consequence of their pecuniary having become too onerous and disagreeable. Nowhere, perhaps, does there exist a more stupid hatred of the police, as the guardians of public order and safety, than among the populace of Amsterdam and the other large towns of Holland. In fact, the life of a policeman seems to be considered by the Dutch rabble as even a more innocent and legitimate game than cat-baiting.

A glance through the last report of the British Registrar-General reveals some very interesting information. For instance, according to this authority, the English are a people very much given to matrimony. Not only is their average annual marriage-rate higher than those of all other European countries, with the exception of the German and Austro-Hungarian Empires, but they also marry at an earlier age than is the case in any other European country, excepting Russia.

Aristocratic society in London is rejoicing over the fact that the aristocracy had no representative in the Crawford Dilke affair at all. Mrs. Crawford's father was a merchant and shipowner; her mother, the daughter of a gentleman in the East India Company's service. As for Sir Charles Dilke, although he comes of a highly respectable family, there is not the slightest tinge of blue blood in his veins. His mother was the daughter of a captain in the Madras Army, while his father owed his baronetcy to the Queen's favor.

Lovers of art have been long puzzled to account for the disappearance of several frescoes and other decorative paintings described by Jacob Vos in his account of the Museum at Amsterdam. They were not to be found any longer, and there was no record of their fate. Some years ago M. Greeve, the Curator of the Academy of Science, discovered a fresco on a ceiling in the museum which had been painted over. This fresco was by Nikkaas Helt Stokade, according to Vos. He has again lately, in the hall in which Rembrandt's "Night Watch" is placed, discovered a series of frescoes, which seem to be nearly as old as the building. They were all covered over with a thick paper, on which had been painted and grained to imitate walnut wood. It is conjectured that this was done about the time of the French invasion, 90 years ago, to protect the pictures from spoliation by the French generals. On the whole they are in a fair state of preservation.

FAME AND INFAMY.

The Difference of Condition Which Give Rise to the Two Words.

Fame is the sum of all the good acts of all time.

Infamy is the sum of all the bad acts of all time.

Fame confers the highest honor.

Infamy the deepest disgrace.

Fame is the reward of an unselfish life.

Infamy is the reward of a selfish life.

It is a bad error to mistake infamy for fame.

Infamy shows well for a time to the uninitiated, surpassing even fame.

Every fight work is famous.

Every wrong act is in the line of infamy.

Infamy insures a harder life than fame.

Fame comes by benefitting our fellows.

Infamy injures them.

Fame's honors are pleasant.

Infamy brings dishonor and disgrace.

Fame plants gardens.

Fame excels in all labor.

Fame wins in architecture.

Fame is democratic.

Fame succeeds in war, succeeds in commerce, excites to labor in school, constructs great works, benefits the State and the people, promotes Christian civilization.

Fame is the sum of the Jocoan of man's best acts.

Every fight rot of the scholar, the statesmen, the artisan, the engineer, the laborer, is a drop in the sea of fame.

Every act of our lives adds to the sum of fame or of infamy.

Infamy is fame's enemy.

Infamy is the ally of slow disease, indolence, and ignorance.

Infamy chooses the down-hill path.

Infamy's great works are wrecks.

Infamy slanders.

Infamy suspects.

Infamy seduces.

Infamy is jealous.

Infamy traduces faith.

Infamy defies law.

Infamy promotes disorder and disobedience.

Infamy is the enemy of discipline.

Fame begins in the school to labor upward.

Infamy floats ever downward.

Fame's labour is rewarding and satisfactory.

Infamy's work is disorganizing and bitter.

Improved roses, luscious fruits, finest works of art, and unselfish Christian lives are the products of fame.

Hulks, slums, filth, lusts, intemperate and untimely pleasures are the work of infamy.

We choose for which we shall strive—the honors of fame, or the indolent, poisonous, bitter fruits of infamy.

"Ma, can I go over to Sallie's house and play a little while?" asks four-year-old Mamie. "Yes, dear; I do not care if you do." "Thank you, ma," was the demure reply. "I've been."

If your flatiron troubles you by dropping black specs from the top or sides when ironing, take them in a pan of sodapsuds and give them a thorough washing, and dry quickly to prevent rusting.

To clean a porcelain kettle fill half full of hot water and put in a tablespoonful powdered borax; let it boil. If this does not remove all the stains, scour with a cloth rubbed with soap and borax.

A backbiting woman exclaimed, as she threw herself into a chair at a neighbor's, "One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." "That isn't your fault, quietly responded the neighbor.

THE FARM.

Scissored and Penned.

Many farmers trust too much to luck and the moon and do too little close figuring.

The decayed branches of old trees should be promptly removed. Their unsightliness is the least of their evils.

Keep the roadsides free from stones and rubbish, and neatly mown. Don't let them be a nursery of weed seeds.

If the manger or feed box be so foul as to emit a sour smell from any cause, it should be carefully cleansed and washed with a solution of soda or potash until perfectly sweet again.

The box does not deface your fields by clipping the growing grasses, like the domestic animals; it does not mar the garden plants by trampling down your grain. Bees differ from the whole brood of world No tree, shrub, plant or flower is injured by their presence.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* tells of butter pressed in a mould so as to look exactly like a large fine strawberry. One of these berries stood beside each plate, and an extra supply stood in the centre of the table on a fruit dish. Gilt edged butter, in such fancy shapes, should sell for higher prices even in hard times.

The *Scientific American* is right when it says: "Nothing will pay better than a stable so free from odors as the free use of dry earth, and every one keeping horses or cattle will find it pays to keep it at hand to be used daily. A few shovels full of earth scattered over the floor after cleaning will render the air of the apartment pure and wholesome.

In our present system of education, now, happily, rapidly passing away for a better one—we want one man and a dozen thinking, and another to be always working; and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; we want the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense.

It is estimated, and safely so, that a good well fed cow pays ten dollars worth of manure on about one four acres of land. It takes to keep her in good condition about one acre. Adding that amount of fertilization on the self of a fairly good farm seem makes its produce so that one cow comes on the produce of four acres, and the result is more months to feed and more milk, or larger grain crops to sell.

The desire to get on in the world, to surround one's self with the creature comforts necessary to happiness, to possess even of the luxuries of life should be strong in the breast of every tiller of the soil. He has health and strength. The free, pure air pleasure in his breast. Beautiful creations fresh from the hand of God are spread out before him. But these should not satisfy him. He should seek to make his home a bower of love and beauty—flowers, fruit and sunshine around it, within the peace and content which comes of making the highest use of the blessings God has given us.

Some Profitable Experiences.

A gentleman writes:—Two years ago I leased four acres of run-out pasture land to be planted with potatoes. Not a ton of phosphate was used for the crop. They were hoed twice, and when dug a plow was run through the rows, turning out most of the potatoes to the surface. 634 bushels were raised on the field. I intended to sow it to rye in the fall but did not do it. In the spring of 1885, I sowed it to oats and seeded it down. I did not keep account of the number of bushels raised on the field, but they were very heavy oats weighing 36 pounds to the bushel. I did not plow the field, but harrowed it over with a Share's harrow, sowed my oats and fertilizer, and harrowed them in—fertilizer one ton of bone and 10 bushels of unleached ashes at time of seeding. Last fall I could have cut the crop of rowen had the stone been picked up. This spring I picked up the stone, and have cut eight tons of good quality hay which according to my estimate, which I do not think is too high. I am satisfied if farmers would use more pure bone and less adulterated phosphates, they would receive greater and more lasting results.

POPULATING THE NORTH-WEST.

The Large Influx of Settlers This Year.

Mr. S. O. Armstrong, colonization agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, states that this season has been far in advance of previous years as regards the number of emigrants who have taken up in land in the North-West. From the beginning of the present year to the 1st of July, 1000 miles of country in the Province of Dakota between Mattawa depot on the Canadian Pacific Railway and Port Arthur has been settled and partly cultivated. In the Lake Nipigon district, numerous tracts of fine land have been recently opened up, and whereas two years ago there was room for a dozen families, this agent now reports plenty of good land capable of supporting hundreds. This district is so favorably reached that 1700 families have settled between Mattawa and Cartier depots, all in the Nipissing district, and the little depots have become thriving towns with populations of from 200 to 2000 people. Among these may be mentioned Mattawa, North Bay and Sturgeon Falls. The extension and completion of the Algoma branch of the railway to the Sault Ste. Marie, which was begun this month, will open up a still more extensive region where settlers will be near the Great Lakes and take advantage of the facilities for navigation. Westward from Port Arthur there is a great deal of good land called "Brule," or land over which the fire has run several times clearing it of the timber and which quickly covers itself with a thick growth of grass. North-West from Rat Portage along the Winnipeg river to the Lake is a good stretch of black loam. This section has attracted a large number of French Canadians this year, the Roman Catholic Missionary, Father Alexander having successfully invited them to come. The French Canadian settlements S. E. of Winnipeg on the Rat river have been strongly reinforced by large yellow country men from New England and Province of Quebec. On the Manitoba South Western Railway near the Pembina Mountains is a settlement from Labrador and the north coast of the St. Lawrence including families from the Island of St. Pierre off the coast. Apart from these the majority of settlers are from Ontario and the old country. Thriving settlements of Germans, Scandinavians and Hungarians have this year been formed on the main line of the C. P. R. beginning about 250 miles west of Winnipeg on the Qu'Appelle River, between Wolle Wood and Regina. About 700 families have settled in this district this year, a larger number than in any of the previous years. These people all express their intention of becoming naturalized Canadians and British subjects. They all express themselves pleased and satisfied with the country, and many of them have written home to their friends urging them to come over to them. The Calgary district has probably received the largest number and the better class of emigrants than any other section. The immense quantity of settlers' effects and the number of cattle imported into this section has been something unprecedented in the history of Canadian Colonization. Five thousand head of cattle were shipped there by one firm alone, that of Messrs. Gilroy and Co., and a constant influx of cattle is going on from the neighboring States of Montana, Idaho and Dakota. Across the Rocky's beginning at Golden City and proceeding southward to the Montana and Idaho boundaries is a most extensive valley country, possessing a fine dry climate, good soil and abundance of wood and water. Coal has also been found in this district and is just beginning to be worked. About 100 families have settled in this region and there is ample room for thousands more. From Golden City to the second crossing of the Columbia river there is no land for settlement, but thence westward to Vancouver city and island there is a great quantity of good land ready to be taken up. A number of settlers have already located themselves there, but the returns have not yet been issued. The Columbia and Kootenay rivers have many streams running into them, where placer mining is going on, the majority of the miners being Chinese. Cariboo.

A steamer has been placed on the Columbia river running between Golden City and the Columbia Lakes. At several places in the vicinity quartz mining has begun. A considerable amount of capital has been invested, especially at the head of the river in the Similkameen and Granite Creek regions, about 200 miles due east of Vancouver Island.

Seeing Life.

Boys often talk of "seeing life" in a way that augurs ill for their future. Many of them see life to the destruction of all that is noblest and truest within them, and to the life-long shame and sorrow of those who love them. An exchange tells the following pathetic story of a boy who had seen life to his sorrow.

Although he was shackled to a negro, and was on the way to Jefferson City penitentiary to serve a two years' term for grand larceny, Ed Donelly, a handsome young specimen of twenty-three, manifested no fear lity of demeanor which quite surprised Deputy Sheriff Coakley, who was in charge of him and three others who had to be ironed from time to time, and looked out upon the bright country which the train was rushing through with frequently no less than fifty dreary future before him. Suddenly in the midst of his merriment he dropped his head, drew his cap down over his eyes and became silent.

"What's the matter, Ed?" Coakley asked, as he tipped the hat up and looked at his prisoner's face.

"Nothing," the young fellow answered.

"Nothing! I'd like to know what makes you pale as a sheet if there's nothing the matter with you?"

"There's somebody on the train I don't want to see me. I'd like to keep my cap over my face, Mr. Coakley."

"Certainly, hide your face if you want to," said the officer.

Half an hour later, during which time the handsome young convict remained motionless with his head resting in his hands and his hat drawn over both, two elderly men came along. They halted from curiosity, and looked at Coakley's unfortunates. The one who had evidently resulted from view evicted the interest of the elder of the two men, who scanned him from head to foot with pitying eyes. Turning to Coakley, he said:

"That poor boy's repentance comes too late, sheriff. Twenty years of decomposition and the danger is gone. Dry earth is the proper disinfectant for country use, and it is always at hand when most needed—in seasons of drouth.

Then there is one more caution which applies to city and country alike. It is to avoid all unsalubrious food. There is much fruit in the market which was good food once, but is always on the point of decomposition. Frequently dangerous substances are produced by such changes, and danger lurks in all decomposing food. This source of danger should be shunned. All should be careful to eat only the sound fruit. In little care at this season will enable those of ordinary vigor to pass the season in health and comparative comfort.

All of One Family.

It was the first of July. The great city railway station was crowded with gay, well-dressed people, on their way to some summer resort in the mountains or by the sea. Without contest to them was a group of ragged Italian emigrants, with whom a uniformed official was arguing.

"I tell you this is not your station!" raising his voice, as people began to look at the delapted Pasteur and his associates by over one hundred and fifty years. His statement that the theory is so recent that it is worth reproduction here. He says: "Minute insects or worms alone can explain these diseases. It is true they are not visible; but it is not a sufficient reason for thinking they are not existent. It is only that our microscopes are not at present powerful enough to show them. We can easily imagine the existence of creatures which bear the same proportion to mites that mites bear to elephants. No other hypothesis can explain the facts. Neither the malign influence of stars, nor terrestrial exhalations, nor miasmata, nor atoms, whether hilting or burning, acid or bitter, could reproduce the effects we have had lost it. If, on the other hand, we admit the existence of minute living creatures, we understand how infection can be conveyed in a latent condition from one place to break out afresh in another." Yet this acute and wise antidipter in medical science was ridiculed and reviled in his day, but was regarded as a crank.

CHARGED BY "REDS."

An Incident of the Late Rebellion.

The country was rough and broken, and the Indians had gathered in force. Our number was estimated at 1,200. It was evident from their actions that they were determined to make a stand.

The ties had first been to find the Indians and fight them. The camp on the bank of the stream was a good position, protected by a bluff well covered with trees, and the ground pretty well broken. The camp extended along a front of half a mile, taking in a few houses. To the west there was an interval of a quarter of a mile, and then a smaller grove, while to the east the ground was broken for miles. The attack first came from the Indians. At daylight they sent forward sharpshooters, who crept up close to our pickets and opened fire with considerable effect. This was speedily returned from the rifles of the scouts and the carbines of the troopers, but after an hour the scouts were ordered to save their ammunition. During the firing a large number of Indians crossed to the south side of the stream, and came up from that direction, but they wasted their bullets.

It was afternoon before the fight opened in earnest. Then the Indians commenced Indians then advanced upon the front of the camp, taking advantage of every rock and every grape-grown bush. Our pickets had been better sheltered a number of men and horses were hit within an hour. It was soon discovered that the main attack was to be made on the right flank.

MOUNTED INDIANS

to the number of 300 gathered on the open ground between the grove of ash and the camp. With the troops strung out on such a long front and having plenty to do, a flank attack was dangerous, and the commander prepared to checkmate it. Fifty men were ordered into the saddle under cover of the trees, and when the last of the bugle they charged full at the force of redskins. After a volley from the carbines the men drew sabres, and when the war cry which had echoed on a score of battlefields of the South, they rode down upon the dusky foe. The Indians at first seemed determined to stand, but as the line came nearer and the naked sabres glittered before their eyes they suddenly broke and fled. The order was given not to pursue, but to call the Indians any distance, but simply to break them; but in the excitement some of the men allowed their enthusiasm to carry them too far. As they finally drew rein at the call of the bugle seven troopers found themselves cut off from the main body. One of them was a corporal, and, as soon as he saw the situation, he ordered the squad to make for the second grove. They reached this to find its about half an sore in extent, the ground not only well covered with trees, but broken into natural rifle pits, and dotted here and there with boulders.

The troopers reached the grove amid a shower of bullets and arrows, which fortunately injured no one, and instead of trying to cover the whole ground they took up a position at the eastern end, and threw up a breastwork of logs and rocks. While they were working at this every one of

THEIR HORSES WERE KILLED,

and the men added the bodies to the breastwork. The entire force of Indians now crowded in between the two groves, thus cutting off all hopes that the seven troopers could make good their charge. The larger body was held under a very hot fire, and every man in it felt that the squadron thus cut off would be butchered within half an hour. It was well for the seven that the corporal was a cool and level-headed fellow. He first instructed them to count their cartridges. While some had sixty, having just been served before the charge, others had only ten or twenty, and the average sixty-five rounds per man. In addition to their Spencers each man had a pistol, two revolvers, a bowie knife and a munition. From the moment they intrenched in the grove at least 500 Indians turned their attention to them by sending the little command out. A fire was maintained on a complete crescent, and the troopers did not dare to show themselves to be nearly an hour. Then, as the emboldened Indians began to creep nearer, the Spencers were brought into play for two hours, during which time twenty Indians were killed or wounded. From a tree in a larger camp one of the scouts saw them hear off fresh warriors in their arms, and six or eight more came limping out of the fight without help. Five bullets a minute during the hottest of the fire struck the breastworks, but not one of its defenders was injured.

About an hour before sundown it was seen that the Indians were getting ready for a grand advance on the isolated troopers.

A SUDDEN RUSH FROM ALL SIDES

would result in the capture of the men. Not one of their carbines had been heard for the last hour, and no one knew if the ammunition they were dead or alive. The general belief was that they were dead. The ground was favorable for the Indians to charge on horseback, and some two hundred of them formed in the valley in one long, single line. The firing all at once ceased, and with a yell the Indians charged forward at the grove, the ends of the line riding the fastest, so as to completely envelop the position. The seven troopers, as soon as square a charge as white men ever made; but when the line was within pistol shot of the grove the seven troopers rose to their feet, opened out in skirmishing order, and the way the ounce balls from these carbines penetrated into the Indians was something to make one cheer. The men hadn't fired three rounds apiece before the line was wavering, and as they kept it up the charge degenerated into a rout. The men was cheering, yelling, shooting, and rushing to and fro. Between the reports of the Spencers we got the sound of the sweep and the snap of the rifles, but the smoke settled down so thick that all objects were speedily shut out. While we cheered our comrades for the brave defence they were making, no one had the least hope of their escape. You can, therefore, judge of our astonishment when, after the battle, we seemed to fire in volleys four or five times, the seven troopers came running in under cover of a heavy smoke. They were all wounded with bullets and two others with arrows, but none seriously. They had fought with a plan, and their plan had been a success.

The defence and escape was a matter of wonderment to Indian fighters as well as green hands, and particularly as it was due to the Indians, some months later, after the truce, they admitted a direct less from the defence of these seven men of nineteen killed, eleven wounded, and twenty-five killed and about as many wounded.

The Queen at Osborne.

The regular congregation of Whippingham church for the most part consists of the queen's pensioners and employes, writes an Isle of Wight correspondent, and in the *Saddjdsh Press*. They are paid for the entire cost of its erection. It was designed by the prince consort, to whose memory it contains a beautiful mural monument, built by his widowed and broken-hearted Victoria." It is under the shadow of this monument, secure from the vulgar gaze, that the queen's chair is placed, in view of the members of her own household seated in the chancel, but completely hidden from the congregation who worship the little church whenever there is a prospect of her majesty attending one of its services.

Victoria never permits herself to forget her husband; but in her remembrance of the dead she does not neglect the living. Her nearest neighbor is her daughter, and her son-in-law, who has allotted to her a little bit of a house, such has may be found by the dozen in suburban London, having a double front. The house is a villa, and is with a window each side, a grass lawn and flower-bed in front. The residence of the crown princess of Germany and the prince of Wales are only divided by a wire fence stretched across the ground, and they are within easy reach of Osborne. Thus the sick man was, if he found that he felt well enough, to come and see his mother. The flankeys ride about in imitation of ladies and gentlemen in waiting, who are much more royal than the queen. One of the old women living in the Whippingham almshouse was asked how she like her majesty. The old lady, an Irish woman, and not far off from three old, said: "Sure and her majesty is a darlint; but the Lord preserve us from the ladies in waiting!" There are numerous inconsistencies and attractions in the management of the queen's estate. Bearing reins have been loudly and widely condemned when used in Hyde Park to make off a fine horse by keeping the head up and the neck always arched, and yet the queen not only permits their employment, but encourages it, and even her cart horses in the field are subjected to the cruelty that they may look their best. Still her majesty is a tender heart. The land she sublets is poor, overrun with rabbits, and giving the farmers a meager return. But her majesty will not allow a single "poacher" to be shot, or a stock dove killed. What is the consequence? In winter all the loafers in Hyde are poaching, they risking the severe penalties, and walk about Osborne with lurcher dogs. Sometimes they come into contact with the queen's servants, and then they laid in wait for one, and maltreated him to such an extent that they left him for dead.

"A woman proposes to go over the Niagara whirlpool in a rubber bag," she will succeed. A woman who is light headed enough to attempt such a thing is not in danger of sinking.

A gentleman complains that when he enters church Sunday morning his shoes are soiled, and he wants to know how the nuisance can be abated. Easy enough. Sunday morning put on a heavy pair of boots and go fishing.

"What a popular girl Miss Harvey is," said one young man to another, of a young lady whom he had been watching for some time as she sat on a hotel piazza. "She has a crowd of admirers around her all the time." "Yes," said his companion, "I've been watching her too. Even the mosquitoes seems to be mashed on her."

HEALTH.

Sanitary Precautions.

The present is a peculiar season. The rainfall of the early spring was about the average, but May was excessively wet, and the rainfall of the month was nearly all concentrated in the last two groves, thus saturated with water. But from the end of July only a very small amount of water has fallen, and the dry season, which often comes between the middle of July and the 1st of September, commenced June 1st. The effect upon the crops in all this region is obvious, and already many complain of hunger from the effect of the dry air upon the body. The usual depression of dry season has been relieved by the amount of moisture which has been in the air, and which stimulates the body as well as purifies the air, for ozone is nature's disinfectant. New York sanitarians continue to take special care to preserve the health, particularly in country houses and at summer resorts.

All should look out for Impure water. Most country houses are supplied with water from surface wells and springs. The wells which are filled from the grounds in their vicinity. The water falls, upon the ground immediately around, and simply trickles down through the soil and loose earth into the well. When surroundings are cleanly, these wells usually contain pure water, but when they become filthy, it is dangerous. In seasons of drouth like the present, all such wells become low, and the danger of impure water is increased manyfold. The result is too often seen in the great number of symotic diseases in the country which frequently no less than fifty diseases in every period of drouth. The danger cannot be exaggerated. Tee writer once extracted a bucket of water from a well and found seventeen grains of organic matter to a gallon, when the limit of safety is two! Typhoid fever is emphatically a disease of the country in the fall, and it comes because of danger in the well. There is no reason why, with proper care, the country should not be free from all these diseases. Far too often the weary man of affairs leaves the city for a few days, only to go to some country resort where he finds the air not as pure pure water, there to suffer from some of these filth diseases.

Them, again, care must be taken to remove all masses of decomposing matter. Waste material always accumulates around dwellings. The sun shines brightly in the sun, and then they usually reveal their presence and the danger through the odor. But it is not always so. Sometimes there is not sufficient moisture to trickle down into the ground and so poison the water. The gases which arise from them are deleterious, though not often directly deadly. But it is very easy to remove them completely, for a thin layer of dry earth will absorb all the products of decomposition and the danger is gone. Dry earth is the proper disinfectant for country use, and it is always at hand when most needed—in seasons of drouth.

Then there is one more caution which applies to city and country alike. It is to avoid all unsalubrious food. There is much fruit in the market which was good food once, but is always on the point of decomposition. Frequently dangerous substances are produced by such changes, and danger lurks in all decomposing food. This source of danger should be shunned. All should be careful to eat only the sound fruit. A little care at this season will enable those of ordinary vigor to pass the season in health and comparative comfort.

The Germ Theory of Disease.

It really seems as if there is nothing new under the sun. We have all along been supposing that to Pasteur and his contemporaries belong the credit of first establishing the germ theory of disease, and that in animal system was due to the reproduction of invisible *bacteria* within the organism; but a Doctor Guillon, who published a work on the subject as far back as the year 1721, ridiculed Pasteur and his associates by over one hundred and fifty years. His statement that the theory is so recent that it is worth reproduction here. He says: "Minute insects or worms alone can explain these diseases. It is true they are not visible; but it is not a sufficient reason for thinking they are not existent. It is only that our microscopes are not at present powerful enough to show them. We can easily imagine the existence of creatures which bear the same proportion to mites that mites bear to elephants. No other hypothesis can explain the facts. Neither the malign influence of stars, nor terrestrial exhalations, nor miasmata, nor atoms, whether hilting or burning, acid or bitter, could reproduce the effects we have had lost it. If, on the other hand, we admit the existence of minute living creatures, we understand how infection can be conveyed in a latent condition from one place to break out afresh in another." Yet this acute and wise antidipter in medical science was ridiculed and reviled in his day, but was regarded as a crank.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Tested Recipes.

A DAINTY DISH.—This is for breakfast or luncheon, and is made of fresh crisp toast, buttered very slightly. On each slice put salmon and cucumber, or cold meat and shutney, sprinkle with pepper and wrap each slice in a lettuce leaf that has been steeped in vinegar.

TOMATO SOUP.—To one quart of boiling water add one quart of tomatoes; boil again and put in one teaspoonful of soda; and as soon as it has ceased foaming, add one pint of milk, four rolled crackers, butter, pepper and salt, and serve very hot.

CREAM POTATOES.—Chop cold, boiled potatoes fine, and to one tablespoonfule of butter into a frying pan when clear, put in it a spoonful of flour, but do not brown. Add water to make a thick, and when it boils, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, pepper and salt, then the potatoes. Boil up well and serve, a little onion may be added if desired.

TUTTI FRUTTI.—One quart of rich cream, one and one-half ounces of sweet almonds, chopped fine, half-pound of sugar; freeze and when sufficiently congealed add one-half pound of preserved fruits, with a few ounces of candied citron, and finely sliced citron. Cut the fruit small and mix well with the cream. Freeze like ice cream. Add no more sugar.

A WOODSTOCK, N. B., physician took some virus from the arm of a child who had been vaccinated. The father of the child sued for the value of the vaccine matter and got a verdict for $3.50.

It is rumored along the line of the Welland Canal that the water is to be drawn off the levels this winter. The Journal says that this course will save a lot of expense and throw hundreds of people out of employment.

Whisky peddlers visited Leon Lake, near Port Arthur, recently, and did a thriving trade. The result of their visit was that a gentleman drank himself to death and that a fight arose in which a man was shot in the eye.

Probably the youngest preacher in the world is J. E. Bell, Baptist, only 17 years of age, who preached a sermon on Sunday, 27th ult., at St. Martins, N. B., to a large congregation. He is the son of Rev. J. E. Bill and the grandson of Rev. L. E. Bill, D. D.

Manitoba crop reports were recently published. The wheat yield is very satisfactory. An average of 16 to 20 bushels is commonly reported, and oats vary from 40 to 80 bushels. Barley is not up to the average, and root crops are a substantial failure. On the whole the results are better than expected, and the drouth has been less injurious than was feared.

Rev. R. V. Rogers, a Kingston clergyman, died on Tuesday at the age of 84 years. He was a native of Belfast, Eng., and was the son of a commander in the British Navy who saw service at Bunker Hill. He has resided in Kingston, with a short intermission, since 1855. His sons are Rev. R. V. Rogers, barrister, Kingston, and Mr. H. M. Rogers, merchant, of Kochester—and two unmarried daughters survive him.

The wife of Rev. R. Campbell, of Montreal, with her son and Mrs. Evans, was riding in a caleche near Fraser's Ferks. The horse, which was attached to the vehicle, was being led by the bridle by a boy, while the pickniokers were descending a steep hill, when it suddenly became frightened and bolted off at a frightful speed. Mrs. Campbell retained all her presence of mind, and clasping her child to her breast she clung fast to her seat. The animal left the road at the foot of the hill and dashed through an open field, straight for the Fraser River. They were within a few yards of the river's edge, which hems in the river, and had given themselves up for lost when a boy who was working in a field caught sight of them. Throwing aside a rake with which he was working, he grapped a large fence rail, and running it out at arm's length he tripped the horse and succeeded in making him turn away from the river. His act saved the lives of the occupants of the carriage.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Red ants will never be found in closets or drawers if a small bag of sulphur be kept in these places.

Shears with two blades and a spring back were used in old Rome for clipping sheep, hair and hedges.

A good pen-wiper for steel pens is a piece of potato. It removes the ink crust and causes a smooth flow of ink.

The petrified skeleton of a whale over thirty feet long has been discovered by an officer of the Canal Survey on a range of mountains in Monterey county, Cal., over 3,300 feet above the sea level.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* calls attention to the rich but undeveloped sulphur interests of Louisiana. The World's Fair at New Orleans happened just in time to direct attention to the rich deposits of kaolin and other leading interests. In Calcasieu there is a sulphur deposit seventy-five or ninety feet thick.

According to Wright, many of the finest grades of transparent soap sold in England do not contain glycerine, as advertised, but sugar. Sugar seems quite as effective and to making transparent soap as glycerine. As sugar is admitted into England free of duty, and is hence very cheap, this application of it becomes possible.

The physicians at Pennsylvania Hospital, at Philadelphia, have fitted up a pretty tent of mercury canvas on the hospital grounds, and provided it with couches, douche baths, &c., for the purpose of treating sunstroke cases. A corps of professional men are constantly on duty, ready to restore all brought in who are suffering from heat or exhaustion.

The following, though old to some, may be new to others, and it may prove a better to make a simple barometer for themselves: Two drams of camphor, half-dram of pure saltpetre, half-dram of muriate of ammonia and two ounces of proof spirits, in a glass tube or narrow phial, will make a very good weather guide. In dry weather the liquid will remain clear; in the approach of change minute stars will rise up in the liquid, while stormy weather will be indicated by the very disturbed condition of the combination.

Origin of Slantisse Roofs.

To find the source from which the European nations have derived their ideas of building in stone, we must look to the land of the Pharaohs. From Egypt the craft passed to Greece, and from the Greeks it was taken up by the Romans, to be by them disseminated through the north and west of Europe in the process of colonization. The similarity, in regard to the constructive parts of the ancient Greek buildings to some of those found in Egypt of older date, affords strong evidence of the extent to which the Greeks borrowed the art from the Egyptians. The Greeks, however, in adopting it added a new feature, the pediment, which was chosen for this addition is easy to find. Egypt is practically rainless. All the protection from the climate required in a palace or temple in such a country is shelter from the sun by day and from the cold by night, and for this a flat roof, supported by walls, or pillars with architraves, is quite sufficient; but, when, as in all European countries, rain has to be provided against, a slanting roof becomes a necessity. The Greeks, with their eye for symmetry, provided for this by forming the roof with a central ridge, or an obtuse angle, from which it sloped down equally on either side. The triangular space thus formed at the end of the building above the architrave was occupied by the pediment and this part of the facade, which owed its birth to the exigencies of climate, was therefore regarded as so essential to the artistic completeness of the work that it was said that if a temple were to be erected in the celestial regions, where rain would not be possible, the pediment could not be omitted.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

LATE DOMINION NEWS.

Three million feet of boards will be used in the new C. P. R. elevator at Montreal.

The Montreal Police cut contract, 315,000 pounds, has been let to Charles Stewart at 2½ a pound.

A St. Thomas billiardroom keeper has been committed to gaol in default of payment of a fine under the Scott Act.

There is bad feeling between the whites and the Halfbreeds and Indians at Fraser Albert, resulting from the rebellion.

An aged Customs officer, Leon Sanson, of Lavia, died recently, leaving behind him a daily record of fifty years of life.

Four Douglass pines which were recently cut up in British Columbia contained together 20,580 feet. The largest was 55 inches in diameter.

During a recent storm in Pugwash, N. S., lightning struck the steeple of the old Episcopal Church throwing it down and setting fire to the building.

The municipality of Russell, Man., is considering a proposal to give it $1,000 to assist Dr. Barnardo in establishing an industrial farm within its bounds.

Laval University will ask for designs for its new buildings from the leading cities in the Dominion. Prizes of $500 each will be given for the three best designs.

A Woodstock, N. B., physician took some virus from the arm of a child who had been vaccinated. The father of the child sued for the value of the vaccine matter and got a verdict for $3.50.

It is rumored along the line of the Welland Canal that the water is to be drawn off the levels this winter. The Journal says that this course will save a lot of expense and throw hundreds of people out of employment.

Whisky peddlers visited Leon Lake, near Port Arthur, recently, and did a thriving trade. The result of their visit was that a gentleman drank himself to death and that a fight arose in which a man was shot in the eye.

Probably the youngest preacher in the world is J. E. Bell, Baptist, only 17 years of age, who preached a sermon on Sunday, 27th ult., at St. Martins, N. B., to a large congregation. He is the son of Rev. J. E. Bill and the grandson of Rev. L. E. Bill, D. D.

Manitoba crop reports were recently published. The wheat yield is very satisfactory. An average of 16 to 20 bushels is commonly reported, and oats vary from 40 to 80 bushels. Barley is not up to the average, and root crops are a substantial failure. On the whole the results are better than expected, and the drouth has been less injurious than was feared.

Rev. R. V. Rogers, a Kingston clergyman, died on Tuesday at the age of 84 years. He was a native of Belfast, Eng., and was the son of a commander in the British Navy who saw service at Bunker Hill. He has resided in Kingston, with a short intermission, since 1855. His sons are Rev. R. V. Rogers, barrister, Kingston, and Mr. H. M. Rogers, merchant, of Kochester—and two unmarried daughters survive him.

The wife of Rev. R. Campbell, of Montreal, with her son and Mrs. Evans, was riding in a caleche near Fraser's Ferks. The horse, which was attached to the vehicle, was being led by the bridle by a boy, while the pickniokers were descending a steep hill, when it suddenly became frightened and bolted off at a frightful speed. Mrs. Campbell retained all her presence of mind, and clasping her child to her breast she clung fast to her seat. The animal left the road at the foot of the hill and dashed through an open field, straight for the Fraser River. They were within a few yards of the river's edge, which hems in the river, and had given themselves up for lost when a boy who was working in a field caught sight of them. Throwing aside a rake with which he was working, he grapped a large fence rail, and running it out at arm's length he tripped the horse and succeeded in making him turn away from the river. His act saved the lives of the occupants of the carriage.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Red ants will never be found in closets or drawers if a small bag of sulphur be kept in these places.

Shears with two blades and a spring back were used in old Rome for clipping sheep, hair and hedges.

A good pen-wiper for steel pens is a piece of potato. It removes the ink crust and causes a smooth flow of ink.

The petrified skeleton of a whale over thirty feet long has been discovered by an officer of the Canal Survey on a range of mountains in Monterey county, Cal., over 3,300 feet above the sea level.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* calls attention to the rich but undeveloped sulphur interests of Louisiana. The World's Fair at New Orleans happened just in time to direct attention to the rich deposits of kaolin and other leading interests. In Calcasieu there is a sulphur deposit seventy-five or ninety feet thick.

According to Wright, many of the finest grades of transparent soap sold in England do not contain glycerine, as advertised, but sugar. Sugar seems quite as effective and to making transparent soap as glycerine. As sugar is admitted into England free of duty, and is hence very cheap, this application of it becomes possible.

The physicians at Pennsylvania Hospital, at Philadelphia, have fitted up a pretty tent of mercury canvas on the hospital grounds, and provided it with couches, douche baths, &c., for the purpose of treating sunstroke cases. A corps of professional men are constantly on duty, ready to restore all brought in who are suffering from heat or exhaustion.

The following, though old to some, may be new to others, and it may prove a better to make a simple barometer for themselves: Two drams of camphor, half-dram of pure saltpetre, half-dram of muriate of ammonia and two ounces of proof spirits, in a glass tube or narrow phial, will make a very good weather guide. In dry weather the liquid will remain clear; in the approach of change minute stars will rise up in the liquid, while stormy weather will be indicated by the very disturbed condition of the combination.

Origin of Slantisse Roofs.

To find the source from which the European nations have derived their ideas of building in stone, we must look to the land of the Pharaohs. From Egypt the craft passed to Greece, and from the Greeks it was taken up by the Romans, to be by them disseminated through the north and west of Europe in the process of colonization. The similarity, in regard to the constructive parts of the ancient Greek buildings to some of those found in Egypt of older date, affords strong evidence of the extent to which the Greeks borrowed the art from the Egyptians. The Greeks, however, in adopting it added a new feature, the pediment, which was chosen for this addition is easy to find. Egypt is practically rainless. All the protection from the climate required in a palace or temple in such a country is shelter from the sun by day and from the cold by night, and for this a flat roof, supported by walls, or pillars with architraves, is quite sufficient; but, when, as in all European countries, rain has to be provided against, a slanting roof becomes a necessity. The Greeks, with their eye

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

Mr. Harry Wootton, of Montreal, is visiting friends in Stirling.

Cholera morbus of a mild type has made its appearance in town and vicinity.

Mr. Thos. McKee has arrived safely home from a short visit to friends in Chicago.

A number of our citizens attended the Reform Demonstration at Picton on the 3rd.

Mr. Jas. Bygott is repairing his residence, the one formerly owned by Dr. Demorest.

Mr. Walter Smith, of the firm of Smith & Boldrick, Norwood, was in town for a few days this week.

Mr. Hiram Smith left for Toronto last week. We understand he has obtained a good situation there.

An itinerant photographer set up his tent on the vacant lot next Mr. Geo. Lagrow's bakery on Monday last.

Mr. Walter Martin has remodelled and repaired his tenement house on Church Street, making it a charming residence.

Tomatoes are sold at our doors by peddlers for 60c. per bushel—$1.50 is asked by village gardeners for the same. How is it?

The James McKee grocery stand, owned by Mrs. Wescott, is undergoing repair and is intended to be used as two dwelling houses.

Mr. Murray, superintendent of the tailoring department at Mr. Craige's, occupies a part of the double residence opposite that of L. G. Baker.

No. 2 Company of the 49th Battalion left for camp on Tuesday morning, accompanied by the band, which has the honor of being the Battalion band.

The cheese market seems to have considerably improved of late. From 9 to 10 cents per lb. has lately been paid by dealers on the wholesale market.

The camp meeting at Weller's Bay has been well patronized by residents of the west part of the townships. Trains from the Rapids carried passengers thither on Sundays.

On Tuesday last Mr. Silas Sine called at the News-Argus office and presented the editor with several apples of last year's growth. Considering that it was the 7th of Sept. they were exceedingly well preserved.

Stirling so far this year has had no public doings. Has it lost its enterprising spirit or is there not enough of unity among its citizens to inaugurate or encourage something of the gala day order?

The Rawdon Agricultural Society has made arrangements with the Central Ontario Railway Co. for the latter to carry passengers at reduced fares to the exhibition at Harold, on Sept. 28th.

Hunting, fishing, picnicing or camping out is the order of the day among our citizens, during the heated term. Crow Bay, Belmont Lake and vicinity are favorite resorts, and justly so, as the scenery is unequalled and game abundant.

On Wednesday night a slight shower of rain fell in this vicinity, being a welcome change from the long drought of the past seven weeks. The temperature is also much lower and it is hoped the thermometer will not again climb into the nineties this season.

To protect our town from epidemics it is to some extent necessary that the Board of Health should see to the cleanliness of the village and give instructions in sanitary matters, as at this season cleanliness should be strongly enforced and typhoid and other fevers thus avoided.

Going to Leave.—Brock & Co., the leading photographers of Belleville, who have been coming here for some time, are only coming five or six times more. Any who want first-class work better have it while they are at your door. Brock & Co. Stirling, Sept. 9th.

The prize lists of the coming show of the Rawdon Agricultural Society has been printed in neat, pamphlet form, and have been distributed by the energetic secretary, Mr. Wilmot Vandervoort. Any person wishing a copy can obtain it by addressing the secretary at Wellman's Corners.

On Thursday morning a telegram was received by Mr. Chas. Butler, of this village, stating that his son Charles had fatally shot himself at the New Arundel Hotel, in Toronto. We are without further particulars as to the cause of this sad event. The deceased had been in business in Toronto for some time.

Mr. W. J. Geary left here on Monday last for Belleville, where he has secured a situation in a large mercantile establishment. Mr. Geary had been a long time in Messrs. Milne & Clute's dry goods store, and his many friends here regret his departure, and wish him every success in his future career.

The Albert College Business School at Belleville is one of the most practical and thorough in Canada. Ornamental Penmanship, Banking, Phonography, etc., taught by specialists. Students were in attendance last year from British Columbia, Manitoba, Michigan, New York, Ontario and Quebec. Fee, $10 per term of 10 weeks, or Commercial, $25. Send for circular.

Mr. J. W. Butler, Dr. Butler and Mr. H. J. Meiklejohn went north a few days since to see if they could find the long sought for "north pole." We are inclined to think, however, that they will not find it, as they have limited themselves to time, and expect to reach home again before cold weather sets in. We trust some of the party will furnish the News-Argus with an account of their trip.

On Monday last Mr. J. G. Pearson, of Rawdon, was charged before the Police Magistrate at Belleville with sending milk to the Trent Valley cheese factory, in the 8th concession of Sidney, from which cream had been removed. A second charge was made charging the defendant with diluting milk sent to the factory, with water. Several witnesses were called, but a decision had not been given up to the time of going to press.

We have received from the Hon. John Carling, Minister of Agriculture, a volume of "Statistical Abstract and Record." The work is intended to furnish information respecting the Government, population, finances, commerce and general statistics of the Dominion, and to form an authentic reference book for all persons interested in such matters. It is intended in future yearly editions to make the work more complete and give in a digested form, and in a shape that can be seen at a glance, facts of importance respecting Canada which can now only be found in numerous Blue Books and Departmental Reports not always conveniently or easily accessible to all.

N. Washington, M. D., etc., the distinguished Throat and Lung Surgeon, will visit Stirling September 24th, at Scott's Hotel. One day only. The Dr. is the oldest Throat and Lung Surgeon in Canada, and after having devoted years to the special study of diseases of the head, throat and lungs, comes to the people of Stirling and surrounding country thoroughly tried. Read the circulars which will appear and judge of the merits of his *new method*. Come and examine, have a trial and then judge. Hear what the people have to say who have been treated for Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Loss of Voice, Sore Throat, Enlarged Tonsils, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, etc. Consultation free. One day only. Remember the date. Head office for Ontario, 215 Yonge St., Toronto.

Village Council.

Council met at the Clerk's office on Monday evening last.

Members present—the Reeve, and Messrs. Bradley and Jones.

Minutes of several previous meetings read and confirmed.

An account from Mr. Jas. Boldrick for lumber for $5.85 was presented and ordered to be paid.

The question of rebuilding the bridge across the creek at Ferguson's was then brought up.

Moved by Mr. Bradley, seconded by Mr. Jones that tenders be asked for timber for the bridge at Ferguson's. Carried.

Messrs. Graham and McKee entered and took their seats.

Mr. L. O. Weaver made application to lease the portion of allowance for street next his property. Granted.

An account from Mr. J. D. Plumpton amounting to $1.25 was presented and ordered to be paid.

Council adjourned.

Wellman's Corners.

From our Correspondent.

Harvest is about over in this locality and farmers are glad indeed for grain has ripened very slow.

H. White and wife and H. W. Mack and wife picked 14 dairy pails of black berries in ten hours last week and carried them half a mile. Who can beat that. They were picked near Otter Creek in the township of Methuen.

Mrs. Clarissa Mack expects to start for Wisconsin next week to see her daughter, Mrs. Jabas.

(Received too late for last week.)

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Marmora, Sept. 7th, 1886.

Some of the "boys" went to Kingston this week to camp. Soldiers-in-training they may called. May they always be ready and willing to maintain the honor of this Canada of ours.

The largest funeral procession seen here for some time came to the cemetery to-day. The remains of Mr. Wiggins, of Springbrook, who died on Sunday last, were borne to their last resting-place. As the deceased was widely known the attendance was large. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Andrews.

Pretty full record at court to-day. What would be done without law?

Lawn socials and picnics still survive. Picnic on the 15th inst., in the grove adjoining the R. C. Church, in aid of that Church.

Mrs. G. W. Bleecker went to Toronto yesterday, and several others intend taking advantage of the cheap rates during the exhibition. G. E. M.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

Sir.—In reading your valuable paper I have seen at different times correspondence from Wellman's Corners and feeling anxious to see that place I made my way there and coming in at the west end of the village, on a beautiful rise of ground, there stood a church on one side of the road and a school house on the other. The church had an ancient appearance, having been built some time; the school house was built on the most modern plan. It is a beautiful structure and I think the best public school house in the county. The grounds are tastefully laid out, planted with trees, shrubs, etc. Leaving this the next place is Frank Whitton's, the butcher. He is a stout, able-bodied man and I think in killing a beef it would not make much difference whether he took an axe or his fist. I then went on until I came in front of G. W. Vandervoort's dwelling and there I saw a marked improvement. The old rickety fence had given way to a beautiful wire fence of the newest pattern, and meeting an old friend at this time I said to him "when did Mr. Vandervoort move away." He said that "he had not moved away." I told him that "I thought some person else had moved there when I saw the improvements that had been made." He then told me that Mr. Vandervoort was doing business on a large scale, that he had a large machine shop at Campbellford, and that he had sold about $10,000 worth of machinery, and that he had two teams on the road all the time; and that his other trade would amount to about $10,000, in all about $20,000. He said that he was a good salesman. If he was going to sell you a machine he would almost make you believe that he was going to make you a present of it. The next place was Mr. Nix's blacksmith shop. Mr. Nix is doing a good business. The next was a wagon shop; nothing doing there. The next place was Mr. Graham's residence. He is an old man, upwards of 80. He was married lately and don't go out much, but appears to be enjoying the honeymoon. The next place was F. B. Fanning, a farmer by appearance. I would think that he was a thrifty farmer, as everything pointed that way. Then coming again to the street that goes north, on the corner lives Mr. Lowry, the cheese-maker, the best-natured man in the village and a splendid cheese-maker. Going on the next place I came to was Professor Whitton's and he is a social, genial man, full of information on the cheese question and willing to impart it at any other time. He is a very solidly man and would be apt to turn the scales at 300 lbs. The next place I came to was the cheese factory, a very commodious building and furnished on the most improved plan. Looking a little to the east of that I saw a most beautiful mansion. It stood on a rise of ground and made a fine appearance. I was told that it belonged to James Reiney.

Yours Truly, Traveller.

Fall Fairs.

Industrial, at Toronto, Sept. 6 to 18.
Provincial, at Guelph, Sept. 20 to 25.
Bay of Quinte District, at Belleville, Sept. 21 to 24.
Rawdon Township, at Harold, Sept. 28.
Madoc, Sept. 29 and 30.
Kingston, Sept. 28 to Oct. 1.
East Hasting, at Roslin, Wednesday, Sept. 29th.
North Hastings, at West Huntingdon, Friday, Oct. 1st.
Napanee, Oct. 5 and 6.
Picton, Oct. 6 and 7.

Credit Sales.

Wednesday, Sept. 22.—On the west half of lot 2, in the 7th con. of Rawdon, the Farm Stock, Implements and Household Furniture belonging to Mr. Wm. Hagerty, jr. Sale at 10 o'clock, a. m. Free lunch at noon. C. Butler, auctioneer.

Births.

In Stirling, on the 9th inst., the wife of Dr. Sprague, of a son.

In Sidney, on the 5th inst., the wife of Mr. John Detlor, of a son.

In Thurlow, on the 3rd inst., the wife of Mr. George Ostrom, of a daughter.

In Sidney, on the 4th inst., the wife of Mr. Thos. Smith, of a son.

Married.

At the residence of the bride's father, on the 8th inst., by Rev. R. M. Pope, Mr. Jas. Radford, of Rawdon, and Hattie, daughter of Mr. Reuben White, of Sidney.

In Chicago, on the 25th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Brooks, at the residence of Mr. C. B. Fidlar, 113 De Kalb St., Mr. H. R. Williams, of Montreal, Canada, and Miss C. A. Parker, formerly of Stirling, Ont.

At the Parsonage, Eldorado, on August 9th., by Rev. R. H. Leitch, Wm. McEwan and Delia Potter, both of Milbridge.

At the Parsonage, Eldorado, on August 30th., by Rev. R. H. Leitch, Jas. Hoole Wiley, of Marmora, and Martha McEwan, of Tudor.

At the Parsonage, Eldorado, on Sept. 1st., by Rev. R. H. Leitch, Garrett Fitzgerald and Hannah Doughty, both of Madoc.

Deaths.

In Sidney, on the 8th inst., the infant child of Mr. Thos. Smith.

Big Clearing Sale!

Now is the time to buy your fall goods, and

McLACHLIN and FARMERS', SPRINGBROOK,

Is the place for you to go to get them cheap. They are going out of business and are now selling off their Stock at Cost.

JUST LOOK AT THEIR PRICES.

23 yards of Cotton for	$1.00
18 yards of good heavy Cotton for	1.00
20 yards of Print for	1.00

Their Stock consists of all kinds of

DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, HATS & CAPS, HARDWARE and READY MADE CLOTHING.

All of which shall be cleared off AT COST. Remember the place,

McLACHLIN & FARMER, SPRINGBROOK.

NEW

Merchant Tailoring

—AND—

Gents' Furnishing Store!

F. T. WARD,

PRACTICAL TAILOR & CUTTER,

Begs to announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he has started business on his own account in the store lately occupied by H. G. Thurber, and has purchased a choice stock of

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH,
and CANADIAN TWEEDS,
DIAGONAL COATINGS,
WORSTED SUITINGS,
and FANCY TROUSERINGS,

Of the latest designs and colors, also a full assortment of

Hats, Ties, Shirts, Collars & Cuffs, and Gents' Underwear, etc.,

Which will all be sold at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

F. T. WARD.

Little drops of printer's ink
And little type "displayed,"
Make our merchant princes
With all their big parade.

Little bits of stinginess—
Discarding printer's ink—
"Busts" the man of business
And sees his credit sink.

Malarial poisons can be entirely removed from the system by the use of Ayer's Ague Cure, which contains a sure specific in the form of a vegetable product, used in no other remedy. Warranted.

For the prompt and certain cure of erysipelas use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the specific endorsed by eminent medical authorities.

A report from sea, at a point where the first great earthquake shock was felt, states that during its continuance the sea, which had previously been rough, became calm.

NATIONAL PILLS will cure constipated bowels and regulate the liver.

Rev. John M. Palmer, whom the Pennsylvania prohibitionists have nominated for Congressman-at-large, is a negro and a presiding elder of the Methodist Church.

PROF. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP is a cheap and handy form of obtaining the healing virtues of a sulphur bath.

A New York professor tattoos 3,000 persons every year.

WORMS CAUSE MUCH SICKNESS among children that Freeman's Worm Powders will surely cure.

IF YOUR CHILD IS STUBBORN or hard to administer medicine to, Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup will be appreciated.

Typhoid fever is somewhat prevalent in Montreal.

A FRUITFUL SEASON.

The fruitful season of this year is prolific with many forms of Bowel Complaints, such as Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, &c.; as a safeguard and positive cure for those distressing and often sudden and dangerous attacks nothing can surpass that old and reliable medicine, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

The steamer Daniel Drew, which burned a week ago on the Hudson, made its last and fastest trip on the previous Thursday—twenty six miles in sixty-two minutes.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

In a long letter from John H. Hall, of Baddick, Cape Breton, N.S., he says: "I believe were it not for Burdock Blood Bitters I should be in my grave." It cured me of kidney and liver complaint and general debility, which had nearly proved fatal.

There are said to be 890 opium smokers in the city of Boston.

TO THE RESCUE.

"When all other remedies fail," for Bowel Complaint, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, &c., then Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry comes to the rescue." Thus writes W. H. Crocker, Druggist, Waterdown, and adds that "its sales are large and increasing.

A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN.

"For ten years," says Jennie M. Harrett, of Wallaceburg, Ont., "I did not see a well day—was all broken down with dyspepsia, liver complaint, catarrh and debility. Three doctors abandoned hope for me, when Burdock Blood Bitters came to my rescue. It is the best medicine I have ever taken. I say this for the benefit of all suffering as I did.

The collector of delinquent taxes in Buffalo gets about $15,000 a year in percentages.

Fluid Lightning is simply a marvellous Rheumatic Remedy. I was for two months a cripple, unable to get out of the house, from Sciatica. One bottle gave me instant relief and placed me on my feet again. I have driven fourteen miles to-day (something I could not possibly have done were it not for Fluid Lightning) for the express purpose of procuring another bottle. So says Wm. Dixon, Gananoque. Only 25 cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Money to Loan.

PRIVATE AND COMPANY FUNDS TO lend at the very lowest rates, from 5 to 6 per cent. interest, payable yearly. Charges very moderate. No delay in procuring the money. Now is the time to renew your mortgages, or to make improvements, or buy land while money can be had at such low interest.

GEO. J. SHERRY,
Barrister,
Branch office Stirling, Ont.,
Head office Belleville, Ont.

FARM TO LET.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL LET FOR one or three years that valuable farm known as the Johnston Farm in Sine's Settlement, being parts of lots 9 and 10, in the 5th Con. of the Township of Rawdon, in County of Hastings, one hundred and twenty five acres, stone dwelling, good drive house, two barns and shed. One hundred and ten acres under good state of cultivation; within one hundred rods of good school, near cheese factory and church. Farm well watered, etc. Apply to James Johnston, owner, or to A. GLASS, Stirling.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Trains call at Central Ontario Junction as follows:—

GOING EAST.

Express for Montreal	12.44 p.m.
" " Pacific Slope	9.05 p.m.
Mail for Montreal	12.13 a.m.

GOING WEST.

Express for Toronto	5.18 p.m.
Express Winnipeg to Toronto	7.19 a.m.
Mail for Toronto and West	4.13 a.m.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. Bell, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction

DREWRY,

THE DRY GOODS MAN,

HAS BOUGHT ANOTHER

BANKRUPT STOCK

—AT—

25 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

Thousands of Dollars

Worth of rich, new, elegant goods will be sold at sacrifice prices. This makes the second bankrupt stock we have bought in the last four weeks, and there is going to be somewhat of a slaughter in dry goods.

1,000 Yards

Of rich, elegant Striped Satins, were $1.00, will be sacrificed at 25c. Bought at 25c. on the dollar. 200 ladies' black braided Jerseys will be sacrificed at 75c. each, worth $1.50. 19 ladies' Fur-Lined Circulars, worth $15.00 each, squirrel linings, will be sacrificed at $5.00 each, bought at 25c. on the dollar. 50 doz. ladies' black wool Cashmere Hose, seamless, will be sacrificed at 25c. per pair. 50 doz. ladies' black Alexander Kid Gloves, regular price $1.15 per pair, will be sacrificed at 50c.

Feather Tickings at 8c.

. Worth 15c., bought at 25c. on the dollar. 12½c. Canton Flannels will be sacrificed at 8c. 50 pieces linen Toweling will be sacrificed at 5c. a yard.

Baldwin's Bee-hive Fingering at 8c

Black Scotch Fingering and all other colors at 7c. 1,000 pounds of new Yarns just opened up. Ladies you can buy your yarns cheaper now than you can later on.

Wanted

Coat hands, Pant hands, Vest hands, strictly first-class.

100 pieces of

New Tweeds, Pantings, Overcoatings. The latest styles in fall goods. Three cases of finest Scotch goods just opened up. The sacrifice prices that we have put on Tweeds of all description keeps two cutters cutting with all their might. Mr. Hiram Loveless and his son, Mr. Frank Loveless, two of the most expert cutters in Canada, are slashing up the Tweeds twelve hours every day in the week. No other house in Canada but ourselves will sell you seven yards of clean, all wool Tweeds for $2.10, and cut it free of charge. No other house can sell you $18.00 Scotch Tweed suits for $12.00, and $20.00 suits for $13.50.

A perfect carnival of bargains we offer at

THE BON MARCHE,

TRENTON.

CIDER!

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL START HIS Cider Mill on Friday, September 10, and will run every Tuesday and Friday until further notice. T. H. BRADLEY.
Stirling, Sept, 2, 1886.

TRUSSES!

DR. HAMILTON BEGS TO ANNOUNCE to the public that he has for many years manufactured trusses of a superior kind which have cured all cases of recent rupture, and been very comfortable and safe for those which are of too long standing to be cured by that means.

THE ONE PRICED CLOTHING STORE

STILL TO THE FRONT.

The question is frequently asked why? Which is easily solved, simply because they keep the right goods at right prices. I have received during the past week the choicest array of

GENT'S FURNISHINGS

Ever offered for inspection in town, including

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves, Hose, Silk Hankderchiefs, Braces, Etc.

In fact everything that comes under the heading of Gents' Wear. A specialty in American Silk Scarfs!

JAMES BOLDRICK.

JUST OPENED!

New DRESS GOODS.
New Plush Trimming,
In Plain and Stripe.
New Wool Shawls,
In Fawn, Cream and White.
NEW SCOTCH TWEED SUITINGS.
NEW CANADIAN TWEEDS.

Close Prices to Cash Buyers.
Come and See.

MILNE & CLUTE

See what you can buy for Money

AT MARTIN BROS., STIRLING.

We now offer for JULY, AUGUST and SEPTEMBER:

$7.50 Sideboard we now sell at	$6 00		$25.00 Sideboard we now sell at	$20 00
8.00 Bureau " "	6 00		10.00 Couch " "	8 50
6.00 " " "	4 50		8.50 " " "	7 25
9.00 " " "	7 50		10.00 Extension Table "	8 00
4.00 Stand " "	2 75		8.00 " " "	7 00
1.50 " " "	1 25		60.00 Parlor Suite "	45 00
2.50 Bed " "	2 00		5.00 Chairs, ½ doz. "	4 00
4.50 " " "	3 50		7.50 " " "	6 00
6.00 " " "	4 50		25.00 Bedroom Suite "	20 00
7.00 " " "	5 50		18.00 " " "	15 00
2.50 Crib Bed " "	2 00		16.00 Sofa "	14 00
15.00 Sideboard " "	12 00		19.00 " "	17 00

EVERYTHING ELSE ACCORDINGLY.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH, or 1 per cent. per month, for good credit.

UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

O. HEWAT,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

Choice Wines, Brandy, Gin, and Cigars.

—ALSO,—

FIRST-CLASS PRIME ALE,

IN FIVE GALLON KEGS OR UPWARDS.

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
Pork, Bacon and Hams,

On hand, which will all be sold at the lowest figures possible.

O. HEWAT.

BOOTS & SHOES, TRUNKS, VALISES, LADIES' SATCHELS,

—AT—

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

G. W. FAULKNER

Is constantly receiving additions to his stock. He would call attention to his large stock of

CARPETINGS, ENGLISH & SCOTCH TWEEDS,
WORSTED COATINGS,
MEN'S & BOY'S STRAW HATS,
PARASOLS, CURTAIN LACE,
DRESS GOODS, PRINTS,
HOSIERY, ETC., ETC.

The MILLINERY DEPARTMENT is in full blast and is filled with fashionable goods.

He is selling choice Japan Tea, worth 50c., for 40c.

Just arrived, a consignment of Western Sugar Cured Hams.

Clothing made to order.

Don't forget to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

TO RENT

AT SPRINGBROOK.

A VERY COMMODIOUS AND CONVENIENT Grain Elevator situated on the Central Ontario Railway, in the centre of a good grain growing country. Applications will be received up to the 1st of September. For particulars apply to

THOS. RUPERT,
Sec. Elevator Company, Springbrook.

NOTICE.

BY ORDER OF COUNCIL ALL PERSONS claiming the two dollars reduction on Cemetery Lots on account of removing their dead from the old burying ground in Stirling, must remove the same before the First day of December next, as there will be no reduction on the price of Cemetery Lots after that date.

A. GLASS, Clerk.
Stirling, 4th August, 1886.

LOVELL'S

GAZETTER AND HISTORY

OF THE

DOMINION OF CANADA,

IN NINE VOLUMES, ROYAL 8vo.,

TO BE COMMENCED WHENENER A sufficient number of subscribers is obtained to cover cost of publication. Subscription to the Nine Volumes $75.00, to the Province of Ontario or to Quebec $12.50, to New Brunswick or to Nova Scotia $11.50, to Manitoba or to British Columbia $9.50, to Prince Edward Island or to Northwest Territories $9.50. Each Province to have a map.

Please send for Prospectus.

JOHN LOVELL,
Manager and Publisher,
Montreal, 4th August, 1886.

HARDWARE.

A FULL STOCK OF GOODS,

Spades, Shovels,
Scoops,
Half bushel and
Peck Measures,
House Furnishings,
PAINT OIL,
MACHINE OIL,
MIXED PAINT,
WHITE LEAD,
VARNISHES, ETC.

BOTTOM PRICES.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

We have the most complete stock of **MIXED PAINTS**, of every shade, ever offered in Stirling.

The day of buying paint and oil has passed, as mixed paints make a better finish and cost less. There durability has been established beyond doubt, and any man can do most of his own painting.

Music constantly on hand. Parties wishing sheet music not in our stock will kindly leave their orders, as we purpose ordering every fortnight.

PARKER & BUTLER.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

PIANO, ORGAN,

—OR—

SEWING MACHINE

—GO TO—

JOHN CONLEY,

STIRLING.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. | STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1886. | Vol. VIII, No. 1.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,
TRINITY UNIVERSITY, M. C. P. S. O., Marmora.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE MCGILL COLLEGE, 1868,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

GEO. J. SHERRY,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR IN THE SUPREME Court, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc.
Branch office over Dr. Parker's Drug Store, Stirling, Ont. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Head office, Front St., Belleville, Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on
Thursday Eve. Sept. 16, '86.
Visiting brethren welcome.
J. SHAW, Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. J. McDOUGALL, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.
A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.
All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.
G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

FRESH LIME!
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST BURNED a kiln of lime, and now offers the same for sale at 20c. per bushel delivered, and 15c. at the kiln. JAMES COUTTS.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.
THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of Lot 7, in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—a well in the barn-yard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place. The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.
JOSEPH DOAK, Executor, Stirling P. O.

NEW GOODS!

MY STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE IN
Spring & Summer Tweeds, Diagonals, Etc.
SUITS TO ORDER, made up in the best and latest styles, under the superintendance of MR. J. S. MURRAY.

THE DRY GOODS STOCK
Is now complete, including
Dress Goods, Cottons, Shirtings, Ducks, Cottonades
OF UNUSUALLY GOOD VALUE.

The BOOTS & SHOES are nearly all new stock, and of the best quality.

The HARDWARE Stock has been specially selected to meet the requirements of parties building, and prices are lower than usual. A car-load of Goderich Salt on hand.

C. CRAIGE,
STIRLING.

EARLY FALL GOODS
JUST RECEIVED AT
THE ARCADE!
MARMORA.

Repeat orders to follow next week. All bought before the recent advance in prices, and will be sold at prices to suit the times.

J. W. PEARCE.
Sept. 14th, 1886.

CROCKERY!
I have just received another lot of those
BEAUTIFUL DISHES, SPRIG AND BAND WARE,
And can again supply customers with parts or full
Dinner, Tea & Breakfast Sets,
At prices as low as the common white ware. Call early and secure full sets.
Remnant sale of Summer Dry Goods still going on.
M. G. VANDERVOORT'S, Harold.

See what you can buy for Money
AT MARTIN BROS.,
STIRLING.

We now offer for JULY, AUGUST and SEPTEMBER:

$7.50 Sideboard we now sell at	$6 00	$25.00 Sideboard we now sell at	$20 00
8.00 Bureau " "	6 00	10.00 Couch " "	8 50
6.00 " " "	4 50	8.50 " " "	7 25
9.00 " " "	7 50	10.00 Extension Table "	8 00
4.00 Stand " "	2 75	8.00 " "	7 00
1.50 " " "	1 25	60.00 Parlor Suite "	45 00
2.50 Bed " "	2 00	5.00 Chairs, ½ doz. "	4 00
4.50 " " "	3 50	7.50 " "	6 00
6.00 " " "	4 50	25.00 Bedroom Suite "	20 00
7.00 " " "	5 50	18.00 " "	15 00
2.50 Crib Bed " "	2 00	16.00 Sofa "	14 00
15.00 Sideboard " "	12 00	19.00 " "	17 00

EVERYTHING ELSE ACCORDINGLY.
OUR TERMS ARE CASH, or 1 per cent. per month, for good credit.
UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
Trains call at Cent. Ont. Junc. as follows:—

GOING EAST.	
Express for Montreal	12.41 p.m.
" " Pacific Slope	9.05 p.m.
Mail for Montreal	12.13 a.m.
GOING WEST.	
Express for Toronto	5.18 p.m.
Express Winnipeg to Toronto	7.19 a.m.
Mail for Toronto and West	4.13 a.m.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction

Money to Loan.
PRIVATE AND COMPANY FUNDS TO lend at the very lowest rates, from 5 to 6 per cent. interest, payable yearly. Charges very moderate. No delay in procuring the money. Now is the time to renew your mortgages, or to make improvements, or buy land while money can be had at such low interest.
GEO. J. SHERRY, Barrister,
Branch office Stirling, Ont., Head office Belleville, Ont.

"THOSE HORRID BLOTCHES,"
Pimples" are sure to disappear if you will purify your blood by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "I was severely troubled with pimples on the face; also, with a discoloration of the skin. External treatment afforded only temporary relief. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a complete cure."—Thos. W. Boddy, River st., Lowell, Mass.
Boils, and humors are the result of an impure and vitiated condition of the blood. They may be eradicated by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Dr. Robert Swain, Houston st., New York, says: "No alterative we possess equals Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for the cure of cutaneous affections, and for the treatment of scrofulous sores."
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. **For Sale by all Druggists.**

Religion and Politics.

Mayor Howland struck the key note of the present political necessity of our country in his admirable address to the Methodist Conference on Tuesday last. What we want is recognition by politicians and legislators of their responsibility in relation to the moral and social interests of the family and the home.

The character and position of Canada among the nations of the earth will be decided by the character and tone of the home life of our people, for there never was a political system which more than ours made the life and character of every citizen influential in the life and character of the corporate state. The home life makes the citizen's character, and it ought to be the special province of politics to jealously conserve and promote everything that tends to purify, elevate and happify the home.

Sam Jones has wisely said that bringing politics into religion is like pouring coffee into your sugar—it spoils the sugar; but bringing religion into politics is like putting sugar into your coffee, it greatly improves the politics. If we would view political questions and political parties from the stand point of morality, and let religious principle control our politics, our politics would be very much improved.

The urban concentration of populatien that is rapidly taking place, and the corresponding extension of soiial evils and perils, make it more than ever imperative that the attention of statesmen be directed to problems and interest that are not second in importance to our commercial concerns and national relationships.

Questions of morality cannot be effectively handled by men whose personal conduct has blunted their moral perception. Virtuous living will not receive the appreciative protection it should have from men who do not live virtuously. Moral character and religious principles ought to be indispensable qualifications in the political candidate for whom the moral citizen votes.

We want a political party of honest, virtuous politicians, with an honest, virtuous policy, and with more regard for principle than for position or party. Politicians who have hearts as well as heads, and who are sound in both. Men—and women—of clean hands, pure motives, and dauntless faith; who will shirk no issue that ought to be faced, who will dodge no responsibility, but who will stand like granite rocks on the side of God and home, earnestly striving to promote "the righteousness that exalteth a nation."—*Canada Citizen.*

Clean Newspapers.

There is a growing feeling in healthy communities against journals which make it their special object to minister to a perverted taste by seeking out and serving up in a seductive form disgusting and licentious revelations. There is a good reason to believe that the clean newspaper is more highly prized to-day than it was four or five years ago. It is also safe to say that as people in all ranks of life, who protect their own, at least, from contamination, become more conscious of the pernicious influence of a certain class of journals, which are called enterprising because they are anxious to serve up dirty scandals, they will be careful to see that the journals they permit to be read in the family circle are the class that never forget the proprieties of life. Already men and women of refinement and healthy morals have had their attention called to the pernicious influence of bad literature, and have made commendable efforts to counteract the same, by causing sound literature to be published and sold at popular prices. These eoffrts are working a silent but sure revolution. The best authors are more generally read to-day than at any previous day. The sickly sentimental story paper and the wild ranger and pirate story books are slowly but surely yielding the field to worthier claimants. In praise of the decent newspaper it may be said that where it has a place in the family, and has been read for years by young as well as old, it has developed such healthy tone and such discriminating taste that the literature of the slums has no admirers. Fortunately, the number of such families is increasing in the land, and as they increase, the journal that devotes itself to sickening revelations of immorality will be compelled to find its supporters solely among those classes who practice vice and crime, or are ambitious to learn to follow such ways.

Preparing for War.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—The *Morning Post's* Berlin correspondent says Austria has formally notified Germany that she will oppose any attempt by Russia to encroach upon the liberties of the Balkans. A special messenger has started for Strasburg with important dispatches for Emperor William.

The Austrian newspapers while deploring the possible necessity of war agree that it must be cheerfully resorted to if it will prevent greater calamities in the future.

LONDON, Sept. 12.—Great excitement has been caused at Chatham by the unexpected receipt of urgent orders from the Admiralty to expedite the completion of men-of-war. Relays of workmen are to be employed day and night if necessary. This activity is regarded as indicating possible complications.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—Herr Von Tisza recently informed Count Kalnoky, the Austrian Prime Minister, that he was unable, as Hungarian Premier, to consent to a Russian occupation of Bulgaria.

The *Gologne Gazette* says twenty Russian officers are going to Bulgaria to occupy the highest military posts.

A London despatch says that the Government is anxious that Prince Alexander shall not be received in England as having connection with Bulgarian politics.

It is said Prince Waldemar of Denmark will be the favored candidate for the Bulgarian throne. He is a brother of the Czarina, and also of the King of Greece and the Princess of Wales.

Owing to the fact that Canadian cheese is now preferred in England to that of American, a new feature in the trade is the establishment of New York houses in Montreal, for the purpose of filling English orders. Many orders now received from Europe call for Canadian goods, and this is one of the principal reasons why the representatives of New York firms are locating in Canada.

The Superintendent of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children recently told a reporter that he strongly disapproved of publishing the details of immorality among the young, and said that he had learned from long experience that it accomplished much more harm than good. In many cases he had found that young girls had been attracted to a course of vice by reading about others whose depravity had been revealed by the papers, and, actuated by a morbid curiosity, coupled with a desire to make money, they would determine to try the experiment for themselves.

The Prohibition Convention met in Toronto on Tuesday last, and was attended by a large number of representatives from all parts of the Province. One of the principal points of debate was the formation of a third party on a distinctively prohibition platform. This was advocated by Mr. F. S. Spence in a strong speech, and was as strongly opposed by Mr. S. H. Blake, who contended that the Reform party was worthy of confidence in relation to the temperance question. If Mr. Blake thinks the Reformers are sound on the temperance question why is not prohibition inserted as a plank in their platform? This would at once stop all agitation for a third party.

Canada's Great Fair.

The formal opening of the exhibition took place on Wednesday afternoon, the 8th inst., in the centre of the main building on the ground floor. The band of the 10th Royal Grenadiers was stationed in the gallery, and gave selections of appropriate music during the proceedings. His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, accompanied by Sir John A. Macdonald, arrived about half past two o'clock, and were received by the president and officers of the Industrial Exhibition Association. A number of distinguished personages were present, including the Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba, Hon. A. M. Ross, Provincial Treasurer, Hon. Mr. Ferrier, Archbishop Lynch, Rev. Dr. Potts, and Rev. Dr. Williams, Gen. Sup't. of the Methodist Church. Felicitous and appropriate addresses were delivered by President Withrow, Lieut. Governors Robinson and Aikens, Sir John A. Macdonald, Dr. Williams, and others; at the close of which the Lieut. Gov. of Ontario declared the exhibition open. The weather was exceedingly favorable for the opening ceremonies, and the receipts at the gates showed a large increase in attendance over the corresponding day last year. All the industrial departments are nearly filled up, and the arrangements are very perfect and complete. The ground floor of the main building is occupied chiefly with exhibits of pianos and organs, sewing machines of all sorts and descriptions, cutlery, glass and stone ware. Here also is the art gallery, whose walls are covered from floor to ceiling with paintings, pencilings and photographs of almost endless variety. The second floor is largely devoted to ladies work, comprising needle and crotchet work, paintings on china, terra cotta, glass and wood, and a large display of miscellaneous fancy work. A number of buildings have been erected since last year, and the various exhibits of machinery, implements, dairy products, fruits and vegetables, flowers, fowls and animals have doubtless never been excelled in the Province.

This Industrial Fair is now an established institution in the Dominion, and will no doubt grow in interest and attractiveness year after year.

Methodist General Conference

The proceedings of the Methodist Conference during the past week have been of the most interesting character. After a long and well-sustained debate the question of College Confederation was put to a vote and the scheme was carried by 25 majority, the vote standing 138 for to 113 against. The question as to whether one or more General Superintendents should be elected also caused another long discussion. It was finally decided that there should be no change, and that there should be two, as heretofore. The election of General Superintendents resulted in Rev. Dr. Carman being elected for a term of eight years and Rev. Dr. Williams for a term of four years. It was decided that there should be only one editor of the *Christian Guardian*, and Rev. Dr. Dewart was re-elected to fill that position. Rev. Dr. Briggs was re-elected to the management of the book room; Rev. Dr. Withrow, as editor of the *Methodist Magazine* and Sunday School periodicals; Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary; and Mr. John Macdonald, of Toronto, Lay Treasurer of the Missionary Society; Rev. S. F. Huestis, eastern book steward; and Rev. Dr. Lathern, editor of the *Wesleyan*. It will be seen by the above that all the old officers of the church have been re-elected to the important positions which they hold. This speaks well for the manner in which they have fulfilled their duties, and of the continued confidence of their brethren. The Conference will not likely finish its labors till some time next week.

The Northwest Crops.

This has been the dryest and hottest summer in the Northwest for forty years, and yet the crops are turning out much better than was expected a month ago. The Bell Farm will have 1,000 acres good; the balance will be half a crop. The country which has suffered the most from drought is that lying between Qu'Appelle and Moose Jaw. The second prairie steppe, which is identical with Assiniboia, has suffered the most from the unusually dry summer. A prairie fire in July is not often a matter of record, but it has been a disagreeable feature in the Northwest during the present summer. In southern Alberta, in the stock country, there have been ample rains, and Manitoba has been benefitted by local showers to such an extent that the wheat crop will be nearly three-fourths, for it is turning out much better than the out'ook indicated a month ago. The berry is hard, and the quality will make up for quantity. Oats have been the worst sufferers. They need a good deal of rain in this climate, and therefore during a dry season are more affected than wheat and barley. The last named grain is reported good in most localities. The quantity of land under cultivation this year is much greater than that under crop last season. This will keep up the general yield to figures even in advance of last year. Vegetables have not done so well this year, but such is the astonishing richness of the soil that the growth of roots is even remarkable. Harvesting is well under way, fully two weeks ahead of all preceding seasons, except the comparison goes back to the oldest inhabitant. The ominous news comes from the Montana cattle ranches that the American locust has been eating up the grass there, so that what the drought left unfinished the locust is completing. The grasshopper has bred plentifully this year on the great American plains, and should he follow his instincts next year as he has annually done, he may extend his flight to the east and reach the fertile fields of the Red and Saskatchewan Rivers. There is no arresting him, but the ingenuity and industry of the Western settlers has reduced the extent of his intended ravages.

Swindlers Amongst our Farmers.

During the stringent times the incentive to obtain money under false representations becomes specially strong, and the classes of the community which are least organized to protect their interests are most liable to become tao dupes. In earlier times, when wealth was mainly confined to the great centres of population, swindling in rural districts was little known; but now, our wealth being more widely distributed, the temptation to ply nefarious trades outside the suburbs of cities becomes proportionably great.

The country is now swarming with agents in all departments of trade, some being reputable and others disreputable, and it is not always possible for the farmer to draw a sharp line between the two extremes. In the absence of organization, his best plan is to become acquainted, through the press or otherwise with the reputable suppliers of all his wants, dealing directly with them, and refuse to enter into any transactions with those who are not duly credentialed as their representatives. It is the policy of many smooth-tongued agents to complicate matters beyond legitimate bounds, and then attempt to force the farmer's signature to documents which he does not clearly comprehend. Such is the character of many documents signed by farmers, being sufficiently verbose to guard the agents or their supposed principals from liability under the bonds.

The Quebec Legislative Assembly has been dissolved, and new elections are to take place next month. Nominations will be held on the 7th and polling on Oct. 14th.

Heavy Freight Traffic.

When the Midland Railway was extended to Midland one of the ideas of the promoters of the scheme was that the line would be used to carry through freight from the west across from the Georgian Bay to Port Hope instead of its being taken around by Lake Erie. To this end an elevator was erected at Midland, and year by year the patronage of this route has grown in favor.

But in no former season has the Midland line approached the amount of business it has done this present one. Shortly after the transfer of the management of the Midland line to the Grand Trunk Company the company became the proprietors of the elevator at Midland, until then owned by a private company, whose members, however, were interested in the Midland line. The elevator and line now being under one management, together with there being two feeders to the main line instead of one, the trade has developed wonderfully. The volume of through freight consists chiefly of western corn, *en route* for the Eastern States and the old country. It is gratifying to see this route chosen in preference to American lines.

Of late the traffic has been very heavy, so much so that the two branch lines diverging at Omemee, have been employed to carry it on the main line at Port Hope and Belleville.

Besides this there has been a considerable traffic in lumber from the Georgian Bay district, Parry Harbor, Waubashene and Midland being the chief shipping points.—*Peterborough Review.*

Agriculture.

What is agriculture? This is a reasonable question as well as an important one. In brief it is the art of cultivating the soil, so as to produce the largest crops at the smallest cost and the least injury to the soil. It also includes the raising and breeding of stock, and whatever relates to the farm buildings and domestic economy, the care and improvement of the land. He who thus cultivates the soil is a farmer. The farmer, who understatds his business, by appropriating the various improvements in husbandry, such as the introduction of nutritive grains, the invention of useful implements for tilling the soil, and improving every opportunity available for attaining to a high standard of his calling, is of great importance, and is entitled to high honor. This is true because his employment is that first assigned by God to man, and approaches most closely to the works of the Divine being, who gives to the earth its fertility and adorns it with beauty. His employment is the source of wealth and comfort to the whole country. When agriculture declines, the country declines. When harvests are abundant, the country prospers. Agriculture furnishes daily bread to the whole population. The failure of the crops for a single year deranges every branch of trade and commerce. The employment of the farmer is the true element of independence, freedom and virtuous enjoyment. None so independent and free as the farmer. It is true there is a diversity of wealth and fortune among farmers; and the only way to better equalize this state of things is for every farmer to utilize all possible means calculated to raise the standard of his chosen occupation. In addition to the suggestions already made, other facts must not be lost sight of, which also give material aid in bringing about the perfection striven after. Let every farmer, especially in this Riding, take pains to present at our fairs an exhibit of such of his stock or produce as will secure on the part of his co-competitors an extra effort to excel; and, in doing this, incalculable benefit will be derived. Also do not forget the Farmer's Institute, another grand means calculated for the end in view.—*North Hastings Review.*

About Advertising.

SOME EXCEEDINGLY SENSIBLE ADVICE FOR MERCHANTS.

If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world.

A thing worth doing is worth doing well. A thing worth advertising is worth advertising well. A newspaper worth advertising in once is worth making a contract with.

It is a mistaken notion that a fine store in an eligible location, surrounded by attractive signs, is a superior advertisement; for the experience of the most enterprising merchants is that it pays better to spend less in rent and more in advertising.

Advertising is the pole that knocks the persimmons.

Don't be afraid to invest in printer's ink lest your sands of life be nearly run out.

Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl through a pair of green goggles. You may know what what you are doing, but nobody else does.

The enterprising advertiser proves that he understands how to buy, because in advertising he knows how to sell.

Bread is the staff of human life, and advertising is the staff of business.

A simple card may profitably stand for years without change, but a sensational advertisement should be changed as often as you can get the printer to do it.

A heavy advertisement once is more than quadrupled in value by a small card, published for a few months after, giving your address.

You can't eat enough in a week to last you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.

Now is the time to think about advertising and reflection should be followed by judicious action.

To make a man realize an idea as you realize it is what is necessary to make him understand his needs. Advertisements should aim to place a matter so clearly before the public that they see it as clearly as the advertiser does.

Enterprising people are beginning to learn the value of advertising the year round. The persistency of those who are not intimidated by the cry of "dull times," but keep their names ever before the public, will surely place them on the right side in the end.

A Temperance Convention held at Enterprise last week urged the appointment of a Police Magistrate for Lennox, and recommended Mr. James Cousins, of Camden, for the position.

During the last few months a new industry has sprung up in the Northwest—that of shipping hogs to eastern points. In one day recently, nine cars, seven for Toronto and two for Ingersoll, left Winnipeg. This trade promises to grow to large proportions. The hogs are gathered up from farmers all over the Province, and command good prices.

A Calgary rancher says that at least thirty thousand head of cattle have gone into the Calgary districts during the past summer. There are now at least 100,000 head of cattle in that section, distributed among sixty ranches. Up to the present there has always been a sufficient local demand to enable them to dispose of their surplus stock, but by next fall they would have to begin to ship to eastern markets.

The roller rink is defunct in the United States, but it has bequeathed a number of shocking scandals to several cities. It has broken up once happy homes, consigned men to jail, blasted women's lives, and started little girls on the downward path. No other amusement ever had at once such an intense, brief and destructive popularity. The existing masses of mankind may be better informed than the generations of yore, but the history of this silly and demoralizing craze shows that they are no wiser.

An Elective Course.

LINES FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.

The bloom that lies on Fanny's cheek
Is all my Latin, all my Greek.
The only sciences I know
Are frowns that gloom and smiles that glow;
Siberia and Italy
Lie in her sweet geography;
No scholarship have I but such
As teaches me to love her much.

Why should I strive to read the skies,
Who know the midnight of her eyes?
No star that swims within the scope
Of Pickering's best telescope
Ever reveals so much as when
She stares and droops her eyes again.
Graybeards who seek to bridge the chasm
'Twixt man to-day and protoplasm,
How trivial your aims appear!
Enough for me that Fanny's here.

Linnæus, avaunt! I only care
To know what flower she wants to wear,
I leave it to the addle pated
To guess how pinks originated,
As if it mattered. The chief thing
Is that we have them in the spring.
And Fanny likes them. When they come,
I straightway go and purchase some.
"The Origin of Plants"—go to!
Their proper end I have in view.

O loveliest book that ever man
Looked into since the world began
Is woman. As I turn those pages,
As fresh as in the primal ages,
As day by day I scan, perplext,
The ever subtly changing text,
I feel that I am slowly growing
To think no other work worth knowing.
And in my copy one of many,
(Edition de luxe called Fanny),
I nothing find set down but such
As teaches me to love it much.

T. B. Aldrich, in Harper's Magazine.

Sam Jones on Pew Renting.

"Methodism is as much out of place in rented pews as a Georgia cornfield darkey would be in the white house. A Methodist that wouldn't give more voluntarily to his pastor than he would for his pew is a disgrace to the church he belongs to, and the Methodist who is selfish enough to pick out the best pew in the house for himself and family because he has a little more money than someone else, has selfishness enough in him to damn him. That's about the fact of the matter. If I was in this church and was obliged to rent a pew I would rent the best one in the church and I wouldn't let my daughter or my wife go into it, but we would stand in the rear and give sinners the pew. They will go to hell if something isn't done for them, and we cannot afford to let these sinners be damned. I love a Christian that will divide his last nickle with God and I love a man who is generous to all people and generous everywhere.

It is remarkable that in Scott Act counties it is almost impossible to find a witness who is certain of the taste of whiskey. A case of mistaken identity in "pop" is almost absolutely unknown.

The election in Haldimand which took place on Wednesday of last week resulted in the return of Mr. Colter, the Reform candidate, by a majority of 117. The County has always been Reform, so that it remains as before.

This season's Nova Scotia apple crop promises to be an abundant one. It is estimated that there will be 300,000 barrels of apples in the orchards of the Annapolis Valley, and that there will be fully 40,000 barrels of Gravenstein apples, the largest crop ever grown in Nova Scotia.

The swiftest bird on the wing is the frigate bird, a sort of nautical bird of prey. Sailors believe that it can start with the peep of day from the Coast of Africa, and following the trade winds, land on the American coast before sunset. It can undoubtedly fly more than 200 miles an hour, but there is no trustworthy record of the speed of which it is capable.

The monument erected in memory of Capt. Joseph Brant, "Thayendinaga," will be unveiled by the Lieut. Gov. of Ontario in Victoria Park, Brantford, on Wednesday, October 13th. An oration will be delivered on the occasion and speeches by prominent and distinguished gentlemen. The celebration ceremonies will be continued for that and the two following days.

Another terrible tale of destitution, present and prospective, comes from Newfoundland and the Labrador coast. It may be true, but bearing in mind a recent tale of similar character, it should be received with caution. The official denial of the former yarn was very complete and emphatic and it is difficult to realize that since that date it has become apparent that a hundred and forty thousand people are about to become partially or entirely dependent upon the Government.

The United States and Canada express company has been absorbed by the American express company. The United States and Canada express was a New England organization carrying express matter between Montreal and New England points. The American express company will now cover points in Western Canada and Quebec, the lower provinces and throughout the northern and western United States. J. C. Fargo is the president, and the company has a capital of $18,000,000.

The Treasury Department at Washington is destroying all the one and two dollar Treasury notes that come in. They will be redeemed only in notes of larger denomination or silver dollars, until the low denomination silver certificates are ready to be issued. The department is very anxious to get the one and two dollar silver certificates out as soon as possible, as the demand is very large, and it is expected that thirty or forty million dollars of silver will be put in circulation through this medium. By the policy of withholding one dollar Treasury notes from circulation an immense number of silver dollars have been issued, but the demand for a convenient small note is so great that it is expected that there will be a call for almost as many as they will print.

A London paper is advocating a penny postage rate for the whole of the British Empire. This could not be carried out without a direct loss at present, though the benefits which it would confer on the people would be immense. But this question brings up another in which we in Canada are more intimately concerned, cheaper postage for Canada. For some time past postage in the United States has been only two cents, while on this side of the line we have to pay three. There is no valid reason why postage in Canada should not be as cheap as in the United States, while there is no question it would be a great boon to the community at large. We think this matter should be agitated till a reform is adopted. Let the press generally take hold of the question and it will not be long before a three cent postage rate will be among the things of the past.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.
THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the House and Lot on the north side of Front St., Stirling, next to Mr. John Declaire's. Will be sold on reasonable terms. For further particulars apply to JOHN GRAHAM.

HORSE LOST.
STRAYED FROM THE ALBERT COLLEGE premises, Belleville, on Thursday afternoon, August 26th, a light bay horse, 8 years old, 15½ hands high, black clean legs, with black mane and tail, no marks. Any person returning the above horse will be rewarded. W. P. DYER.

WON AND LOST.

CHAPTER X.—(CONCLUDED).

Miss Doveton listened, her face hidden by her long fair hair, and her heart, which beat so warmly an hour ago, cold and heavy as a stone.

She crept to the door and fastened it after Lady Keith had left, and then she sat cowering over the fire, with all the light gone out of her life.

"How could I have forgotten for a moment," she moaned, "what I am! How could I have been so happy here—I an outcast—a runaway? I knew that I have no right to be happy and to forget. To-morrow I will tell all to Cynthia—all the truth, and I will go away again from this happy shelter!" Then she broke out into piteous weeping. "What am I to do?" she wailed. "Where is there a resting-place for me? Is all my life to be cold and bare and desolate, whilst others are happy? What have I done that I should be persecuted by this hard fate? Oh, mother, mother—if I could only die!"

At the same moment Cynthia was pacing her room, sleepless and pale, fighting a hard battle with herself.

She had suddenly come to a great crisis in her life. How would she pass through it? Would she be noble and generous? Would she realise that grand ideal which she had always upheld and believed in, now that the sacrifice was to be all her own? Would she bear the crucial test offered her—she whose enthusiasm for the noble and the generous had hitherto been her badge and watchward? For a while she doubted herself; and the anguish of her own failure was the worst pain of all—worse than mortified pride and wounded feeling and the uprooting of all the settled conditions which had made life so secure. In her heart she knew that the wrong to her had not been wilful. Only a few minutes ago she had bent over her friend's white face and touched it with her lips, knowing there had been no treachery there, merely an innocent supplanting, at which Cynthia, in the humility of her true generous nature, wondered little, seeing how fair and sweet a type of womanhood it was which had taken her place.

Cynthia could read Leonard like a book now that she had found the key; and she knew that from her the renunciation must come of the tacit agreement which would scarcely have bound a less honourable man. She said to herself proudly that he was free, that he had never been bound. But could she say it nobly, generously? Could she make the surrender so that it should not look like surrender? Could she forgive so that none should guess it was forgiveness? It was a sharp struggle; but the question was answered at last; and she threw herself upon her bed and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

• • • • • • •

A couple of miles beyond Penmawr Castle the cliffs which bound the coast run out sharply into a rocky point, washed by the restless waves and crumbled into a long dark line of jagged, broken fragments stretching out to sea, and covered at high tide by the water.

On the afternoon which followed their anxious night, Miss Doveton and Cynthia were sitting on a boulder of rock at the extreme edge of the point, looking towards the sunset. The waves washed with a dull sound against the feet of the cliff; the leaden water beyond was hardly stirred by a breath of wind; sullen clouds hung heavily over the horizon, and a pale gleam of primrose light struggled wanly through the dark curtain, changing into rose-colour and presently deepening into stormy crimson, which spread blood-red over the pale-gray water.

"There is a storm coming up," Cynthia said, looking out to sea. "See how low the gulls and curlews fly, and what a flutter and chatter they keep up; and how the stormy clouds are piled up above the setting sun! It will be wild weather by-and-by."

She said this because she saw another storm threatening in the pale face beside her—because she dreaded and would keep back unspoken words which she felt instinctively had been trembling on those white lips all through the silent walk. But nothing could keep them back now. Miss Doveton's hands grasped Cynthia's arm; the words, mingled with sobs and tears, came like the rush of a pent-up flood.

"Cynthia—Miss Keith—you must hear my story, my miserable story. I cannot bear its burden any longer. I cannot live with a secret between us which would make you turn away from me if you knew it!"

She saw Cynthia blanch, and she covered her face as she hurried on with her history. And then she waited with bowed head and averted eyes for Cynthia's judgment.

There was a moment of silence, only a moment; and then Miss Keith's arms encircled the trembling girl; the golden head was drawn down to a safe resting-place, and a voice, full of that tenderness which became stately Cynthia so well, whispered to the half-fainting girl—

"My poor child! My dear child! Stay with us, and let us comfort and help you. We will not let you go."

Then, as the two turned homewards, clinging to each other in renewed love and confidence, the first muttering of the brooding storm came across the leaden waste of waters, the first distant flash rent the black-edged cloud.

But it was towards the morning that the storm broke at last, a furious north-westerly gale, beating fiercely against the closed casements of the Castle, shrieking and wailing, like a despairing chorus of lost souls, around the solid walls and iron-bound portals, tearing and stripping the shuddering branches of the great oaks and elms in the park. For hours it raged; and when the small home-party met for breakfast the storm had scarcely abated. Lady Keith shivered over the warm comforts of her luxurious table and sighed.

"I fear there will be disaster on the sea this wild morning," she said.

"Yes," replied Cynthia. "I can see from my window the waves tossing and rearing like wild horses. Miss Doveton—Leonard—will you ride down to Mawr Point and see the breakers dash in? It will be high tide at ten o'clock."

"Surely," interrupted timid Lady Keith, "you will not venture out in such weather!"

"Why not?" answered Cynthia. "The rain is over. It will be a glorious sight, and I want a wrestle with the wind to-day"—the last words half to herself.

Then her mother saw that she was pale, and wondered if the storm had shaken her.

"Don't look so anxious, mamma. As if I had not done it twenty times before! It is not a sight to miss."

"Hark!" called Lady Keith, with uplifted hand. "Is not that a gun?"

"It is only the bursting of the tempest," Cynthia answered

"There is another—and another," Lady Keith persisted.

"They are minute-guns!" Leonard exclaimed, rising hastily and meeting the butler at the door brimming over with tidings.

"My lady, there is a large vessel just beyond the Point in distress; she is firing and signalling; Griffiths saw her from the turret. She'll be on the rocks, my lady, with this wind, and the tide running in."

"Poor souls!" half sobbed Lady Keith.

"All the men to the shore at once!" Cynthia ordered, promptly and clearly. "Let Owens take the cart with blankets and brandy and as many hot-water bottles as Mrs. Price can send. Marshall will take down the landau and the wagonette. Tell the groom to bring round the horses instantly for Miss Doveton, Mr. Hope, and myself, and then let him ride for Mr. Marwood and the Mawr doctors. Mamma, see that Mrs. Price has beds prepared and fires lighted. There is not a moment to lose. Edith, are you ready? Leonard, will you come?"

For the first time in her life there was a little hesitation, a scarcely perceptible change in the old familiar confident tone towards her cousin—a change to be felt rather than heard.

Few words were spoken as the three rode rapidly through the park, where a giant elm, which had been worsted in its wrestle with the fierce wind, lay, with its spreading roots upreared and bared, right across their path. Showers of leaves fell at their horses' feet, and swept whirling into their faces. They pressed on, urging the animals to their utmost speed, and listening, through the bursts of the unconquered tempest, for the solemn repetition of the signal gun.

Presently flecks of snowy foam, mingled with dust and dead leaves, blew into their faces. And when they turned the shoulder of the hill which lay between them and the ocean their hearts seemed to stand still before one of the grandest, solemnest, saddest sights in this sorrowful world.

Close in upon the shore the snow-white breakers churned and dashed in a wild triumph of lawless might; and just beyond, showing blackly against their whiteness, lay the doomed vessel—a large steamer. She lay broadside on to the cruel rocks, so near the shore that the shrieks of the passengers crowding her deck could be heard above the din of the tempest and the roar of the breaking waters—so near that, but for that hissing barrier, a rope could have saved the feeblest amongst them. Wave after wave was breaking over her, sweeping each one its tale of victims into the white foaming gulf, to beat the life out of them there, although in merciless exultation over human impotence.

It was a lonely inhospitable coast—far from help; and only a few women huddled together under shelter of the cliff, and a few men scattered along the beach, looked helplessly on at the catastrophe. Into the midst of these Cynthia, who was foremost, dashed breathless, crying imperatively—

"A boat—a boat! Will none of you try to reach them? Men, can you stand by and see them perish?"

"There isn't a life-boat nearer than Mawr, and that would be too late—she's breaking up now. And what but the life-boat could live five seconds in such a sea?" one of the older men answered.

Even as he spoke a huge wave struck the vessel; she rolled ominously, and slid from the treacherous rocks; and, when the blinding spray cleared, the seething waters were strewn with black struggling figures.

At this sight Miss Doveton, with a great cry, covered her face with her hands; and Leonard Hope, catching at the dropped reins, turned her hastily back up the pebbly slope they had just descended.

And so it happened that neither of them saw what came next—how Cynthia, encouraging her gallant beast with word and touch, dashed down the beach and rode dauntlessly through the raging surf.

A hoarse cheer burst upon the strand, and a shrill cry, "Heaven bless her!" pierced the air, as Cynthia rode up "out of the jaws of death," with a dozen desperate hands clinging to her horse and an infant lying across her knee.

"The woman sank as she handed it up to me. Take care of it," she said quietly, as she gave it to one of the women.

Then she dropped from her saddle down amongst those waifs rescued from Death's dread dominion, and busied herself straightway in ministering to them.

It was a scanty harvest, gleaned after the Great Reaper; but it was all that was gathered that day from that full field. A woman, wild-eyed, and well-nigh spent; a young girl white as a lily; a little dark-haired boy, who cried out, as they set him on his feet, for his father and his mother; a couple of rough sailors in coarse serge and homely blue-striped shirts; and another man, of a different stamp, in fine linen and soft-woven tweed, who was bleeding from a ghastly wound over his temple. And this last had his fingers so tightly clenched in the horse's flowing mane that the men were forced to cut the long hair away to set him free.

"He's about done for. Pity a livelier one hadn't been in his place!" said one of the bystanders, as he helped to lay him down in the shelter of the cliff and tried to staunch the gaping wound. "The rocks have a'most battered the life out of him. He's a gentleman; and he couldn't stand it so well as the other chaps. But here comes the doctor, by good luck. He'll look to him."

The surgeon was bending over him when Leonard Hope, set free from his cares for the others, drew near. The man was still unconscious, lying in a deathlike stupor; the wound was bound with a large crimson handkerchief, the features were overspread with a ghastly pallor. Leonard looked down upon him with unrecognising eyes. The doctor drew him aside.

"It is a hopeless case, I fear," he said. "Perhaps you had better take charge of this"—offering him a pocket-book. "It may give some information as to his name or friends. He will scarcely be able to give it himself. In the meantime he must be removed at once. Is he to go to the Castle?"

"Yes; but the carriage has gone on with the rest."

"Then the men will carry him. We must improvise some sort of a litter. There, that will do. Gently, my men, gently!"

In the confusion which reigned at the Castle for hours after the rescued party were brought in, Leonard Hope found it impossible to speak to Cynthia—always the ruling spirit there—although burning with the excitement of a discovery. Late in the afternoon, and after favourable bulletins had been issued of all the patients save one, Mr. Hope found the three ladies of the house gathered together in Cynthia's boudoir, Miss Doveton sitting by the fire, with the infant saved from the wreck in her arms, and Lady Keith and Cynthia bending over the little waif as it smiled and stretched its arms towards them in its unconscious orphanhood.

"What is it?" Cynthia cried, starting up at Leonard's entrance. "Is he alive? Has he spoken?"

"No," answered Leonard; "but be prepared for a great surprise, Cynthia."

"Who is it, Leonard?" she cried, beginning to tremble.

"Oh, no one—nothing that need agitate you! But it is strange how that wedding at St. Sebastian's haunts us in some shape or other. Look at this."

He put the pocket-book which the surgeon had handed to him into her hands. On its first page was written the name "Percival Danvers."

"Hush!" whispered Cynthia quickly. But it was too late.

"It is the bridegroom," Leonard said. "Why, Cynthia!"—as she caught at the back of the chair from which she had risen.

"What—what have you done?" she stammered.

"I?" he cried, astonished at her agitation. "I have telegraphed for Mrs. Delamaine."

At the same moment Miss Doveton rose to her feet, white as death; and Lady Keith drew the child from her arms to save it from falling.

"Let me see it," she whispered in a strange breathless voice, taking the book from Cynthia's hands.

A paper fluttered from it on to the table, and lay there spread out before her eyes. It was the register of the death of Marie Delorme Danvers, aged 23, on the 25th of June, 187—, at Bella Vista, St. Jerome.

The date seemed to burn itself into her brain. Then she had wronged him; she had been deceived, as he said, by a trick. And he lay there, close to her, cruelly wounded—dying, through her fault. Instantly she perceived that he had perished in bringing her this vindication of himself. Somebody had said, she remembered dimly, that the wrecked vessel was a large West Indian steamer with passengers. Dizzy and faint as she was, the whole story pieced itself together before her, and she was stricken with bitter self-reproach.

"Let me go to him—I must see him!" she exclaimed. "Take me to him!"

"You?" Leonard gasped.

"Yes," she answered, with a shudder; "I—I am his wife!"

• • • • • • •

"Poor child! It has been a terrible blow. She is quite overwhelmed. If he could only have spoken to her once more!" Mrs. Delamaine was saying, with her handkerchief to her eyes. "Dear Lady Keith, it is a tragical ending to a most happy marriage. My poor daughter is completely overwhelmed!"

Lady Keith only bowed her head gently.

Mrs. Delamaine was quite unconscious of the truth. No one had had time, in the confusion and distress when she arrived on the scene, to make any explanation, and now no one had any inclination to enlighten her. So she talked on of her dead son-in-law's virtues, of his devotion, and of her daughter's heavy loss, uncontradicted.

"After such brief happiness to be a widow at eighteen," the mother lamented—"a rich widow too, which is almost an additional trial. He has left her the whole of his fortune. Nothing could exceed his liberality, excepting his attachment to her.

"Poor child!" Lady Keith echoed with genuine sympathy, thinking how her riches came to the young widow weighted with a bitter load of self-reproach.

Mrs. Delamaine, unenlightened, quitted Penmawr Castle with many polite speeches to its hostesses, and took with her a pale silent widow, whose lips never opened in her own home on the subject of her husband. Society heard the story, after Mrs. Delamaine's version, and sympathised and was interested, especially as there was a large fortune concerned.

Cynthia was still staunch and true to her friend. When the Christmas festivities were over at Penmawr, she and Lady Keith would carry Eve Danvers away to sunny Italy to recruit her health and bring back her roses. And perhaps Leonard might join them there. Well, the wound could not be very deep, since Cynthia was planning thus, and delighting herself in her own plans!

But there was one person—and only one—in the drama who was not satisfied to cover up the memory of the man whose death had planted such a sting in the heart of Eve. Leonard Hope remembered another Marie Delorme Danvers—a spectator with him of that wedding procession which had played so strange a part in all their lives since. And, connecting that sad pathetic face and sudden death with the history Cynthia had confided to him, he found the clue to the truth.

It must have been a more than common interest which carried him, still on the track across to St. Jerome and brought him face to face with Cecile Lacroix.

"And my words followed him!" said the implacable Frenchwoman. "Now my darlings may rest in peace. They are avenged."

• • • • • •

"So that timber will never be felled," Sir George Vivian said, as his wife laid down a letter she had been reading aloud to him.

It was from Cynthia Keith, and dated from a *chalet* in Tyrol, to which Lady Keith and her party had gone, after their winter in Italy.

"Danvers," Lady Vivian said; "that is the rich young widow whose husband was drowned last year! I thought Leonard Hope and Cynthia were intended for each other by will, or something of that sort; but Cynthia seems quite delighted at this match."

"Is she?" said Sir George. "Then so am I. It will be such a sell for old Lady Saltmarsh!"

[THE END].

How Married Women Go to Sleep.

There is an article going the rounds, entitled "How the Girls Go to Sleep." The manner in which they go to sleep, according to the article, can't hold a candle to the way a married woman goes to sleep. Instead of thinking what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterward. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed; the old man is scratching his legs in front of the fire and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she exclaims: "James, did you lock the door?"

"Which door?" says James.

"The cellar door," says she.

"No," says James.

"Well, you had better go down and look it, for I heard some one in the back yard lastnight."

Accordingly James paddles down the stairs and locks the door. About the time James returns and is going to bed she remarks: "Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut the cat will get up into the chamber."

"Let her come up, then," says James, ill-naturedly.

"My goodness, no!" returns his wife; "she'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down-stairs again, and steps on a tack, and closes the stair door and curses the cat, and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes: "I forgot to bring up some water; suppose you bring up some in the big tin."

And so James with a muttered curse, goes down into the dark kitchen and falls over a chair, and rasps all the tinware off the wall in search of the "big" tin, and then jerks the stair door open and howls: "Where the deuce are the matches?"

She gives him a minute direction where to find the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the whole neighborhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, procures the water, and comes upstairs and plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says: "James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay——"

"I don't know what you'll have to pay, and don't care!" shouts James, as he lurches around and jams his face against the wall; "all I want is sleep."

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the cover viciously; "you never think of the worry and trouble I have. And there is Araminta, who, I believe is taking the measles."

"Let her take 'em," says James.

Hereupon she begins to cry softly, but about the time James is falling into a gentle doze she punches him in the ribs with her elbow and says:

"Did you hear that scandal about Mrs. Jones?"

"Where?" says James, sleepily.

"Why, Mrs. Jones."

"Where?" inquires James.

"I declare," said his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones, who lives at No. 21? Well, day before yesterday Susan Smith told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Barker had said that Mrs. Jones had——"

Here she paused and listened. James is snoring in profound slumber. With a snort of rage she pulls all the covers off him, wraps up in them, and lies awake until 2 A. M., thinking how badly used she is. And that is the way the married woman goes to sleep.

Thomas Moult's Predictions.

Seven months of the year 1886 have passed away, and the world still wags much as it did in 1885; but, according to an ancient prophecy which has been unearthed by the *Petit Moniteur*, very important events may be looked for ere next December comes to an end. One Thomas Moult, who flourished in the thirteenth century and who is alleged to have foretold the appearance of Napoleon I., the revolution of 1830, the Italian war and its consequences, the war of 1870, and other matters of moment, has left behind him several predictions for the present year. He promised us, for example, "bien des revolutions" in one of the great states of Christendom; a new form of government in a republic; a notable strife; and the ascent of a throne by a great prince. In addition to these prophecies, Thomas bequeathed a few precious words for the guidance of farmers and wine merchants. The harvest, he declares, will be fairly plentiful, yet prices will be high. The grape crop will be good only in a few districts, and wise men will stick to their old stocks of wines and buy more. Thomas Moult was born—but no! Until these predictions have been fulfilled, we need not write his biography.

THE FARM.

Fowls—Keeping Large Numbers.

By careful feeding and proper care, a good laying hen may lay as many as one hundred and seventy-five eggs in a year, but when hundreds of hens are kept together on the farm, the average seldom reaches one hundred eggs per annum. A comparison of the treatment accorded large and small flocks shows that, as a rule, the smaller the flock the greater is the variety of food furnished to the individual, while the competition for existence is increased with the number of hens in the same flock. Division into families seems to be a natural and necessary condition of all animals, and though congregating and herding for mutual protection, they pair and separate during the breeding seasons. It is unnatural for poultry to be kept in large numbers together, especially during the times of laying and hatching. The small flock secures generally all the scraps from the kitchen and the table, and, as a rule, these contain a larger share of the nitrogenous elements (meat, etc.), than is generally fed to large numbers, which partially accounts for the greater production of eggs from the smaller flock. With a large number, the cost of labor is lessened proportionately, and as but few really estimate the labor of caring for a small flock, the keeping of strict accounts charging labor as an item would demonstrate, that there is not such a wide difference in the proportionate profit as may be imagined; yet, as the labor is of but little value until the flocks are large, it is safe to admit that small flocks are more profitable.

The capital necessary for keeping 1,000 hens need not exceed $3,000, and even less will answer, yet but few would be satisfied with a profit of only twenty-five cents a year from each hen, although it amounts to $250, or over eight per cent. Fifty cents per hen annually is not considered an extravagant profit, and it is conceded that a hen should pay one dollar. It depends, however, entirely upon the management, and not the amount of capital. If a large number be so managed, that eggs and chicks are marketed, and the expenses be brought to a mimimum, the capital invested in poultry will bring a large dividend. If a small flock can be made to give a large profit, a number of small flocks should be managed in the same manner and with proportionate results. Properly managed poultry pays better profits than any other farm stock, but it is unreasonable to expect poultry to return in one year the entire capital invested.

Timely Suggestions.

It is reported as a common thing in open fields in the west to see in spring good wheat near the fences while the rest is frozen out. At that rate it seems as if it might be profitable to have hedges for screens across the course of the prevailing winter wind, even but a few rods apart. They do good by sifting violent, tearing winds anywhere, for everywhere fierce winds are a most serious check to tender vegetation.

The economy of pushing on the growth of young animals from birth and fattening at an early age cannot be questioned—where market profit is the only object. But those who fatten an old animal have the compensation—especially if the meat is for home use—that each pound of it contains more of solid nutriment and more of appetizing flavor than can be found in the softer and more vapid young meat.

A French writer says: "Few colts are born with defective hoofs, and if, in riper years, such appear the cause must be attributed to the farrier's vicious handiwork. It may arise from his ignorance in this respect. The first shoeing ought to be done by an experienced farrier, one not likely to coerce or torture the colt, and so have an unhappy influence on its temperament forever."

It is easier to keep an animal fat than to make it fat, and consequently it is the wisest plan to make a young animal fat as soon as possible after birth, and then never allow it to get poor.

If farmers would make it a rule to veal the poorest calves and raise only the best ones they would find their profits materially increased. Feed given to unworthy animals is largely thrown away.

Any farmer who pays 6 per cent interest disburses more than he can afford to pay out for legitimate purposes. If he pays more—and a large number do—he is doomed and might as well give up first as last. His downfall is inevitable. The spider money lender will hold him fast as long as there is a bit of substance left in him. Then he is mercilessly thrown aside as a financial corpse.

CLIMBING MONT BLANC.

The Hundredth Anniversary of the First Successful Ascent.

Sunday, Aug. 8, was the one hundredth anniversary of the first successful ascent of Mont Blanc. The district now so famous, was first made known to the world through the celebrated Oriental traveller Pococke, who happened in 1741, to be in Geneva, and, hearing of the terrible grandeur of the Savoy Alps, set out to see for himself. He was accompanied by an adventurous fellow-countryman named Windham. They had a guard of soldiers. There were no roads, and they followed up the course of the Arve. A romantic account of the expedition is given in the *Mercure de Suisse* for May and June, 1743. Its

PERILS AND ADVENTURES

are described, its great rashness is descanted upon. But they went little beyond Chamouni, where they bivouacked, lighting watch fires, and firing off guns during the night to scare possible marauders. It is supposed they got as far as the Mer de Glace; but Pococke's Arabian experiences were a poor preparation for trudging over a glacier—and such a one—and so he turned back, telling the polite society of Geneva of the wonders which were close to their doors, unknown to them.

It was after this time that the name "Mont Blanc" was given to the "monarch of mountains," hitherto a nameless unit of "Les Montagnes Maudits," the name by which the group was known. The imagination of the famous naturalist, Horace Benedict de Saussure was fired by the account of Pococke's adventure. His life from boyhood well, on to mature age was occupied greatly by explorations of the High Alps, during which he made nearly twenty unsuccessful attempts to scale Mont Blanc. In 1760 he offered a considerable sum of money as a prize for whoever would

FIND A WAY TO THE TOP.

Many, besides himself, tried in vain to scale it, and among them who tried were some whose names (Balmat, Cachet, Carrier) have become familiar as names of experienced and skilful guides who have won the confidence and esteem of Alpine climbers.

At last, on Aug. 8, 1786, Jaques Balmat, accompanied by a Dr. Paccard, gained the summit. He went by the Rochers Rouges; the route hitherto followed led to the Bosses du Dromadaire, which had proved utterly insurmountable. Dr. Paccard nearly lost his life from the consequence of this terrible expedition. Balmat became famous, receiving besides Saussure's prize, presents from the King of Sardinia and others. Next year de Saussure, with a suite of seventeen guides and porters, reached the top by Balmat's route and carried out successfully a series of most important meteorological observations. During forty-one years Balmat's route by the Rochers Rouge was followed, till in 1827 two Englishmen made their way by the Corridor and the Mur de la Cote. At last in 1859, Hudson succeeded in making his way over Les Bosses; successive layers of snow falling

FOR NEARLY A CENTURY

have established a way to the summit which is now the least difficult. But this single fact illustrates the precarious character of even the most favorable adjuncts of Alpine climbing.

In the period of 1786 to 1880 Mont Blanc was climbed by 869 visitors without taking into account guides, porters or local chasseurs. Of these only 49 ascended the mountain during the first 68 years between 1786 and 1854; the remaining 820 during the succeeding 26 years. Fewer lives comparatively, have been lost among the climbers of Mont Blanc than in other parts of the Alps. The fatal record down to 1880 included only 25 persons, 7 of whom were tourists.

In September, 1870 a party consisting of three tourists, three guides, and five porters were overtaken near the summit by a snow storm, which continued to rage with such violence that eight days passed before any search could be made. Five frozen corpses were found about 500 yards below the top, the remaining six are wrapped in perpetual snow. Several ascents have been made for scientific purposes since the time of de Saussure. Thus, Marcins, Bravais, and Le Pileur in 1849: Tyndall and Dr. Frankland in 1858, and Dr. Pitschner in 1859. In 1861 Photographer Bisson reached the top after one failure. He had the excellent guide, Auguste Balmat, with him and twenty-five porters. But the whole of the porters were quite overpowered with sleep, the result of fatigue and the rarefied air, so that he and Balmat had to do everything, naturally with imperfect results.

ENTERTAINING A ROBBER.

A Wounded Man in the Backyard Fell into Good Hands.

One morning just at daylight a number of years ago, a farmer named Peter Rush, living in Ontario while on his way from the house to the barn to care for the stock, discovered a badly wounded man lying on the path. The stranger, as was afterward known, had been to the barn in the night, but failing to secure entrance had started for the house. Overcome by pain and weakness, he had fallen in a faint, and had been lying on the ground an hour when discovered by the farmer. The wounded man was at once removed to the house and placed on a bed, and he soon revived enough to tell his story. He said that he was a jewelry peddler, going about the country with a companion and partner. The two had quarrelled the previous evening, and Skelling, as he gave his name, had been shot and

LEFT BY THE ROADSIDE TO DIE.

He had a bullet in the shoulder and another in the calf of the leg. Both were still in the flesh, and when Rush announced that he would bring a doctor, Skelling begged him not to do so. His wounds were not dangerous, and he would run all the risks. His burning desire was that his partner should believe him dead. He would then be off his guard and Skilling's chances of over-hauling him would be good. A doctor would only spread the news around and give the would be murderer opportunity to escape.

The Rushes, man and wife, were simple people, and the stranger found ready believers in any story he told. He induced them to give him an up stairs bedroom, and to conceal from every one the fact of his presence in the house. It was in the fall, and the weather was much in favor of the patient, who got along remarkably well. He instructed them

HOW TO DRESS HIS WOUNDS,

and, notwithstanding the presence of the lead in his body, there was neither fever nor blood poisoning. In two weeks he was able to be about, and at the end of the third he disappeared. The Rushes found him to be a well-educated, pleasant-spoken, and kind-hearted man. He not only passed much of his time reading the Bible, but was full of religious quotations and familiar with the writings of all the apostles. The Rushes were Christian people and Bible readers, but he seemed to know verses where they knew lines. He had visited all the principal cities in America, and the long evenings were spent in telling them of the sights he had seen and the adventures he had passed through. Nothing had been said as to pay, and the Rushes did not know whether he had money or was penniless. The secret of his presence was preserved from the neighbors, who were daily in and out, and as he grew better Skelling boasted that the man who tried to kill him in cold blood would soon be hunted down and justly punished.

One evening, as the three sat talking, there came a strange knock at the door. Skelling had time to get up stairs before it was answered. The traveller proved to be a detective from Toronto, on the track of a trio of criminals who had committed several robberies in and about that city. Their last exploit had been the

ROBBERY OF A TREASURE CHEST

belonging to a band of fifty Norwegian immigrants going to the States. The trunk had been taken from the midst of them as they sat in the depot, and had not been missed until the men were well off. They had been tracked to several places and it was believed they had cut across the country in a rig stolen from a farmer. The rig had subsequently been found abandoned by the roadside. The officer questioned the Rushes very closely as to what strangers had been seen in the neighborhood, and they answered all inquiries without giving their guest away. While they did not in the least suspect him of being one of the trio, they had passed their word not to reveal his presence. The detective was in the house about an hour, and when he was ready to depart he discovered that the horse and buggy which he had left at the gate had been stolen. Rush lent him a saddle horse, and, after a search up and down the country roads, the officer returned to town in no agreeable frame of mind. When Rush went up stairs to give his guest the news

THE MAN HAD DISAPPEARED,

having opened the window and climbed down on a shed. There was no question but he had taken the detective's rig, and, although the Rushes were rather slow-witted, it did not take them long to come to the conclusion that they had freely and generously entertained one of the criminals. They were, however, in no mood to betray the fact to the world, and in a few days the excitement subsided, and nothing further was said or done.

It was nearly five years after the stranger left the farm house that Rush one day received a letter from the prison at Joliet, Mich., asking him to come at once and ask for a convict named William O'Neill. He went, and he found the man in the hospital and dying of consumption. O Neill proved to be Skelling. Further than that he acknowledged that he was one of the robbers who stole the treasure chest of the immigrants. They were proceeding across the country, and got into an altercation within about a mile of Rush's place, with the result that O'Neill was shot. After his escape from the farm house he visited various States, continuing his criminal career, and was finally jugged at Joliet on a fifteen years' sentence. He had not forgotten the kindness shown him at the farm house, and he was now ready to repay it. He gave Rush directions where to find a sum of money in Chicago, and Rush went there and got it—nearly $8,000 in gold and greenbacks. Inside of a fortnight O Neill was dead. The money was no doubt the proceeds of a robbery or gain from a gambling table, but this suspicion did not prevent the old couple from making use of it, or from some of the neighbors exhibiting their envy by seeking to have them indicted.

Business Traits.

A selfish fellow—The fish vender.
A man of mettle—The stove dealer.
Is clever at taking people in—The stage driver.
Worse than a gross man—a grocer.
A hard laboring man with a brief career—The lawyer.
Always in a hole—The grave digger.
His life a continual grind—The miller.
A well-bred man—The baker.

Slang is not elegant, but it is of wonderful assistance to suffering humanity.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Curls and Crusts.

"I don't like crusts, and I won't eat them!" said Mamie Dollber, pushing her plate away, while her red lips pouted naughtily.

Mamma had been telling her how wasteful it was for her to leave so much good bread upon her plate, while many little girls had to go without any breakfast at all.

"I'd give 'em all my crusts, if they were here," said Mamie, with a little chuckle.

Mamma went on talking not seeming to notice.

"There is another reason," she said, why I do not like the habit. It gives your plate a very untidy appearance. What if papa and Uncle Ben and Aunt Nannie and brother Will and I should each leave a pile of crusts, with the soft bread nibbled out? How do you think it would look?"

Mamie laughed at the idea, and looking up archly into her mamma's face, she said,—

"There'd be a lot for little hungry girls, wouldn't there?"

Mamma looked at her disapprovingly, while Uncle Ben said, addressing Mamie's mamma,—

"Did you ever hear that eating crusts would make the hair curl?"

"No, I never heard it," replied Mrs. Dollber.

"Of course, I can't say positively that it is true," said Uncle Ben, with a sober face. "I never needed to try it, for my hair curls naturally, though, to be sure, I've eaten crusts all my life, now I come to think of it."

He did not so much as look towards Mamie while he was talking, but the little girl listened, with her two pink ears very wide open indeed.

If there were any one thing that Mamie Dollber longed for more than another, it was for curly hair. Hers was as straight as an Indian's, except when mamma did it up in curl papers, and then it never stayed in curl over night. Could this suggestion of Uncle Ben's be true, she wondered? She had half a mind to try it. She hated crusts, but then she hated straight hair too.

The next minute, when Uncle Ben looked across at Mamie's plate, not a crust was in sight. Then he was seized with a sudden fit of coughing, and Mamie patted him on the back; and the more she patted, the more he choked and coughed, till she asked mamma if somebody had not better go for the doctor. But Uncle Ben recovered after a time, and told an odd story, at which everybody laughed and laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks, though Mamie could not see why it was so very funny.

After this there never was a crust on Mamie's plate, and how the bread did vanish.

Said mamma one day,—

"Somebody must be eating more bread than usual. Last week I had to buy rolls two or three times, and this week, although I made an extra loaf, I shall have to bake before Saturday."

"It is good bread," said Uncle Ben; and then they all laughed, and Mamie wondered what they were laughing at.

She knew where the bread went, but she did not think it was necessary to tell, and she was glad that nobody asked her about it. She thought it a little strange that not even mamma seemed to notice that she left no crusts nowadays.

Once, when she was taking the end slice of the loaf, which her sharp eyes now always spied out, she chanced to glance up at Uncle Ben, and she half thought he was laughing behind his napkin; but the next minute he was talking soberly enough, and she felt she had been mistaken.

Meantime, she watched her hair with great eagerness. It did not as yet show the least sign of a crinkle. So she tried to eat more bread, in order to get the crusts; but when there was plum-pudding, or fruit-cake, or ice cream, or strawberries on the table, she was often tempted to give up the hope of curls altogether, for bread did fill up so that there was not much room for the goodies she liked so well.

At last, a brilliant idea possessed her. Nobody could like to eat crusts, she thought, though papa pretended to like them. So one day she took the big bread-knife and went into the store-room, where the bread was kept. She was there a good while, and a few minutes after she came out, mamma went in, and what do you suppose she found?

Mamie had cut every particle of crust from two large loaves, and what a muss she had made on the nice clean shelf! But mamma did not scold Mamie; no, she scolded Uncle Ben instead. And I think he deserved it.

And although Mamie did no more mischief with her mother's smooth, white loaves, she did continue to eat the crust on her slices of bread at the table; but she never had curly hair. Nor did she ever find out till years afterward that Uncle Ben was joking the day he told about curls and crusts.

The Top of the Piano.

Nothing, to my mind, gives so true an indication of the musical *status* of a person as the top of his piano.

Whenever I enter a house for the first time and am shown into the drawing-room or study, my first glance, and that a searching one, is towards the piano-forte.

Most rooms give plenty of indications as to the nature and qualities of their inhabitants, but—to a musician, at least—the one unfailing index of character is that indispensible article of furniture, the piano.

I do not disregard its surroundings and adjuncts, such as the music-stool, the canterbury, and even the make of the instrument itself, but it is to the top of the piano that I look for information.

As thus: in a country town a short time since, I called upon a leading local professor who was a total stranger to me.

The first thing that caught my eye on entering his neat drawing-room—too neat to please me—was an ancient Upright piano, upon the keyboard cover of which—not even on the top observe, but on the keyboard cover—reposed two fluffy circular sheepskin mats; mats, too, of a bilious yellow color, which aggravated the crime.

Of course I know the man's character from that moment as well as though I had known him for years. He was not an atom of a musician, but a conventional twaddler who would talk triviality by the hour, and bore you to death with details of his last severe cold six months ago.

Again, at another house whither I repaired once to give a first lesson, I found a small pianette open—the keys showing decided hollows from wear, and the top covered with such piles and mountains of music that more than one avalanche had swept some to the ground on either side.

The book most ready to hand was a well worn copy of Bach's "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues," and I instantly felt the conviction that here I should find my very best pupil, which conviction was quickly realized.

For the benefit of those who have given less attention to this subject than myself, it may perhaps be as well to here point out a few of the more expressive indices afforded by the top of the piano.

Piles of music are always a good sign; the person who has a thin portfolio, or two or three pieces and songs laid ready to respond to the hollow demands of politeness, is a being to be shunned.

Still the quality of those piles must be regarded, for what is a more appalling indication than the dropsical portfolio of the school girl?

Too many cheap editions of classics, if in the house of a person of means, show a lack of appreciation for good music; too many scores of comic operas (I like to see one or or two) show a superficial taste.

He stood under the window and sang "How Can I Leave Thee." But he did leave, and so suddenly that the dog went back of the house and wept.

DON'T DRINK IN THE DARK.

Mrs. Mary Powers Did, and for Seven Years She Carried a Bat in her Stomach.

Mrs. Mary Powers of Cambridge, Mass., ejected from her stomach the other night a winged and living bat, which she had swallowed while drinking water seven years ago. Her house was visited by a *Globe* reporter yesterday. A middle-aged, pleasant-faced woman answered the inquirer's knock. When asked if she was the one who had borne a living bat in her stomach for seven years she answered in the affirmative. Ushering the reporter into the parlor, she left the room and returned in a few moments, carrying in her hand a glass preserve jar. At the bottom of the jar a black object appeared to be moving about.

"There it is," said she; "and if a woman ever suffered more than I have during the past seven years, I would like to see her."

An examination of the strange creature in the jar revealed the body of a bat with hooked wings and other appendages peculiar to that animal. It was black on all sides, and the lower part of the body was covered with a thick film of dark hair. The body was about three inches long, and its extended wings measured over seven inches across from tip to tip. The most peculiar feature of the animal was the head. It was about one inch in length, and shaped somewhat like that of a lizard. From its lower jaw several tufts of long dark hair hung in clotted masses. The eyes and nostrils are well marked. The head was topped with two extremely long ears. It weighed from two to three ounces, and possibly more.

"It is hard to believe," said Mrs. Powers, "but I'll tell you how it happened. One dark night about seven years ago, when I lived in Arlington, I went out to the pump to get a drink of water. I drew the water into a dipper, and without examining it, drank it off. Immediately after I began to feel a pain in my side. It grew worse as the night advanced, indeed, so much so that before morning I suffered the most terrible pains in my stomach and sides.

"Things went on in this way for two weeks with occasional spells of rest, when the torture I was enduring became so excruciating that I could stand it no longer. I was taken sick and went to bed. Dr. Harris came and failed to discover the cause of my strange condition. I sent for other doctors but without any further result. They were all dumbfounded. Still I went on suffering. After enduring indescribable torments for over a year I went to the Massachusetts Hospital and asked them to do something for me. The doctors examined me, and finally told me to go home. My sufferings increased. I lost the use of my limbs, arms, and fingers, while the pains in my back and side whenever I attempted to move are horrible to think of even now.

"Saturday, Sunday, and Monday were the worst days since the eventful night seven years ago. About 12 o'clock Monday night that creature passed from my bowels, since which time I have enjoyed the best of health. I recovered the use of all my faculties."

Over 300 people visited the house yesterday, to all of whom the strange creature was shown. Several professional men here also visited the premises and looked at the bat. They seem to be all at a loss to account for its place in the animal kingdom. It is still alive.

De Evils Ob De Day.

A LEARNED DISCOURSE ON FASHION.

You all needn't be lookin in de book,
Cause hit ain't from dar my tex is took;
De subject dat I'se gwine ter talk on
Is right yere on dis flo' you walk on.

De sinful way dis worl' is gwine on,
Will soon fetch up de judgment morn,
De good Lawd will sen' de worl' to burn
Onless for good hit takes a turn,

You young gals a settin' by de doah,
Come up whar you kin hear a leetle moah,
De sarmon's gwine ter be on Fashion
An not about de hearts you's bin a mashin'

You know de Good Book tells us all
Dat pride is sartin' sure to go befo' a fall
Dar's pride a plenty in yo' heart
De fall will come onless wid it you part.

Sposin you was to fall ter day;
Wha'd you drap, I say?
Des like a star, at night a shooten,
To de Debbil you'd go a cally hooten.

In your wickedness you's been gwine on
Eber sense de day dat you was born;
For kingdom come and glory gin a shout
Repent ter day an den fer heaben set out.

On Sunday morn to church you go,
All ter make a mighty sho',
On dat new cloak you minds is sot,
Or to see de hat what Sister Jane is got.

W'at use is niggars got for velvet cloaks,
Dat's cut out an' made fer rich white fo.ks!
In dem you look des lak de crow,
Dat tried de peacock's fedders in his tail ter grow.

You men settin' in de rear
Ise also got a word for you to hear,
All de week you spen' in workin' hard,
Haulin' loads ob meat, an' flour an' lard,

When Saturday night comes aroun'
How much meat in your safe is foun'?
You know hits hard to answer dat
Cause your money's gone for dat new beaver hat.

Ef dat's de way you spen yo' labor
You'll soon be lookin' in de hen house ob your nabor,
You needn't grin at what I'se tellin' you,
Fer ebery word you know is true.

In yo' safe dar's not a dust ov meal,
Yo' chillun is learnin' how ter steal,
Lay aside yo' fancy dressin's,
An larn dem chillun hones' lessins.

Wile we all jines in singin' ov de hymn,
Jesus Lover of my soul, Bruddeis Dick and Sim
Will please ter pass aroun' de hat,
Hit will sanctify yo' sin ef drop a dime in dat.

Synonyms.

One gets a vivid sense of the different atmosphere about words substantially synonymous in trying to make substitutions in a proof-sheet. For example, the lynx eyed proof-reader has some day conveyed to you, by means of the delicately unobtrusive intimation of a blue pencil line, the fact that you have repeated a word three times in the space of a short paragraph. You have to use a substitute. It is easy to think of a half dozen terms that stand for very nearly the same idea, but it is in the incongruous implications of them all that the difficulty lies. You consult your Book of Synonyms, and find there nearly all you have already thought of, but never any others. There is, however, one further resource. You have had from boyhood the Thesaurus of English Words. Hundreds of times, during all these years, you have referred to its wonderful wealth of kindred terms. You seem dimly to remember that on one occasion in the remote past you did find in it a missing word you wanted. It shall have one more chance to distinguish itself. Perhaps the sentence to be amended reads thus: "As he tore open the telegram a smile of bitter mockery flitted across his haggard features, and he staggered behind the slender column." Suppose, now, it is the word "*mockery*" for which you seek a substitute. The Thesaurus suggests, a smile of bitter *bathos*, bitter *buffoonery*, bitter *slip-of-the tongue*, bitter *scurrility*. Or suppose it is "*staggered*" that is to be eliminated. You find as alluring alternatives, he *fluctuated*, he *curveted*, he *librated*, he *dangled*. If each one of these would seem to impart a certain flavor that is hardly required for your present purpose, you may write, he *pranced*, he *flapped*, he *churned*, he *effervesced*, behind the slender column. Or should the word to be removed be "*haggard*," you have your choice between his *squalid* features, his *maculated* features, his *besmeared* features, his *rickety* features. Or, finally, if you are in search of something to fill the place of "*column*," your incomparable hand-book allows you to choose freely between the slender *tallness*, the slender *may pole*, the slender *hummock*, *promontory*, *top-gallant mast*, *procerity*, *monticle*, or *garret*. The object of this work, says the title-page, is "to facilitate the expression of ideas and assist in literary composition."

BRIEF AND BRIGHT.

Thirty per cent. of the births in Paris are illegitimate.

English is to be taught in the common schools of Japan.

Extensive coal fields have been found in European Turkey.

The Belfast riots cost many lives and scores were wounded.

Dynamite has been used successfully in Pesth for driving piles.

India has a greater acreage of wheat than the United States.

Straw hats have been worn less this summer than ever before.

So far thirty towns in Ohio have adopted prohibition under the Dow law.

A man named Swindler has been appointed postmaster at Climax, Mo.

A piece of sidewalk in Atlanta, Ia., became so dry that the heat of the sun ignited it.

Illinois has the champion camp meeting, the estimated attendance being sixty thousand.

British Columbia's coast is at once to be made defensible by forts at Vancouver and other points.

Fifty girls in a New Haven rubber shop struck because the superintendent would not allow them to have the windows open.

A Des Moines (Ia.) paper says that when A. K. Cutting worked in that city as a printer he was known as "Dirtyshirt Cutting."

"Rocking" at Mount Desert consists in two persons of opposite sex sitting on a secluded rock, under an umbrella, and conversing.

Saccharine, a product from coal tar, costs $12 a pound. A teaspoonful of it will convert a barrel of water into good syrup. It does not decay, mould nor ferment.

A prisoner in the Elkton jail charged with murder spends his time counting the letters, words, verses, and chapters in the Bible. He claims to have made a complete count, and is verifying it.

Savannah, Ga., has a policeman who can sleep soundly while walking. The other night he slumbered through a heavy shower, and was much surprised when he awoke and found himself drenched.

The Palmer *Journal* tells of a citizen who, when the fire bell rang the other evening, rushed to the man at the rope shouting, "Stop! Stop ringing that bell right away! You mustn't do it! It'll wake up my baby!"

The Danville *Breeze* tells of a young woman riding with a young man, and exclaiming at the sight of two calves: "Oh, see those two little cowlets." "You are mistaken," said the young man; "those are not cowlets, but bullets."

TERRIBLE DEATH OF A TEXAS BOY.

From the Bite of a Rabid Dog—The Mad Stone Proves Useless.

On the farm of W. K. Gandy, near Fort Worth, Kan., a rabid dog bit Walter Gandy, 4 years old, in the face. Several of the animal's teeth entered the flesh in the cheek and above the eye. The little boy did not suffer, except from the laceration, but the parents at once took him to Denton, where a mad stone was applied. It would not adhere, and it was said that no virus had entered the system. Not satisfied, the father took the boy to Mansfield, where a second mad stone was applied. It also refused to adhere. Saturday the little fellow said his throat was sore and refused to eat. He would cry when water was brought near him, and soon became frantic. Physicians went out from Fort Worth and exhausted their skill, but the boy grew worse, and greenish foam issued from his mouth. His piteous cries and contortions were simply horrible. A little playmate came to see him yesterday and Walter snapped at him, biting him slightly in the face. The physicians fear this boy has also been inoculated with the poison. In the evening the sufferer became quiet for awhile and slept for a few moments. He awoke with the tremor, barked like a dog, bent himself nearly double, gnashed his teeth, blood and foam gushed from his mouth, and he was dead. Mrs. Gandy, the mother of the boy, is prostrated with grief. It is feared she will die from the shock.

Russia's Military Strength

The growing disposition to compute the relative military forces of Germany and Russia finds more than usually candid utterance in an article quoted in some of the papers from the Berlin Post. After a detailed examination of the Russian reserves their numbers and the state of their organization, the following summary is given of the standing armies in the two countries: Russia: Infantry, 823 battalions; cavalry, 936 squadrons; artillery; 2,472 pieces; pioneers "and railway troops," 31 battalions. Germany: Infantry: 503 battalions; cavalry, 372 squadrons; artillery, 2,040 pieces; pioneers and railway troops, 21 battalions. Attention is called to the numerical superiority of the Russian establishment, particularly in the cavalry arm; and it is also remarked that the troops of the second reserve are more efficiently organized in Russia than in Germany. The Post winds up its article as follows:—"To judge the Russian army impartially, we should say that it exhibits signs of a new and wide-spread organization, with great attention to developing the strength; but the little homogeneity, little uniformity and consecutiveness—something about it that suggests the idea of jerks. In point of fact, the Russian character itself is clearly reflected in the army system as a whole, and the very same features can be distinguished in the political conditions of the empire."

The Death of Grace Darling's Sister.

On a recent Friday Grace Darling's only sister died in her little home under the shadow of Bamborough Castle, within sound of the wild waves that beat against Holy Island and the rock that wrecked the Forfarshire. The simple and pious old lady to the last, like the heroine herself, could not understand why so much had been said about the plain act of duty which made the family name immortal. She has been laid in the sea side churchyard, close to the sister who died so young forty years ago, and whose marble effigy lies in the sea wind and sun, with her oar upon the folded arm. A gray stone wall divides the thin grass of the holy ground from the bleached and pallid growth of the sand dunes. For the dark and strong basalt of this Northumbrian coast, into which is built the tremendous pile of the castle, is everywhere heaped with the sands of many storms.

If ever there was a "wide-watered shore" straight out of Milton's visionary mind, it is this. This is a clean sea, moreover, and when the late sun of the north catches the foam of the "league-long breaker," nothing could be more wildly beautiful. The keep of the castle is to be had for summer visitors, and is inhabited just now by the Bishop of Oxford.

It takes more courage sometimes to discharge a debt than it does to discharge a cannon.

Fish is good brain-food, except in instances where it doesn't find anything to assimilate with.

"My dear, it's going to rain again." "What makes you think so, Mr. Dusenberry?" "Because my bunions ache." "For shame, Mr. Dusenberry! You are at the table!" "Humph! So are my bunions."

A widow owned a large gravel bank which a certain railroad company was very anxious to secure. Several propositions were made and rejected, and the president finally sent his private secretary down with instructions to offer up to $14,000. The young man returned after a couple of days and, when asked how the business had turned out, replied: "I will accept your offer." "You?" "Exactly, I married the widow and own the bank."

HOUSEHOLD.

Hints.

The following is the recipe for the original Spalding's liquid glue. To one pound of good glue put three pints of cold water and let it soak fifteen hours; then melt in a hot water bath; when melted and thoroughly mixed add one quart of crude acetic acid and three ounces of cheap glycerine and stir well together. If too thick, add more acetic acid. Vinegar in place of acid won't answer, as vinegar is three parts water at least and only one part acetic acid.

From half a dozen coal-sifters fastened together a very good fruit-dryer may be made. Place these over an oil stove having an iron plate laid above the flame to equalize the heat. Change the lower box to the top every now and then and be sure to dry the fruit, not to cook it. Fruit may thus be dried on a small scale with great satisfaction.

For felons and rusty nails hot water is said to be a specific. Immerse the part affected in water as hot as can be borne until the pain is gone. This is the cure employed by the Shakers.

Do not allow your little girls to freckle, for freckles are difficult to remove, and come early. They are caused by the oxygen in the air combining under the influence of sunshine; they may be prevented by shading the face with a hat or bonnet of proper dimensions. If the little face gets tanned, it will be well to wash it with elder-flower. And, in fact, in summer it is sometimes needed to cool the skin.

The secret of good manners is to forget one's self altogether. The people of really fine breeding are the ones who never think of themselves, but only of the pleasure they can give others. No adornment of beauty, of learning, or accomplishment goes so far in its power to attract as the gift of sympathy.

The Journal of Applied Chemistry recommends the use of a small quantity of carbolic acid in paste for laying paper-hangings and in whitewash, and states that it will repel cockroaches and all insects. It will also neutralize the disagreeable odor consequent upon the decomposition of the paste, which in newly papered walls is very offensive. The cheapest and best form of carbolic acid is crystal, which dissolves in water at an excess of temperature.

Quicksilver mixed with the white of an egg will cause the bedbugs to entirely disappear, if put in all the crevices and mattresses. A nickel's worth of quicksilver and the whites of two eggs will be sufficient for two or three beds.

Choice Recipes.

Beef Croquettes.—Two cups of cold beef chopped very fine, half a cup of bread crumbs, two eggs, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, parsley, salt, and pepper. Mix the meat and bread together, add the seasoning, and moisten with the egg. If the compound is still too dry work in a little melted butter. With floured hands form the compound into croquettes, roll these first in egg, then in cracker crumbs, and fry to a good brown.

Apple Custard Pie.—Peel sour apples and stew until soft, then mash them fine, beat two eggs for each pie to be baked; put in at the rate of half cup of butter and one cup sugar for two pies. Line the pie-tins with paste; put in the apples, eggs, sugar, and butter and a grated nutmeg, after they have been mixed. For top crust put strips across in squares or triangles, and bake in a quick oven.

Dandy Pudding.—Two quarts of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of corn starch dissolved in some of the cold milk, six eggs, beat the yolks with enough sugar to sweeten say three tablespoonfuls. Stir in the egg and sugar before the milk gets hot, then the corn starch. Let the mixture come to a boil, stirring all the time to prevent burning. Flavor with lemon. The pudding should be about the consistency of thick cream when done. Beat the whites with a little sugar, flavor, spread on the top and brown.

Apple Slump.—Pare and slice one quart of apples, put them into a kettle with half teacup of water, half cup of molasses, half cup sugar, let them stew while preparing the crust. For the crust take one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half teaspoonful soda, a little salt, and milk to make it stiff enough to roll about an inch thick. Lay it on top the apples, cover close and let it cook in even half an hour with a moderate fire. Do not lift the cover until done. Serve hot with butter and cream.

French Mustard.—Put an onion to soak in a cup of vinegar, let stand three days, strain and add one teaspoonful each of salt, sugar, and cayenne pepper, mustard to thicken, boil five minutes.

STRANGE WAGERS.

Bets Which Have Become Historical.

A gentleman at one of the London clubs made a wager of £100 thtt he would stand for an entire day at a point on London bridge with a tray of gold sovereigns, and offer them at a penny each without finding a purchaser. He won the wager, as the passers-by supposed the coins were brass and declined to invest.

The Master of the revels of George II. was regarded as the ugliest person in the kingdom, as none had been found who could successfully contemd against him for this distinction. One of the noblemen of the court laid a wager that he could produce a person surpassing him in this respect. At the time appointed he caused a notoriously homely fishwoman that he had heard of to be brought, who stood by the side of the champion. With the approval of the present wearer of the belt, the palm was about to be awarded to her, when a bystander, probably interested also in the result of the decision, suggested that the champion put on the old lady's bonnet in order to make the conditions of the contest more equal. He did so, when the added ugliness was so emphatic and indescribable, that the victory was awarded to him.

Another wager, which is somewhat familiar owing to the extraordinary character of the feat, was that of Sir John Throckmorten, which was for one thousand guineas that he would wear a suit of clothes in the evening made from the wool taken from sheep the same day. At 5 o'clock on a Summer morning in 1811 two Southdown sheep were shorn, the wool was washed, roved, spun, carded and woven; the cloth was scoured, fulled, dyed and dressed; the measure taken, the suit cut and completely made and worn at a dinner given by Sir John at 6 o'clock in the evening.

The wagers made on the speed of horses are so common, and the terms and conditions so uniformly of a commonplace character, that they hardly command attention on the score of novelty. Donkeys have times been put on their speed, a quality that they have not been popularly supposed to possess. About twenty years ago a race (so called) came off on the Newmarket course to decide a bet of £100 made by the owner of a donkey that he would go 100 miles in twenty-four hours. The meek looking little chap not only let his master out in good form, but had fully three hours to spare.

After the battle of Gettysburg an officer in command of an infantry brigade made a wager with a staff officer in the cavalry that more than one-half the muskets captured would be found to have one or more charges still in them. This led to the discovery of a very singular fact. At that battle 28,000 muskets were taken, of which over 18,000 were found to be loaded. Some 12,000 contained two loads and 6,000 had from three to ten loads each. In many instances half a-dozen balls were driven in on a single charge of powder, while in not a few instances the former possessor had reversed the usual order and put the ball in first.

Some ludicrous and amusing wagers were paid on the result of the Presidential election. A Meadville (Pa.) girl bet fifty kisses against a Winter wrap that Blaine would carry New York.

LATE DOMINION NEWS.

A Paris spaniel, which was deprived of its litter of puppies, adopted a kitten and is rearing it.

Mr. N. M. Ostrom, merchant of Frankford, reports that he was chased for a considerable distance from the margin of a small lake on Sill's Island by a snake thicker than a stovepipe and of extraordinary length.

Just as John W. Bennet, of St. John, N. B., had completed a three years' term in the penitentiary, for bigamy, he was again charged by wife No. 1, with the same offence.

Recently a bear seized a calf in a field of Mr. Alex. Watt, at Fort Coulonge, and could not be induced to release it until it had broken the calf's back in two places and otherwise disabled it.

Mr. John McDonell, of Glenrey, a Glengary Province, has just died at the age of 71 years. He came to Canada in 1816 when an infant, and for a time lived in the township of Lochiel afterward removing to Charlottenburgh, where he resided until his death.

John and Micheal Hickey have been fined $100 for operating an illicit still near Port Perry, and John and Michael Bowles for permitting the illegitimate business to be carried on upon their premises were convicted and will appear for sentence when called upon.

While mounted police in pursuit of the Edmonton stage robbers were passing the Sarcee camp of One Arm at Calgary, a brave ran at Inspector Moodie with a sword and the inspector, in self-defence, shot him through the arm. Four bottles of beer were found in the Indian's shirt.

When Ah Sing, now lying in the New Westminster gaol under sentence of death, was informed that he had been granted a reprieve for a month he was very angry and much disappointed. He is a believer in the transmigration of souls, and after execution he expected his soul to inhabit the body of a bird, and counted on getting even with those who had given evidence against him by picking their eyes out.

A vigorous fight is in progress between the School Board and the Council of Windsor. The Board want the Council to raise $16,500 for the building of a new High School. The Council voted on the question, and by a majority of only one decided not to make the desired appropriation. The School Board now propose taking legal measures to compel the Council to vote the money. The Council are against the appropriation because they are not pleased with the School Board's selection of a site.

Mr. Thomas Kittle, of Moore Township, while digging in a swamp for water, came upon the skeleton of a mastodon. The tusks or horns are over four feet long, and weigh about forty pounds each. The upper jaw and part of the head is three or four feet long, and is more than one man can lift. The ribs are of enormous size. The whole remains have not yet been excavated, but the process of exhumation is going on, and scores of visitors are going from all parts of Lambton to view the remarkable discovery.

School Teacher East, of Tyendidaga School Section No. 4, resigned his charge, but as he claimed his resignation was not acted upon he had two weeks to teach after vacation. On reaching the school on Monday last, however, he found Trustee Brown with a lady teacher in possession and was informed that his resignation had been accepted. He seems to have disputed this statement of the case and to have attempted to open the school whereupon trouble ensued and a magistrate has been called in as final arbiter in the premises.

There is a squabble in legal circles in Belleville. The story is told that while a prominent counsel was absent from the court room an attorney donned his gown and entered upon the defence of a couple of criminals in dock. When the owner of the gown returned he peremptorily ordered the removal of the garment, but the judge allowed the attorney to appear before him without a gown. Several members of the profession now threaten to bring a charge against the attorney. They claim that an attorney has no right to conduct a case at any criminal court except a police court.

Several Germans from Hay Township took the train at Clinton the other day. Near Sebringville the hat of one of the party blew off, and unconsciously he stepped off the train to recover it. The train was running at thirty miles an hour at the time, and it was taken for granted that he would be instantly killed. As soon as possible a stop was made and the train was backed toward the locality of the accident with the object of taking on the mangled remains. Soon, however, the corpse was found running along the track to catch up to the train. He had received a bad cut on the side of the face and a dislocated shoulder, but otherwise was uninjured.

A married woman of Portland, N. B., when proceeding homeward a few nights ago was attacked by an unknown man on a deserted street. Her screams were heard by three men ahead of her. They hurried to her assistance and captured her assailant. The woman hesitated about going to the police station to lay an information, and expressed a wish that he should be punished in some other way, whereupon two of the rescuers seized hold of the ruffian and held him, while the third beat him until he fell exhausted upon the street. They then kicked him until they were tired, and left him in a very badly used-up condition.

A young man near Brussels was employed to take the flax pickers home to that town. He had a lot of dry hay in his new hay-rack, and being anxious to see how quick about 25 men could get off his wagon he dropped a lighted match into the hay. Every man jumped for his life, the funny man included, and but for a farmer who jumped the line fence and caught the team there would have been a runaway. By a desperate effort the horses were detached from the wagon only slightly singed. The new hay-rack was destroyed, however, and considerable repairs had to be done to the wagon. The young man is not favorably impressed with his success as a humorist.

The Place of Honor.

A few days ago a fond mother gave a juvenile daughter a chocolate sweetie, which however, from maternal fear of bairnie's appetite, was not eaten at once, but was to be kept till the afternoon before being devoured. "Now, dolly, said the loving parent, "mind you have promised me on your honor not to eat the chocolate before tea time, haven't you?' "Yes, mother," answered the dutiful mite, and went on her way rejoicing. A very short time afterward the chocolate disappeared, all traces of it gone, save a sticky, brown mark round the little girl's rosy lips. "Dolly, Dolly," remonstrated her mother, "where was your honor when you ate the sweetie?" "In my 'tomach," was the profound and unanswerable reply.

Barrin' the Ice.

Housekeeper (to new cook just imported)—"Bridget, how do things keep in the new refrigerator?'

Bridget—"Well, mum, they all seem to kape poorty well, barrin' the eice, which 'pears to milt ivery blissed day."

"That was a mysterious disappearance of Smith, the teller of the Cash Bank." "How so? His accounts were all right." "Yes. That is where the mystery comes in."

Thefts of money from garments hanging in the clothes room of a Meriden factory led the electrician of the establishment to catch the hitherto undetected thief. He connected a pocketbook in the pocket of a pair of trousers with wires that terminated at a gong in a distant room, and so arranged the wires that the gong would ring when the pocketbook was moved. The pocketbook was moved, the gong sounded, and the thief was caught.

HEALTH.

The Sleeping Habit.

The ability to sleep well is one of the most excellent qualifications which can be possessed by a hard worker in any sphere of life. Sleeping is very much a matter of habit, and there is no doubt that the taking of sleep at regular hours is one of the most excellent means of preserving health; but there are many professions and provisions in life that do not admit of absolute regularity in respect to rest or sleep. Physcians, and in fact professional men generally, are called upon to discharge duties which necessitate long periods of severe labor and insufficient and irregular sleep. Such persons may to a large degree atone for the transgression of the physical law requiring regularity of sleep, by acquiring the habit of sleeping whenever opportunity affords, even though the hour may not be the one usually devoted to rest. Napoleon and Wellington have often been quoted as persons who took little sleep. It is said of both these men that they rarely slept more than four hours at night. This is unquestionably an insufficient amount to maintain the wear and tear of an active body, and numerous anecdotes support that belief that both Napoleon and Wellington really secured a much larger amount of sleep than is generally supposed.

For instance, it was reported of Wellington that it was not an infrequent thing for him to fall asleep at the dinner table in the midst of a meal. In one instance he fell into a profound slumber in the midst of a repast to which a number of his friends had been invited. Out of deference to the Iron Duke, all the guests suspended eating, and maintained the utmost silence until he awakened. On another occasion his son, while riding with him, was astonished to discover that his father was sound asleep. The horse, a fast trotter, was going at a high rate of speed, and the Duke held the lines. His son was obliged to awaken him to save a disastrous collision, but received no other recognition for his service than the angry exclamation, "Mind your own business, young man!"

Napoleon was famous for "taking forty winks" when riding in his carriage or whenever opportunity afforded. Both of these men probably managed to get nearly the average amount of sleep. For a man whose habits must necessarily be irregular, it is a valuable acquisition to be able to fall asleep at almost any time when opportunity affords—when riding on the cars, waiting in a railway station, or at any other time when necessarily disengaged, to improve the chance to put in the time in sleeping, providing nature has been defrauded of the necessary amount of time for repair and recuperrtion. By this means, one who would otherwise break down under a constant strain of mental activity, may be enabled to prolong his usefulness, when otherwise he might meet the expectations of his friends in a complete physical break down.

Cause of Short Life.

Dr. Hitchcock, the eminent professor of physical culture at Amherst, believes that the reason why the average length of life is only forty years, is that men and women live too fast. Their heads are prematurely bankrupt; their stomachs are worn out; their hearts, kidneys and muscles are overworked. If the use of tobacco increases the next as it has during the past twenty-five years we shall not only know of sudden death from heart and brain injuries consequent upon it, but we shall see in the Anglo-Saxon race, men emasculated and sorely deficient in muscular strength. A lack of control over our bodily and mental functions is one reason why we live forty instead of seventy years.

A TRIAL UNPRECEDENTED.

A Dominican Monk Robs the Monastery, Feigns Suicide, and is Acquitted.

Bordeaux has been in a state of excitement about the trial before the Assize Court there of a Dominican named Pierre Brochard, a Doctor in Theology, and a remarkably fine-looking man of 35, with a long brown beard of exceptional luxuriance. The indictment sets forth that on the 31st of March last a malefactor entered the Dominican monastery at Lille and with the aid of false keys succeeded in opening the safe in which money, Stock Exchange securities, and other property were kept. He carried off twelve debentures of Austrian Rente worth 30,000 francs, and upward of 9,000 francs in bank notes and gold. This robbery must have been committed by a person familiar with the monastery, as no window was broken, nor was any noise heard by any one belonging to the house. Pierre Brochard, it was further set forth, left the building on the eve of the robbery, and on the 14th of May, assumed the name of Berthier, went to the office of M. Molina, a money changer of Bordeaux, and sought to get several Austrian debentures cashed.

As notice had been received by the money changers of Bordeaux not to pay the stolen bonds, M. Molina, finding the numbers were the same as those on the list sent by the Dominicans of Lille, caused Pierre Brochard to be arrested. The monk, on being interrogated, owned that he had been enabled by false keys which a Lille locksmith manufactured for him on the model of the real ones, to open the iron safe of the order. He committed the robbery the night after he left the monastery, when all the inmates were in bed, simply by unlocking every door that came in his way. On quitting Lille he decided to renounce an ecclesiastical life. He simulated suicide by leaving his monastic suit on the bank of a river, where they were found. He swam to the other side, and, as he had prepared the brotherhood for suicide, they concluded, when his frock and underclothing were found, that he had drowned himself. Then under the name of Berthier he proceeded to Bordeaux, and told every one he met about the suicide of the monk Brochard, so that he was never suspected of the robbery, and would not have been detected but for the money changer noticing the numbers of the Austrian debentures.

Nothing could be more full than the avowal. On the judge asking whether he had anything to add in extenuation of his offence, be said that he had a grave malady which science was powerless to cure, and that owing to its effects on his brain he was unable to preach. It was under the influence of this derangement that he planned and exected the robbery which, he owned, he went about in a cool and cautious manner that seemed incompatible with the mental state he described. His crime was abominable, and his repentance was deep and bitter. A Dominican brother was called by Brochard's counsel as a witness of the circumstances of the robbery. He knew nothing beyond what had been confessed, but he informed the jury that according to the civil law there had been no robbery, all things being in common in a monastery. Brochard had perhaps taken more than his share, and prematurely, out of a fund of which he was a co-proprietor, for under the decree for the expulsion of the religious orders this money was divided equally among the brethren, who were to be regarded as a religious family. The presiding Judge indignantly protested against this theory, but it went home to the jurors, who returned a unanimous verdict of acquittal.

It Wasn't a Sickly Country.

"Isn't this a sickly country?" said a stranger to an Arkansas man.

"No, sir."

"Then why is it that nearly every one I see is sick?"

"Oh, the people is sorter sickly, but the country never gets sick. Never heerd o' sich a thing all my life."

He Was a Cool One.

Noah (discovering the last man on the summit of the top-most mountain)—"Hello, there!"

The Last Man—"Hello, Uncle Noah, a little sloppy!"

A JUST RETRIBUTION.

The Punishment of an Unnatural Son.

Aout fifteen years ago I set up shop as a lawyer in a young town in British Columbia and the very first case that came to me was one to delight a lawyer's heart. An aged woman named Mary Sharon had deeded all her property to her son William, on the understanding that he was to support her and do so-and-so during the rest of her life. After a year or two he became anxious to get rid of her, being vigorously encouraged by his wife, and matters were made so hot for the old lady that she could no longer stay in the house. Indeed, she was turned out of it, and but for the charity of neighbors would have

DIED OF HUNGER AND EXPOSURE.

While she had a copy of the agreement drawn in legal form and good evidence in a suit, none of the five or six lawyers would take her case because of fear of the son. William had given out that he would kill any lawyer who meddled with the case, and he had the record of being a desperate, revengeful man. When the mother came to me she frankly warned me that I must look out for Bill, but when I had looked into the case I determined to become her counsel, Bill or no Bill. My first move was to send for the son, to see if he desired to carry out his agreement. He came into my office in a swaggering, defiant way, having a revolver buckled to him and three drinks of whiskey behind his vest buttons. He cursed the mother, me, the law, and all else, and wound up with:

"Now, then, you go ahead. The minute you make trouble for me, I'll make a corpse of you."

"And now you look here," I answered, as I brought out a six-shooter to cover his head, "I'm in this case to the bitter end, and whenever you feel like shooting don't wait for me to begin."

Bill was a boaster and a coward. He turned white as flour, and became as humble as a lamb. He went out of the office like a cur, but I knew the feeling raging in his heart, and I realized that he would

BRING ABOUT MY DEATH

if he could do it with safety to himself. I had the proper papers served and the suit opened. Bill made his threats and boasts but kept clear of me. I expected he would fill up some day and come into town for a shooting scrape, but he had another plan to work on. We had a sure case, as his friends informed me, but he was determined to bluster it out.

My office was over a store, and reached by outside stairs. There was a front and a back room, and the latter, I being a bachelor, was used for my bedroom. It was the fashion to leave all doors open during the day, and when I left my office on any errand, or to go to court, it was not locked When it became known around that I had taken Mrs. Sharon's case, and bluffed her son, Bill, I had plenty of small business to look after, and was much of the time in the Courts.

One day, just before the big suit was to come to trial, I went into court on an ordinary suit, and was detained three or four hours. The office was left open as usual. As I returned to it, three or four citizens accompanied me, and as we reached the foot of the stairs we heard a terrible yell from the rooms above. Next moment Bill Sharon came rushing down the narrow stairs hatless, eyes starting from their sockets, and

SUCH A LOOK OF TERROR

on his face as I never saw before or since. He rushed past us, shrieking and yelling, and it was only when he was clear of us that we made out the horrible truth. Two great rattlesnakes were hanging to him—one by the right wrist, and the other by the right leg. They squirmed and twisted and flopped as he ran, and his screams and exclamations brought out the whole town. He ran about a block, and then lay down in the street and rolled over and over, and the snakes let go of him and were killed as they crawled away.

Bill had been bitten in three places. The only antidote suggested was whiskey, and a good two quarts were poured down him without the slightest relief. It did not in the least stupefy him nor quiet his excited condition, and in an hour he was dead—his bloated body and purple face presenting a horrible sight. It did not take much head-work to discover how it all came about. Bill wanted revenge on me, and his plan was to leave the rattlesnakes in my bedroom. He had taken them there in a box after seeing that the coast was clear, and had dumped them out on the floor. The box was there to prove it. In his haste to be gone he had been careless, and as the serpents were loosened they turned on him and fastened their fangs in his flesh. It was retribution, but none of us could help but pity his horrible fate.

ARSENIC IN THE GUM.

A Colored Lad Gives his Father Liberal Doses of Rat Poison.

A colored boy 14 years old was the other morning arraigned in a Boston Court on the charge of attempting to murder his father by administering rat poison. The little fellow glories in the fact that he almost killed his father, and confessed with evident satisfaction. The boy says he was incited by a woman who had a grievance against his father, but his chief motive was revenge because the father refused to gratify a whim.

The boy walked into Station 3 closely followed by his rheumatic father, Joseph Frowle, who keeps a newspaper stand and fruit store. Joseph's son John, according to the father's description, is "the smartest little nigger in the city, only he'll lie as fast as he can talk and steal everything he can lay his hands on." Frowle was a slave before the war. For a few weeks the boy has been at work in his father's fruit store. The father noticed that the receipts began to diminish from the first day and soon learned that the boy was helping himself to the change. He remonstrated but without avail. The boy kept on stealing. Then the father cut out all but one of the boy's pockets, and every night he searched that pocket for money stolen during the day.

About six weeks ago the father was suddenly taken ill and nearly died. The case puzzled his physician. He thought it looked like arsenical poisoning, but he could not learn that there had been arsenic around the house. The patient recovered and seemed to be regaining his strength, when he was again prostrated with the same symptoms. Again he rallied, and again he was taken ill.

All this time Mr. Frowle chewed gum and wondered what ailed him. There was no clue to the cause of the trouble until last Friday. That night Mr. Frowle found a lot of blue powder in the lad's handkerchief, and some large grains of the same substance in his pocket. Mr. Frowle called the boy and said to him:

"What are you going to do with that stuff?"

"I was goin' to put it in that food to poison you," was the reply, as the lad pointed to some food on the stove.

Then the boy confessed that he had taken rat poison and carried it in his pocket two days before he made up his mind to use it. "Then,' said he, I put it on your bread and in your gum. You thought the bread was mouldy, but it wasn't. It was the poison."

Frowle does not chew tobacco, but he is very fond of gum. When a customer entered the store he would lay the gum upon the most convenient spot, and then forget it for an hour or two. The boy would improve the opportunity to put poison in the gum. Frowle was greatly alarmed when he found that he had been swallowing arsenic. He sent for three doctors. They agreed that he had had a narrow escape, but that he was now out of danger.

At first Jhonnie took all blame upon himself but when he was again called before Capt. Hurley, he said that a woman, whose name was withheld, had incited him to the crime. The woman once worked for Mr. Frowle and had had trouble with him. Jhonnie has gone to jail, and the police are investigating the story about the woman.

CRUEL, FAITHLESS EMILY.

A Young Wife Deserts her Old Husband and Elopes Disguised as a Nun.

A little over a month ago, in a small town near Parsons, Kan., Luke Moore and Emily ——— were married. The groom was a man about 65 and the bride not yet 18. She was visiting from an Eastern city and he was a rich farmer. Taken by her city ways, he proposed matrimony, and the knot was tied. Mrs. Moore tired of her old spouse quickly, and, repenting her hasty marriage, with all the impetuosity of youth plunged into the wildest excesses, until her actions became the talk of the little town. She was on one of her freaks when she ran across a well known travelling hardware man from Chicago, giving his name as Pollock. She confided in him her troubles, and he easily induced her to run away. They came to Kansas city and concealed themselves, intending in the morning to take the train west.

When the Southern Kansas came in a man with a flowing white beard, and bearing every evidence of being a well-to-do farmer, jumped off the train and commenced a systematic search through the remaining trains at the depot. People wondered at the old fellow going through the trains and peering into every one's face. Going through the one in which the guilty pair were seated—the male companion several seats back of his guilty partner—he passed a quiet looking Sister of Charity, giving her a mere look. Something must have attracted his attention, for, as he reached the door, he turned round and gazed a few moments at the Sister's back. She turned around, evidently thinking he had left the car and she had escaped suspicion. He recognized the face, and, with a heartrending cry, "Oh, Emily!" rushed to her seat.

She repulsed him, but he tried to take her in his arms and carry her away. The passengers in the car, seeing the indignities the supposed Sister was undergoing, and thinking that the old fellow's wails of "my wife Emily" were those of a crank, they became indignant. One man, Pollock, who was sitting several seats behind, jumped up and attempted to eject the old man. The conductor ordered him to leave the car or an arrest would follow, as he believed him a crank.

"But, my God, sir," cried the aged farmer, "she is my wife. I married her not a month ago."

"Oh, get off the train, you crank, or I'll fire you off," said the conductor.

The old man was forcibly ejected from the train amid the indignation of many and cries of "Send the crank to an asylum," and his own cry, "My God, Emily, you're cruel!"

He left the depot hurriedly to invoke the law, but when he came back the train had pulled out and the bird had flown. As it pulled out Pollock came up and took a seat beside the fraudulent Sister. They chatted and smiled pleasantly together, while the remaining passengers commenced to smell a rat. It was these actions that subsequently gave credit to the story of the deserted old man, as he spoke feelingly of his child wife. She took considerable money.

Scotland and England.

Scotland was an independent kingdom from the earliest times. The first attempt to assert the supremacy of England was made by William the Conqueror, who, in return for predatory raids by the Scots over the border, invaded Scotland in 1072, and made King Malcolm acknowledge him as over-lord. This acknowledgment was the cause of much dissension, but the national interests of the two kingdoms wree believed to be indissolubly united by the marriage of the daughter of Malcolm to Henry I., king of England. In 1286 the direct royal line in Scotland became extinct, and there were several claimants to the throne. These made King Edward I. of England the arbiter of their claims, and he decided in favor of John Balliol. In return for his favor Edward compelled King John to swear allegiance to him as his over-lord. John being forced by his subjects to disavow the allegiance, Edward resolved upon the conquest of Scotland. He invaded the country with a great army, deposed the king, and finally took possession of the kingdom. Then followed the twenty years' struggle for independence on the part of the Scots, headed first by William Wallace and after his death by Robert Bruce. Edward died in 1307, on the eve of his third invasion of Scotland, and his successor, Edward II., inherited neither his military ability nor his determined energy. The struggle ended with the complete overthrow of the English army at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314. England acknowledged the full independence of Scotland by treaty in 1328, and from that time the aggressions of the stronger kingdom were only those provoked by the Scots themselves. To gratify her antagonism to England, Scotland formed an alliance with France, and, whenever war was declared between those hereditary foes, hastened to invade England in behalf of her ally. The Stuarts came to the Scottish throne in 1376, in the person of Robert, a son of Marjorie, the daughter of the famous Robert Bruce. The two royal houses were united by the marriage of James IV. of Scotland to Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII. of England. The great-grandson of this union, James VI. of Scotland, succeeded to the throne of England also as James I., in 1603, and the two kingdoms were peacefully united. The Scots continued to have a separate parliament until 1707, when the legislative union of the two kingdoms was accomplished.

An Extraordinary Murder.

A murder has just been committed at Frontchristiann, near Briancon, telegraphs our Paris correspondent, under very extraordinary circumstances. Two sisters named Maria and Catherine Ollagnier, aged 45 and 47 respectively, lived together at that place. They were in comfortable circumstances and were most attached to each other. Much of their time was devoted to religious exercises and good works and they were esteemed far and wide. It seems that on Monday Catherine Ollagnier told her sister that the Lord had appeared to her in the night and had asked her to sacrifice her as a proof os her devotion. Maria Ollagnier saw nothing strange in this, and consented to be offered up as a victim. Accordingly, on the following day, after attending mass, the two sisters returned home, and after taking a cup of coffee, Catherine made a deep gash with a razor in Maria's arms and feet.

Catherine Ollagnier relates that as she was bleeding to death, her sister repeated, "Jesus, Mary, my hope, my Saviour!" while for her part she carefully collected the blood which flowed from her wounds as a precious relic. As soon as Maria had breathed her last Catherine laid her out, attiring her in a white robe. She then proceeded to a notary at Briancon with a copy of her sister's will. She assured the notary that God had bidden her to kill Maria, and to burn all the securities she possessed, and that she had obeyed his will in every particular. Catherine Ollagnier was, of course arrested on the spot, and she is to be examined by a medical expert with a view of ascertaining whether she is sane.

The One Thing.

"If it wasn't for one thing, boys," said an old farmer, as he got down from his wagon, "I'd bet enny amount o' money on thet bay colt o' mine trottin' a mile in 2 16½. I'd bet a million dollars ef I had it."

The crowd laughed derisively.

"What is the one thing?" asked one of the crowd.

"The distance is too fur for the time."

Adam and Eve were tried in the apple-ate court.

THE WORLD OVER.

The eight members of the Fraser family in Pictou, N. S., are 597 years old. Their mother died recently at the age of 100 years.

Church mice carried matches into the attic of the church of the Sacred Heart at Bathurst, N. B.; they were ignited and the building destroyed.

A California cow swallowed a stick twenty inches long and nearly an inch thick, and in due course of time it worked its way out of her side without doing her much damage.

Five Chinese stowaways were found on a Pacific mail steamer at San Francisco the other day. They were all young men, and had paid members of the crew from $150 to $200 to smuggle them ashore.

A small boy in Bangor, Me., thought it would be fun to tie paper and straw to his dog's tail and set them afire. The dog ran into the boy's father's barn, which, with an adjoining house, was burned to the ground. Loss, $4,000.

Henry Worthington of Genesee, Ill., is a nice young man. During the long evenings of last winter, instead of fooling away his time in reading or studying, or sleighriding with the girls, he made a patchwork quilt. It contains 6,022 separate pieces. Henry is just 21 years old.

Joe Harris of New London found a fat pocketbook, and as soon as he could find the owner restored it to him. The man was delighted. "There was $90 in it," he said. "I'm awful glad you found it. Here, smoke this." The cigar was bad enough to almost make an honest man turn thief.

On the first Sunday in August one of the employees in a tannery at Dexter, Me., sharpened his razor on a strap on which the curriers sharpened their knives, and proceeded to shave. He cut his chin slightly, and a few days after his face began to swell, and on the following Saturday he died of blood poisoning.

A fine fish story comes from the Sucker State. It is that a Genesee man floating down the Illinois went to sleep, leaving a stout fish line dangling in the water. When he awoke his boat was fifteen miles further up stream than when he went to sleep. A monster catfish had swallowed the bait and towed the boat up the river.

Mary S. Martin of Philadelphia, a member of the Society of Friends, saw William C. Eisenhower beating his horse. She remonstrated, and he swore at her. She had him arrested, and the Justice looked over the statutes until he found an old law against swearing, and he then imposed the fine provided therefor. The fine was 67½ cents.

Continued dry weather near Danville, Ill., led Samuel White to dig a well. He bored twelve feet, and struck water that flowed so freely that the dry bed of a creek near by has been converted into a fine stream. Farmers come from long distances to see what seems to them very much like a miracle—a stream of cold water flowing through lands that are parched and brown with drought.

James Myer, Jr., of Kingston was raking hay with a wire horse rake drawn by a mule. The mule stepped into a bees' nest with the usual results. When the bees got through with the mule and the mule stopped running, Mr. Myer, who had been spending the most of the time with the hay among the rake teeth found himself nearly devoid of clothing, but quite covered with scratches and bruises.

While the Bushwick Rifles, a crack Georgia company, was drilling the other evening a despatch, apparently from Washington, was handed to the Captain, asking how many at his command could start at once for Mexico. He read it to the boys, who with one accord began to make excuses. They wished that they had talked more warlike when they learned that the despatch was a hoax.

Lee Fong, a Chinese woman, brought to California as a slave for base uses, and sold to Ah Kee for a wife, has brought suit against him for divorce. This is the first case of the kind known in California. She says that her husband forced her to live in a house of prostitution, whence she was taken on a writ of habeas corpus and removed to the Chinese Christian Mission at San Francisco, where she now is.

James Lyon of Elmira desired a photograph of his fine, St. Bernard dog. When the dog saw the camera pointed at him he suspected that something was wrong and bolted out of the door. He was coaxed back and posed again. Again he took alarm, and, the door being shut, jumped out of a window, fell on an awning, broke through, fell on two young men, smashed a hat flat, and terribly scared a small colored bootblack. The dog weighs 150 pounds.

One of The Mysteries of Paris.

A very singular affair has just found its denouncement at the Morgue in Paris. Some days ago the body of a little girl, between 4 and 5 years of age, enveloped in a sheet and lying on a pillow, was found on a staircase in a house on one of the minor streets of the city. The little creature was extremely pretty, she was neatly dressed, and had evidently been well tended and taken care of during her short life. The first idea naturally entertained by the press and the public, as well as the police, was that a crime had been committed, and that the child had been murdered, by some person or persons interested in getting rid of her. Yet a careful examination of the little corpse by skilled physicians failed to reveal any trace of violence. It was then subjected to a refrigerating process, and was exhibited for several days at the Morgue, but though thousands came to see the poor little creature, no one could recognize her. Finally a thorough post-mortem examination was undertaken, and the cause of her death was at once revealed. The case is an extremely rare and curious one. The little girl had been troubled with that very common infantile affection, worms in the stomach. One of these parasites of unusual size had forced its way into the child's throat, a fit of coughing had ensued, the worm had entered the windpipe and suffocation had terminated the life of the little sufferer. It is supposed that she was not with her parents, whoever they might be, but was under the care of a nurse, who, on witnessing the child's sudden death, had become terrified for fear of the consequences to herself, and who had then abandoned the body in the place where it was found. It was therefore thought that as soon as the real facts of the case were made known, the persons who had had charge of the child finding themselves thus relieved from all responsibility, would come forward and reveal the facts concerning her. Nothing of the kind took place. The little one thus strangely deserted by her relatives and guardians, had been quietly interred, and her name and identity must henceforth be cited among the undiscovered mysteries of Paris.

The Rev. George O. Barnes, the mountain evangelist of Kentucky, says that he has made his trip around the world with his wife, son, and two daughters entirely on faith. He had no plan when he set out but to preach, had no invitations from abroad, no promise of support, no acquaintances even in the countries he visited. Yet he made the journey and wanted for nothing. It is said that there is nothing of the beggar or dead beat about any of the Barnes family.

A Camden, N. J., man has invented and is having built an ocean tricycle. It will be made entirely of iron and steel, except a small platform where the operators will stand. The wheels will be eight feet in diameter, and will be worked by levers from the platform, which will be twenty-seven feet from the ground. The idea is to run this machine out to stranded vessels when they lie in water not over twenty feet deep. The inventor says that three miles an hour can be made with the tricycle.

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

There was a light frost during Tuesday night, but very little damage was done.

A number of people from this place and vicinity have taken advantage of the cheap rates to visit the fair at Toronto.

But little grain has yet been brought to market, the reason probably being that a great many farmers are away at the Toronto fair.

On Wednesday evening of last week a child belonging to Mr. McMullen, of Caniftou, aged 1 year and seven months, was run over by a train at the Emily St. crossing of the G. T. R. in Belleville and instantly killed.

The price of cheese in the wholesale markets still continues to advance, and as high as 10½c. has been paid for first class lots. The market may be said to range from 9½c. to 10½c. according to quality. This is good news for those interested in the cheese factories.

Going to Leave.—Brock & Co., the leading photographers of Belleville, who have been coming here for some time, are only coming five or six times more. Any who want first-class work better have it while they are at your door. Brock & Co.

Stirling, Sept. 9th.

The Albert College Business School at Belleville is one of the most practical and thorough in Canada. Ornamental Penmanship, Banking, Phonography, etc., taught by specialists. Students were in attendance last year from British Columbia, Manitoba, Michigan, New York, Ontario and Quebec. Fee, $10 per term of 10 weeks, or Commercial, $25. Send for circular.

Mr. D. W. Ketcheson, of Belleville, states that the suit of clothes worn by "Coffin" McDonald in court on Thursday was one that he purchased to wear at his wedding. He got it from his tailor the day before the wedding and had it stolen from his buggy whilst on his way home. The parcel was missed upon arriving home, when he drove back to the city in the night and purchased a ready-made suit for the ceremony.

Last week a Magistrate's Court was held in this village before Dr. Faulkner, reeve, at which a farmer in the northern part of Rawdon was charged with cruel treatment of a boy in his employ, a lad of about sixteen years of age. After hearing the evidence the defendant was fined $15 and cost—$7.10. A civil action for damages was also threatened, but the case was settled by the payment of about double the amount of fine and costs.

Parties living convenient to the line of the Central Ontario Railway should take advantage of the cheap excursions to Trenton every Saturday morning at single fare; leaving Springbrook at 9.17 a.m.; Rawdon, 9.27, Midland Junction, 9.40. 150 pounds carried free both ways. Return, leave Trenton at 3.45 p.m., allowing over 5 hours to do business. For rates and any information required apply to M. S. Cassau, agent, Rawdon. 1-1w

We have received a copy of the prize list of the Bay of Quinte District Exhibition which is to be held at Belleville Sept. 21st to 24th. The prize list is a very extensive one, and as it is a union exhibition, including the West Hastings Agricultural Society and the Horticultural Society, no doubt the show will be a good one. Our thanks are due to the secretary, Geo. H. Pope, Esq., for a press badge and complimentary ticket to the exhibition.

A few weeks since the council of Trenton refused to grant the request of the school board for a grant of $3665 for additions and improvements to high and public schools. As the contracts had been let by the Board and the work commenced the matter stood in a peculiar shape and the schools were not opened as usual on September 1st. On September 6th the council met and the matter was reconsidered, when the sum asked for by the Board was granted by a two-thirds vote.

On Friday last George Fredricks, an engineer on a ballast train on the Grand Junction, lost his life while attempting to jump from his engine. The train was returning to Hastings for the night when a tree top was observed on the track, and thinking that the engine would likely be thrown from the track, both the engineer and fireman jumped off. The fireman escaped all right, but the engineer missed his footing, struck his head and had one of his legs almost severed from his body. He was taken to Hastings where he shortly expired. He leaves a wife and three children, who are living at Belleville. A brakeman on the Canada Pacific, near Peterboro, lost his life in an almost similar manner the same day. His name was Dennis McCarthy, and his friends live at London, Ont.

N. Washington, M. D., etc., the distinguished Throat and Lung Surgeon, will visit Stirling September 24th, at Scott's Hotel. One day only. The Dr. is the oldest Throat and Lung Surgeon in Canada, and after having devoted years to the special study of diseases of the head, throat and lungs, comes to the people of Stirling and surrounding country thoroughly tried. Read the circulars which will appear and judge of the merits of his *new method*. Come and examine, have a trial and then judge. Hear what the people have to say who have been treated for Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Loss of Voice, Sore Throat, Enlarged Tonsils, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, etc. Consultation free. One day only. Remember the date. Head office for Ontario, 215 Yonge St., Toronto.

The Belleville *Intelligencer* of Monday last says:—"The Magistrate gave judgment this morning in the case against John G. Pearson, of Rawdon, in which he is charged with sending adulterated milk to the Trent Valley cheese factory. Evidence was given a week ago which the Magistrate found conclusive against the defendant. In the written judgment the clear and pointed evidence of Mr. Jas. Whitton, instructor in cheese making, was commented upon. The defendant was fined $25, and $10.95 costs, for watering milk. As the evidence in the charge of sending skimmed milk to the factory was not conclusive it was dismissed with costs, $7.30. Mr. S. B. Burdett appeared for the prosecution and Mr. Geo. D. Dickson for the defence. The case will be appealed. Cheese men ascribe the credit of the successful prosecution to Mr. Whitton, and say it will do much to stop a growing evil, which, if tolerated, will ruin the reputation of the district in the cheese markets, as it lowers the standard of the product.

On Saturday afternoon last as Mr. D. C. Hyde, of the 2nd con. of Sidney, accompanied by Mr. Francis Hogle, was leaving Trenton for home, and when crossing the Gilmour Company's railway track, an engine passing north with a lumber train struck the buggy as the front wheels reached the centre of the track. The vehicle was torn from the horse, thrown about 20 feet and deposited a complete wreck in the gutter. Neither of the occupants were injured. An employee of the company, named Archie McDonald, who was sitting on a lumber car, saw that an accident was inevitable and attempted to jump to be of assistance to the imperilled parties; he did not clear the train and was knocked between the cars and run over. The wheels did not catch him, but he was terribly bruised and cut about the head and body, by being dragged and rolled along the track. It was feared that he had sustained internal injuries. The engineer of the train claims that he rang the bell whilst approaching the crossing, but his assertion is disputed. The crossing is without protection. While it remains so it will, like all others, continue to be useful to doctors, undertakers and reporters.

A False Report.

It seems that the report that was telegraphed here that Charles Butler had shot himself at New Arundel Hotel in Toronto was entirely false. The *Globe* of Friday last says:—"Charles Butler, whose home is in Stirling, Ont., is a guest at the New Arundel Hotel on Jarvis street. A foolish joker sent a telegram to Butler's father yesterday with the startling information that his son had shot himself. Butler was a pretty much astonished man when a telegram reached the hotel from his father at Stirling asking for particulars.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Marmora, Sept. 14th, 1886.

Oh! dear!! another lawn social. Last Thursday night was appointed but on account of the moisture of the atmosphere it was postponed till the next night. This one was held at Lily Creek, the residence of Mr. R. Campion, and the sum realized was $44, which was good considering the weather and the distance.

W. E. Gladney and wife, Thos. Warren, sr., and daughter, are among those who took advantage of cheap rates to the Industrial Exhibition at Toronto.

What might have been a fatal accident occurred last Saturday. A young man named Bailey was driving a somewhat spirited horse through the village, and becoming frightened at something, it started to run away. On turning the corner at W. Biglows' it kicked itself loose from the buggy and started for home. The occupants were thrown out on the stones and Bailey rendered unconscious. Medical aid was at once procured. The horse was met not far from home going quite leisurely.

Yesterday Patrick McFall was brought up on a charge of assaulting his step-son, and the powers that be decided that they would assess him $5 and costs. Pat paid his tax. The injured had two ribs broken with some iron weapon thrown at him.

There is a travelling photograph gallery at present located on Mr. G. W. Bleecker's lot, next to his store. G. E. M.

A new Baptist parsonage is to be erected at Campbellford.

"Coffin" McDonald has been sent up for trial on seven different charges.

A new high school is to be erected at Campbellford at a cost of $8,000. The contract has been let and operations begun, the contractor to have the building covered and enclosed by the 1st December next, and completed by the 1st of May, 1887.

Mr. Munson, of Cobourg, has been awarded the contract for dredging Belleville harbor. Work is to be commenced immediately. It is expected this will prevent the disastrous flooding which has occurred so frequently of late years.

Messrs. G. S. Tickell & Sons, of Belleville, who were burned out last week, have purchased the premises on Front Street recently occupied by them. The firm will immediately put up a building calculated to suit the convience of their rapidly growing business. For the time being they occupy quarters in the Metropolitan Block. They now put their loss by fire, above insurance, at $8,000.

Belleville has been visited by another destructive fire. From the *Intelligencer* we learn that on Monday night, at "about 11:15, fire was discovered in the upper part of Mr. John Lazier's woollen mill, on Reed Street. The fire brigade was prompt in responding to the alarm, but was unable to check the advance of the flames. The building was of rough-cast and the men labored at every disadvantage. The woollen mill and grist mill were both totally consumed. Their original cost was about $25,000. Insured for $5,000. Loss on stock $1,000. A number of pieces of goods were saved. Mr. Lazier had the contract for supplying the Kingston Penitentiary with cloth, and had an order about ready for shipment. It was saved. The factory was erected in 1868 and was widely known throughout the country. Mr. Lazier was through the building last night after the employees had left and saw that everything was all right. The place where the fire originated was unused and there had been no fire about the premises since last Saturday. The room was in the mansard roof at the north-east corner. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary. This morning nothing but smouldering embers and a cellar full of ruined machinery was left. Mr. Lazier has met with many reverses, but this is, perhaps, the severest of them all."

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

Dear Sir,—In looking over the columns of your paper I arrived at the conclusion in reading the Oak Hills correspondence that to edit a newspaper a man requires a great amount of patience to occupy time and space with such a continuation of big orchard and Clinky Jane, of motive power and perpetual motion, and goodness know what else. He says that for a man to enjoy life fully he must be kept under the sustaining influence of three square meals a day; well, I think that for a man to enjoy such a conglomeration of little sense and a lot of nonsense as the Oak Hills correspondence they would need something very easy to digest. Lest I should occupy too much of your space and come on a par with B. B. I will bring my remarks to a close.

Please insert this in your paper and oblige, yours respectfully,

Subscriber.

Sept. 13, 1886.

Fall Fairs.

Provincial, at Guelph, Sept. 20 to 25.
Bay of Quinte District, at Belleville, Sept. 21 to 24.
Rawdon Township, at Harold, Sept. 28.
Madoc, Sept. 29 and 30.
Kingston, Sept. 28 to Oct. 1.
East Hasting, at Roslin, Wednesday, Sept. 29th.
North Hastings, at West Huntingdon, Friday, Oct. 1st.
Napanee, Oct. 5 and 6.
Picton, Oct. 6 and 7.

Credit Sales.

Wednesday, Sept. 22.—On the west half of lot 2, in the 7th con. of Rawdon, the Farm Stock, Implements and Household Furniture belonging to Mr. Wm. Hagerty, jr. Sale at 10 o'clock, a. m. Free lunch at noon. C. Butler, auctioneer.

STIRLING MARKETS.

Wheat, 60 to 75c.
Barley, 50 to 65c.
Rye, 50c.
Oats, 35c.
Peas, 60c.
Flour, $2 to $2.25.
Potatoes, 50 to 60c.
Butter, 15c.
Eggs, 11c.
Lard, 12½c.
Hay, $8.

BELLEVILLE MARKETS.

Fall Wheat, per bush	$0 70	to	$0 75
Spring Wheat, per bush	0 70	to	0 75
Oats, per bush	0 33	to	0 36
Barley, per bush	0 50	to	0 60
Rye, per bush	0 45	to	0 45
Peas, per bush	0 50	to	0 50
Potatoes, per bag	0 60	to	0 65
Apples, per bag	0 40	to	0 50
Butter, per lb	0 18	to	0 25
Lard, per lb	0 09	to	0 11
Eggs, per doz	0 11	to	0 13
Hay, per ton	8 00	to	9 00

TRENTON MARKETS.

Fall Wheat, per bush	$0 78	to	$0 80
Spring Wheat, per bush	0 85	to	0 87
Barley, per bush	0 50	to	0 60
Rye, per bush	0 55	to	0 60
Oats, per bush	0 37	to	0 40
Peas, per bush	0 55	to	0 70
Butter, per pound	0 15	to	0 17
Eggs, per dozen	0 10	to	0 12
Potatoes, per bag	0 60	to	0 70
Flour, per 100 lbs	2 25	to	2 75
Hay, per ton	8 00	to	7 00

It is expected that the Dominion census just taken will show that Winnipeg has a population of 22,000.

Col. Ingersoll's ideal of a great lawyer is the English attorney who accumulated a fortune of £1,000,000, and left it all, by will, to establish a home for idiots, on the ground that he wanted to give it back to the people from whom he took it. This is a left-handed compliment to Ingersoll's clients.

The Chicago Anarchists held a mass meeting the other night and declared that if the men under sentence are executed, "700,000 avengers will arise from their blood." Then a collection was taken up to pay the expenses of the appeal for a new trial, and the amount realized was $10. This is like our own Rielites, who have spent tens of thousands of dollars in "demonstrating" against the enforcement of the law in the Northwest, but have not contributed half a farthing per head for the benefit of Riel's orphans. These are the sort of people who indulge in "soarings after the supernal and divings after the profound," but don't pay cash.

Births.

In Stirling, on the 15th inst., the wife of Adam Hough, of a daughter.

In Stirling, on Sept. 9th, wife of William Clark, of a daughter.

Married.

At Christ Church, Belleville, on the 13th inst. by Rev. E. Sibbald, John Barber, of Huntingdon, and Lydia Wilson, of Hungerford.

On the 8th inst., at the Methodist Parsonage, Madoc, by Rev. W. C. Beer, Mr. Charles H. Holgate, to Miss Idela Haight, both of the Township of Huntingdon.

On the 15th inst., at St. Paul's Church, Marmora, by Rev. C. M. Harris, Mr. Isaac Spry and Miss Mary Ann Mumby.

Deaths.

In Sidney, on the 10th inst., Agnes Caroline Smith, wife of Mr. Thos. J. Smith, aged 31 years, 8 months and 22 days.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The gloomy fears, desponding views, and weariness, that many complain of, would disappear were the blood made pure and healthy before reaching the delicate vessels of the brain. Ayer's Sarsparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood; thus promoting health of body and sanity of mind.

Mr. Hern, of Orillia, has an apple tree bearing fruit in three stages of growth. Apples of good size, others just formed, and blossoms all over the tree.

Ayer's Ague Cure, when used according to directions, is warranted to eradicate from the system all malarial diseases, such as Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Intermittent, Remittent, and Bilious Fevers, and disorders of the liver. Try it. The experiment will cost you nothing if a cure is not affected.

The damage at Charleston is expected to exceed considerably the original estimate of five million dollars.

NATIONAL PILLS will cure constipated bowels and regulate the liver.

Seven hundred Christians have been massacred in Tonquin and fifty villages burned.

PROF. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP is a cheap and handy form of obtaining the healing virtues of a sulphur bath.

Recent heavy rains have almost ruined the crops in the north of Ireland.

WORMS CAUSE MUCH SICKNESS among children that Freeman's Worm Powders will surely cure.

The State of Maine has gone Republican by a reduced majority. Light vote.

IF YOUR CHILD IS STUBBORN or hard to administer medicine to, Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup will be appreciated.

The hop crop of New York State this year is only 20 per cent. of an average crop.

The Bulgarian army officers at Sofia have pledged themselves to loyalty to Prince Alexander.

CERTAIN CURE.

A Cure for Cholera Morbus.—A positive cure for this dangerous complaint, and for all acute or chronic forms of Bowel Complaint incident to Summer and Fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; to be procured from any druggist.

Farmers have lost $12,000 worth of hogs by cholera in the vicinity of Tolono, Ill. and the disease is still spreading.

OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

It is just as essential that the human body should have pure blood, as that a tree or plant should have sap to nourish and invigorate its growth. Nearly all our bodily ills arise from unhealthy blood. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies this fountain of life, and regulates all the vital organs to a healthy action.

It is stated that Prince Alexander's compulsory abdication was the result of personal vindictiveness on the part of the Czar.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

An honest medicine is the noblest work of man, and we can assure our readers that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is not only reliable, but is almost infallible to cure Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Canker of the Stomach and bowels, and the various Summer Complaints, whose attacks are often sudden and fatal.

Notice has been given that in future all fresh fish caught in Canadian waters and taken to the United States will be subject to a duty.

A NATIONAL EVIL.

There is no question but that Dyspepsia is the national disease of our country, and when complicated with diseases of the Liver and Kidneys is the cause of untold misery. Burdock Blood Bitters will almost invariably cure the worst case known.

The sixth tea-ship with freight for the Canadian Pacific Railway will soon be due at British Columbia.

IN SEASON.

It is now in season to warn our readers against the sudden attacks of Cholera, Cramp, Colic and the various Bowel Complaints incident to the season of ripe fruit, vegetables, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the grand specific for those troubles.

The West Oxford Cheese Manufacturing Company has received an order for a two-ton cheese for the English market.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

The liver secretes bile to move the bowels; the kidneys secrete urine to carry off uric acid, which would poison the blood; the stomach secretes gastric juice to digest or dissolve the food, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters acts upon these organs and purifies the blood by cleansing all the secretions of the system.

The alleged sea serpent seen in the Hudson River proves to have been a log about thirty feet long from the burnt steamer, Daniel Drew.

Fluid Lightning is simply a marvellous Rheumatic Remedy. I was for two months a cripple, unable to get out of the house, from Sciatica. One bottle gave me instant relief and placed me on my feet again. I have driven fourteen miles to-day (something I could not possibly have done were it not for Fluid Lightning) for the express purpose of procuring another bottle. So says Wm. Dixon, Gananoque. Only 25 cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

A white girl, a domestic in a hotel, has fallen in love with a colored barber, and will marry him whether he will or not. He had been very friendly with her but did not contemplate matrimony. He received a lawyer's letter suggesting two alternatives—to marry the girl or be sued for $500 for breach of promise. He concluded to marry.—Kingston Whig.

Years of experience and successful trial have proved McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate the most complete and satisfactory compound for healing Old Sores, Festerings, Ulcers, Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Frost Bites or Felons, and for keeping out the cold and to cleanse or prevent proud flesh, sloughing or decay. Insist on having McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate, sold at 25c. by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

German photographers have succeeded in photographing a projectile in the course of its flight; and some of these photographs show the head of condensed air which precedes every shot. It is said to be this "head" which prevents even skilful riflemen from hitting an empty egg shell when hung on a long thread. The air blows the egg shell out of the way of the bullet.

I had for years been a miserable sufferer from Dyspepsia and tried all known remedies and the best medical skill of my acquaintance but still grew worse until unable to eat anything without great suffering or do any kind of work. I began to think there was no hope for me and that I must surely die; when, like a drowning man catching at a straw, I determined to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. I at once began to improve so rapidly that in two months I was as well as I had ever been in my life.—Wm. Evers, Leamington. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists. Free trial bottles.

We will pay $1.00 a bushel in trade for 50 bushels first-class White Beans.

A. H. DREWRY & CO.

At Drewry's.

We have opened up 100 pieces of latest styles of Fall Tweeds, Pantings and Overcoatings, and we want it distinctly understood that we are making Suits to order, with strictly first-class trimmings, at from $5 to $8 a suit less than regular prices. Listen! $18 Scotch Tweed Suit made to order for $12. Regular $20 suit made to order for $13.50. If you want to go a little higher, $15 buys the finest Scotch Tweeds manufactured.

TWO BANKRUPT STOCKS.

We bought stacks of new Tweeds in these bankrupt stocks at 25c. and 50c. on the dollar, and there is somewhat of a slaughter going on in the Tweed way. We offer you a clean, all wool Tweed at 30c. a yard, think of it for a minute. Clean, all wool Tweed for a suit $2.10, and then cut free of charge. Stacks of 50c. Tweeds at 38c. a yard. Beautiful Tweeds for business suits, regular 75c. Tweeds, 50c. a yard, and we sell you your trimmings down just as fine in price as the Tweeds are.

Two Cutters,

Cutting twelve hours a day every day in the week. Nobby stylish Pantings just opened. Regular $4.50 Pants, to order, $2.90. Regular $5 and $6 Pants, made to order, $3.50. The finest French Worsted and West of England Pantings made to order for $4.50. They are sold all over for $7 a pair.

And now

The half has not been told you. Drop in and have a look at the stuff and you will see dozens of bargains that you will wonder we did not mention in our advertisement. Its a regular clearing house sale

AT DREWRY'S

BON MARCHE,

TRENTON.

CIDER!

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL START HIS Cider Mill on Friday, September 10, and will run every Tuesday and Friday until further notice. T. H. BRADLEY.

Stirling, Sept. 2, 1886.

TRUSSES!

DR. HAMILTON BEGS TO ANNOUNCE to the public that he has for many years manufactured trusses of a superior kind which have cured all cases of recent rupture, and been very comfortable and safe for those which are of too long standing to be cured by that means.

CHAPLIN, REID & SELBY,

NURSERYMEN,

NURSERIES AT NEWCASTLE, ONTARIO.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

W. C. REID,

ENTERPRISE, ONT.

Stock guaranteed true to name, and delivered in a healthy and thrifty condition.

Hardy varieties a specialty.

Parties wishing stock of any kind would do well to see agent before purchasing.

Glen Ross Mills.

THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS TO INFORM the public generally that he has had his mill thoroughly overhauled and repaired where necessary, and that he is now in a position to execute with promptness all orders with which he may be intrusted for

Flouring,

Chopping,

and Gristing.

—ALSO—

SAWING AND CARDING!

He would call special attention to his extra brand of

Patent Process Flour,

Which he guarantees to be equal to any, and superior to most brands offered in market. He desires to call attention to the fact that he is always ready to wait upon those who may favor him with a call, and that you can depend upon getting your grist home with you. There is no lack of water and no waiting for the pond to fill. A first-class miller always in attendance.

D. MORGAN.

Glen Ross, Aug. 20th, 1886.

TO THE

Farmers of Rawdon, Seymour, W. Huntingdon and Vicinity.

HAVING AGAIN INTRODUCED OUR Farming Implements in this neighborhood, we have determined to establish a permanent depot for North Hastings in the Village of Stirling, and with this in view have decided to buy a lot and erect a suitable building for a show room and storehouse, where all our repairs can be obtained free of charge for the first three years, excepting where accident happens beyond our control. But as we have not yet got located, and have no permanent agency established, our repairs and Implements can be obtained of Mr. John Graham or Mr. David Seeley, Jr., in Stirling, and Mr. Stephen Dean, Hoard's Station. Will give due notice when we are permanently located.

Thanking you for the kind patronage extended to us, and guaranteeing to uphold the reputation already established for our Farming Implements, we remain,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN HRRRING & SONS.

Stirling, Aug. 5th, 1886.

N. B.—A cash offer for any of the Implements left on hand, if anywhere near the mark, will take them, rather than store them over, or will sell on next year's terms.

THE ONE PRICED CLOTHING STORE

STILL TO THE FRONT.

The question is frequently asked why? Which is easily solved, simply because they keep the right goods at right prices. I have received during the past week the choicest array of

GENT'S FURNISHINGS

Ever offered for inspection in town, including

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves, Hose, Silk Hankderchiefs, Braces, Etc.

In fact everything that comes under the heading of Gents' Wear. A specialty in American Silk Scarfs!

JAMES BOLDRICK.

CLEARING OFF!

To make room for my fall importations I will sell my stock at greatly reduced prices for cash or short term credit. Bargains can be had in

CARPETS, READY MADE CLOTHING AND DRESS GOODS,

Which I will offer at a small advance on cost.

I have a large stock of TEA, and will give **five pounds of a superior article for $2.00.**

A LARGE STOCK OF

MEN'S & BOYS' UNDERWEAR

Just to hand, and 100 SUITS OF BOYS AND YOUTHS READY MADE CLOTHING TO ARRIVE.

MY MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Will be under good management to which I call the attention of the ladies.

G. W. FAULKNER.

Sept. 16th, 1886.

NEW

Merchant Tailoring

—AND—

Gents' Furnishing Store!

F. T. WARD,

PRACTICAL TAILOR & CUTTER,

Begs to announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he has started business on his own account in the store lately occupied by H. G. Thurber, and has purchased a choice stock of

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH, and CANADIAN TWEEDS, DIAGONAL COATINGS, WORSTED SUITINGS, and FANCY TROUSERINGS,

Of the latest designs and colors, also a full assortment of

Hats, Ties, Shirts, Collars & Cuffs, and Gents' Underwear, etc.,

Which will all be sold at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

F. T. WARD.

JUST OPENED!

New DRESS GOODS.

New Plush Trimming, In Plain and Stripe.

New Wool Shawls, In Fawn, Cream and White.

NEW SCOTCH TWEED SUITINGS.

NEW CANADIAN TWEEDS.

Close Prices to Cash Buyers.

Come and See.

MILNE & CLUTE

BOOTS & SHOES,

TRUNKS, VALISES,

LADIES' SATCHELS,

—AT—

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

NOTICE.

BY ORDER OF COUNCIL ALL PERSONS claiming the two dollars reduction on Cemetery Lots on account of removing their dead from the old burying ground in Stirling, must remove the same before the First day of December next, as there will be no reduction on the price of Cemetery Lots after that date.

A. GLASS, Clerk.

Stirling, 24th August, 1886.

LOVELL'S

GAZETTER AND HISTORY

OF THE

DOMINION OF CANADA,

IN NINE VOLUMES, ROYAL 8vo.,

TO BE COMMENCED WHENENER A sufficient number of subscribers is obtained to cover cost of publication. Subscription to the Nine Volumes $75.00, to the Province of Ontario or to Quebec $12.50, to New Brunswick or to Nova Scotia $11.50, to Manitoba or to British Columbia $9.50, to Prince Edward Island or to Northwest Territories $9.50. Each Province to have a map.

Please send for Prospectus.

JOHN LOVELL, Manager and Publisher.

Montreal, 4th August, 1886.

HARDWARE.

A FULL STOCK OF GOODS.

Spades, Shovels, Scoops,

Half bushel and Peck Measures,

House Furnishings,

PAINT OIL, MACHINE OIL, MIXED PAINT, WHITE LEAD, VARNISHES, ETC.

BOTTOM PRICES.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

We have the most complete stock of **MIXED PAINTS**, of every shade, ever offered in Stirling.

The day of buying paint and oil has passed, as mixed paints make a better finish and cost less. There durability has been established beyond doubt, and any man can do most of his own painting.

Music constantly on hand. Parties wishing sheet music not in our stock will kindly leave their orders, as we purpose ordering every fortnight.

PARKER & BUTLER.

Dr. FOWLER'S

EXTRACT OF WILD

STRAWBERRY

CURES

CHOLERA

CHOLERA INFANTUM

DIARRHŒA,

AND

ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

PIANO, ORGAN,

—OR—

SEWING MACHINE

—GO TO—

JOHN CONLEY,

STIRLING.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE.

BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY,
INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART,
JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH,
ERYSIPELAS, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
SALT RHEUM,
HEARTBURN,
HEADACHE,

And every species of diseases arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1886. Vol. VIII, No. 2.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, if paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week where inserted for	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	$36	$20	$12
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $2 for two months; $1 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 3c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,
TRINITY UNIVERSITY, M. C. P. & S., Marmora.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR.
Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

GEO. J. SHERRY,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR IN THE SUPREME Court, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc.
Branch office over Dr. Parker's Drug Store, Stirling, Ont. Office hours, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Head office, Front St., Belleville, Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BEERY,
BARBER—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council will meet at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on
Thursday Evc. Oct. 14, '86.
Visiting brethren welcome.
J. SHAW, Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room P. O block.
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. J. McDOUGALL, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
A Dentist of 9 years experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a.m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.
A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.
All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.
G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

FRESH LIME!
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST BURNED a kiln of lime, and now offers the same for sale at 20c. per bushel delivered, and 15c. at the kiln. JAMES COUTTS.

FOR SALE.
THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the House and Lot on the north side of Front St., Stirling, now in the occ. of Mr. John Declaire's. Will be sold on reasonable terms. For further particulars apply to
JOHN GRAHAM.

HORSE LOST.
STRAYED FROM THE ALBERT COLLEGE premises, Belleville, on Thursday afternoon, August 26th, a light bay horse, 8 years old, 16½ hands high, black clean legs, with black mane and tail, no marks. Any person returning the above horse will be rewarded.
W. F. DYER.

NEW GOODS!

MY STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE IN
Spring & Summer Tweeds, Diagonals, Etc.
SUITS TO ORDER, made up in the best and latest styles, under the superintendance of MR. J. S. MURRAY.

THE DRY GOODS STOCK
Is now complete, including
Dress Goods, Cottons, Shirtings, Ducks, Cottonades
OF UNUSUALLY GOOD VALUE.
The BOOTS & SHOES are nearly all new stock, and of the best quality.
The HARDWARE Stock has been specially selected to meet the requirements of parties building, and prices are lower than usual. A car-load of Goderich Salt on hand.

C. CRAIGE,
STIRLING.

FALL AND WINTER.
New Goods, New Goods, Fine Goods, Good Goods,
Be sure and see the beautiful Stock of Silk Velvets and Velveteens, and Woollen Dress Goods, and Meltons, in all the new shades. Plain and Fancy Flannels, Plain and Check Winceys, Feather Tickings. Also, in men's all wool Top Shirts, Wool Underwear, Tweeds, etc. Fine Boots & Shoes, New Lamps and Fixings.
At old prices, Bought before the advance in prices.
Stock Complete. Prices Low at Fresh Groceries.
M. C. VANDERVOORT'S, HAROLD.

EARLY FALL GOODS
JUST RECEIVED AT
THE ARCADE!
MARMORA.
Repeat orders to follow next week. All bought before the recent advance in prices, and will be sold at prices to suit the times.
J. W. PEARCE.
Sept. 14th, 1886.

See what you can buy for Money
AT MARTIN BROS.,
STIRLING.
We now offer for JULY, AUGUST and SEPTEMBER:

$7.50 Sideboard we now sell at	-	$ 6 00	
8.00 Bureau	"	"	6 00
6.00 "	"	"	4 00
3.00 "	"	"	2 00
4.00 Stand	"	"	2 50
1.50 "	"	"	1 25
2.50 Bed	"	"	1 25
4.50 "	"	"	3 00
5.00 "	"	"	3 50
7.00 "	"	"	4 00
5.00 "	"	"	3 50
2.50 Crib Bed	"	"	1 50
15.00 Sideboard	"	"	12 00

$25.00 Sideboard we now sell at	-	-	$20 00
10.00 Couch	"	"	8 50
8.50 "	"	"	7 00
10.00 Extension Table	"	"	8 00
8.00 "	"	"	7 00
60.00 Parlor Suite	"	"	45 00
5.00 Chairs, 4 doz.	"	"	3 00
7.50 "	"	"	6 00
25.00 Bedroom Suite	"	"	20 00
18.00 "	"	"	15 00
10.00 Sofa	"	"	11 00
19.00 "	"	"	17 00

EVERYTHING ELSE ACCORDINGLY.
OUR TERMS ARE CASH, or 1 per cent. per month, for good credit.
UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
Trains call at Cent. Ont. Junc. as follows:—
GOING EAST.
Express for Montreal ..... 12.44 p.m.
" " Pacific Slope ..... 3.05 p.m.
Mail for Montreal ..... 12.13 a.m.
GOING WEST.
Express for Toronto ..... 5.18 p.m.
Express Winnipeg to Toronto ..... 7.19 a.m.
Mail for Toronto and West ..... 4.13 a.m.
For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction

Money to Loan.
PRIVATE AND COMPANY FUNDS TO lend at the very lowest rates, from 5 to 6 per cent. Interest, payable yearly. Charges very moderate. No delay in procuring the money. Now is the time to renew your mortgages, or to make improvements, or buy land while money can be had at such low interest.
GEO. J. SHERRY,
Barrister,
Branch office Stirling, Ont.
Head office Belleville, Ont.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.
Should always be provided with a box of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They are the most desirable remedy for the cure of all Liver and Stomach troubles. "Ayer's Pills have been used in my family for over 30 years. We find them an excellent medicine in fevers, eruptive diseases, and bilious troubles, and seldom call a physician.
Ayer's Pills.
Pills are the only pills used in our neighborhood."—R. C. Comly, Row Landing, W. Feliciana Parish, La.
Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Pills have always proved an unfailing remedy for the cure of Headache, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Heartburn, Costiveness, Piles, and all disorders arising from a morbid condition of the Liver and Bowels. J. M. Haden, Concord, N. C., writes: "I have been, for many years, a firm believer in Ayer's Cathartic
Pills.
I use them for any irregularity in the bowels, and find them thorough and effective."
For Sale by all Druggists.

Enterprise on the Farms.

As little as people think of it, the farm offers great room for a display of enterprise and thrift. But it is true that there is room for far more business-like than the average business man of the towns. Take, for example, the affairs of an improved farm where the advanced agriculture is a reality. Real business tact is shown on every hand. There is a well-laid out plan, well-considered in advance, and carried out in detail and even taking little thought for the present. But when population has come, railroads traverse the country, and markets are created for the products of the farm it is a careless man who lets opportunity slip through his hands. A farmer should make every edge cut and should strive to make his home increase in comforts and value every year. It is a bad policy that does not improve the land each season. When they get fully down to living at home, get their big barns filled up, turn their attention to make one acre produce what two or three now yield, buy only what they cannot produce, and pay as they go, spot cash, their State will blossom as the rose and the farmers will be the most independent people in the land.

There is no overestimating the value of so managing that a few hundred dollars will remain in the pockets when the year's work is wound up. It makes a man proud and it makes him twofold more industrious to end the year with silver jingling in his pocket. Make up your mind to try.

A "Boom" in the States.

Over the border they are having a "boom" just now. It is most perceptible on the railway business, and as a consequence the "bull" feeling is getting pretty strong in New York. A private letter from Duluth says that railway companies doing business out there have given the elevator men notice to work their machinery day and night, and Sundays, otherwise they won't be able to take care of the wheat that is coming in. Country elevators are filled to overflowing, and trains loaded for Duluth are strung all along the lines. A New York financial journal says that Broadway is so busy that the merchants are now occupying sidewalks from two to four blocks with cases of goods awaiting shipment. Railroads have lines of trucks waiting, often two miles long, taking from two to five hours to deliver their freight for shipment. Railroads report that their business is better than at any time in five years, and show it by their earnings. Its cotton mill from the South alone exceeds the supply. All other branches of commerce make the same report. This comes from the "bull" side, but it is well confirmed from other sources. New York's export of breadstuffs to Europe in August last were nearly double what they were for the same month in 1885. European buyers of American stocks are in the market, and are picking up what they consider good things to keep. Meantime American papers are remarking on the determination shown by the Canadian Pacific to cut into American trade centres, and we'll get there, too.

The quantity of grain now being carried by the railways apparently throws doubt on the reports of short crops this year. It is said that in the Western States wheat and oats are threshing out well, but the general report as to the corn crop is bad. In its annual review the Cincinnati *Price Current* comes to the conclusion that what reports so far indicate the whole corn crop to be some 330,000,000 bushels less than that of 1885, it will still be the second very little below the average of the last five years. The fact that there is now a general boom in the neighboring States is beyond all question.

How may this affect ourselves? Not directly, perhaps, for the prosperity of New York and Chicago would not mean the same thing for Toronto and Montreal. Indirectly, however, it will help us, and in this way. It will promote a return of *confidence*, that most important element in business prospects, and will give a set-back to those whose everlasting cry it is that everything is going to the dogs. In that way the "boom" over the border may do some good in Canada.—*World.*

If not sooner dissolved by proclamation, the life of the House of Commons at Ottawa, as at present constituted, will expire on the 7th of August next, five years from the date of the return of the writs issued for the elections of 1882.

At the Methodist Conference a communication from the Anglican Provincial Synod announcing the appointment of a committee to confer with similar committees appointed by other religious bodies as to the possibility of a union of the Protestant churches in Canada was warmly appreciated. The idea has also been cordially endorsed from the pulpit by eminent Congregational and Presbyterian ministers. Would one of these pronounced to be one of the first essentials to a union, *i. e.*, a strong desire for union seems already to exist.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, is coming to America, and intends making a tour of Canada and the United States. He says:—"I do not go to America for pleasure but for work and will be home again before Christmas. The Americans and Canadians have fought bravely against tremendous odds and I want to go over and encourage them. I expect to reach America I will proceed to Toronto, where a week's war council of the salvationists will be held. From there I will journey through New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, and then visit Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, London and other Canadian cities. After finishing my tour through Canada I will visit the principal cities in the United States."

The Synod of the Church of England recently met in Montreal, and one of the questions discussed was the use of fermented or unfermented wine at the sacrament. After a long discussion it was decided almost unanimously that fermented wine should be used. The Montreal *Witness* in commenting on this says:—"This Synod represents the Church of England, which all English-speaking people must love and respect whether they belong to it or not, is conservative—in many things wisely so—but we were not prepared for the extremely conservative attitude which the Synod has assumed with regard to the use of fermented wine in the Sacramental cup. The Synod was almost unanimous in favor of "adhering to the teaching and tradition of the Church." "Custom" and "tradition" are words which have a bad record in the history the Christian Church from the time of its Founder to the present. We are quite hopeful, nay, even confident, that the Synod will some day, and that not in the dim and distant future, reverse its judgment. Some of the grandest tongues use ways:—"In this Province the high and responsible positions in the Church, and they are imparting a temperance education which cannot but bear the best fruit. The Temperance Committee of the Methodist Church of Canada has recommended to the Conference "that non-alcoholic wine, and that alone, be used in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper." Thus the off-spring of the Anglican Church, which is unfettered by custom and tradition, leads the way, in which we are quite confident the Mother will tread."

Imperial Federation.

What is perhaps the noblest as well as the justest conception of what the proposed Federation of the British Empire should be in its material development results has been given to the world by the New York *Commercial Bulletin*. Commercial journals, like business men, are supposed to be devoid of imagination; plain matter-of-fact individuals, relying upon sound business principles and rejecting all fancy ideas or sentimental notions, are the successful business men, according to popular opinion and popular opinion is generally right in such matters. The *Commercial Bulletin* is a successful commercial journal not given to vain imaginings or to cloud castle-building; it represents the business men of New York, who are generally supposed to be as clever and sharp and as business-like in their thoughts as it is possible for men to be. Yet when the business journal figures out in a cool, calculating sort of way what the federation of the British Empire would really be and what it would lead to, its solution thus reached surpasses all the visions of the prophets and the fancies of the poets. It believes that the only feldspathic union of the British Empire which could possibly prove beneficial would be one which would develop into a federation of the world, which would make just and equitable law universal, which would make peace among all peoples inevitable, which would make free trade the world's law and the commercial intercourse of all nations and peoples, would relieve the peoples of burdensome taxation and would finally make of humanity a brotherhood. It is of course true that dreams have been dreamed before this and have not come true, but this is not a dream. These are calculated results of a certain course of action. It is not predicted that everybody will be happy, that everybody will be moral, that everybody will be kind, and that in fact the millennium will come as a result. All that is claimed is that certain very desirable material advantages may be secured, and the physical well-being of the people promoted, by certain wise means. It is gratifying to find that thoughtful people in the United States are considering the question of the future of the Anglo-Saxon people, and that their aspirations are toward its unity.—*Witness.*

Sam Jones and Sam Small, the evangelists, are to commence their campaign in Toronto on the 5th of Oct., and will remain until the 19th. Great crowds are anticipated.

In a leading editorial on Wednesday last the Toronto *Mail* comes out fairly and squarely in favor of prohibition. This is a great gain to the cause of temperance and prohibition.

The Dominion Government has agreed that in future in counties and cities where the Canada Temperance Act is in force, all fines imposed for the violation of the Act shall go to such county or city for the purposes of the Act.

Absolute autocratic power is sometimes a good thing, as the following instance will show. If all the saloons in Canada could be closed as quickly it would be a good thing:—"The governor of Tehheran, Persia, recently sent a deputation to the Shah to represent to His High Mightiness that their husbands were accustomed to prolong their sittings in the cafes of the capital to a very late hour, and that this conduct "was contrary to the development of family life and domestic happiness in general!" The Shah replied that he would add, it means to make their husbands stay at home, and he issued an order immediately closing all the cafes in the kingdom."

Sir John Macdonald, in his recent speech in London, repudiated certain utterances of the *Mail*, particularly in its reference to Roman Catholics and Roman Catholic domination. The *Mail* is an avowed Tory paper, it is not a party organ, though it has supported the Conservative party, and as to that party it will continue to do so. It also says that "it is not improbable that the *Mail* may be compelled to differ with both sides on some other questions that are pressing for solution, notably the liquor question, which we think must be handled with far more determination than has yet been evinced by either the Reform or the Conservative party."

Mr. Sutherland, M. P., of Manitoba, has been in London, England, making financial arrangements for the building of a railway from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay, and is reported to have been quite successful in his undertaking. If Hudson Bay is open for navigation as long as some believe this route must infallibly become the outlet for a large portion of the produce of Manitoba and the Northwest. Even if it should prove to be navigable for a few months only each year it would still be a useful alternative route for a considerable district as settlement extends. The Russian White Sea, though far less favorably situated, has a commerce of no slight importance.

The growth of large fortunes is one of the striking features of modern society. Fifty years ago a millionaire was a rare phenomenon in the United States, and unknown in Canada. Now a million on the other side of the lines is considered a very moderate fortune, while here we have a number who possess several times that amount. The Montreal *Star* in a recent special number containing much interesting information respecting the growth and commercial position of that city, gives the number of millionaires among its citizens at 22. Of these one is worth ten millions, another five, and five others two millions or upwards. In addition there are thirty-two citizens who own from half to three-quarters of a million dollars.

Prof. Wiggins is to the front again with the prediction of a terrible earthquake on Wednesday, the 29th inst, compared with which the recent disaster at Charleston is mere child's play. The coming disturbance will cross the Atlantic and visit South-ern Europe. On the continent it will extend from ocean to ocean, but no particulars are given of the localities to be specially visited. This was a favorite trick of the professor's reputation by and by. The whole trouble, Prof. Wiggins says, will be due to the fact that a new planet has recently been brought about by a conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn, Mars and the earth's two satellites, which he cannot see himself, but other the invisible moon, which Prof. Wiggins says he has discovered. He dissents altogether from Principal Dawson's absolute belief in explanation of the seismic phenomenon on this continent. He says several new volcanoes will burst out in Central America.

The recent revolutionary simplicons across the border are agog over a newspaper item to the effect that Britain and the United States are to be consolidated by the marriage of Miss Prince of Buffalo, Miss Elizabeth Cleveland set out in her editorial career with high hopes and noble aims. She was going to make a magazine in such a way that every contributor would send in only matter worthy of publication and in shape to be set up by the printer direct. She finds that the contributor who does this is only one among a thousand. Naturally the discovery of her error is a source of grief to her now. She thinks that the rest of the editorial fraternity will laugh at her. Here she is doomed to another disappointment, agreeable or disagreeable as the case may be. The rest of the fraternity will not laugh at her. It got over being amused at the woes of persons in her situation long ago. It's only sentiment now is that of wonder when it finds any one adopting the calling of an editor under the supposition that he will have nothing to edit.

Harlem Commons Estate.

The heirs of Samuel Peck and Rachael Slater, to the number of about 100, met in the City Hall, Belleville, on Friday last. They were assembled from Prince Edward and Hastings Counties and were met to organize to establish their rights to an interest in the Harlem Commons estate of New York City, now in litigation, valued at from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000.

The heirs are organized, and have as their President Hon. W. Boulter, Picton, Mr. S. M. Smith, Demorestville, Vice do, Mr. J. H. Peck, Trenton, Sec'y-Treas. There is also an advisory board, composed of Messrs. N. J. Boulter, W. C. Delong, W. A. Brickman, E. H. Fisher, S. J. Colter, W. Peck, Mrs. J. Crawford and Mrs. M. J. Appleby.

The President occupied the chair on Friday. The following resolution was adopted:

Moved by Mr S. M. Smith, seconded by E. E. Fisher, that a committee appointed to confer with the Hastings branch association with a view of uniting said association with this association, and to recommend the terms of such union, be composed of the following persons: Vice-President, S. J. Colter, G. H. Boulter, M. D., John Crawford and the Secretary and Treasurer.

In the afternoon, Mr. J. H. Peck, who has been to New York looking into the affairs of the estate in the interest of the heirs, presented his report. Only those heirs who had paid a membership fee were allowed admittance to this meeting.—*Intelligencer.*

What Was In It.

"I wonder if there is a pair of shoes in it?"

Little Tim sat on the ground close beside a very ugly, dark-colored stone jug. He eyed it sharply for a minute, then he quite inside to see through its sides pulled out the cork and peered anxiously in.

"Can't see nothin'; but its no dark in there I couldn't see if there was anything. I've a great mind to break the hateful old thing."

He sat for a while thinking how badly he wanted a pair of shoes to wear to the Sunday school picnic. His mother had promised to wash and mend his clothes so that he might go looking very neat indeed, but the old shoes were far past mending and how could he go barefoot? Then he began counting the chances of his father being very angry when he should find his bottle broken. He did not like the idea of getting a whipping for it, as was very likely, but how could he resist the temptation of making sure of those shoes? The more he thought of them the more he couldn't. He sprang up and hunted around until he found a good sized brick-bat which he flung with such vigorous hand and correct aim that the old bottle lay in pieces before his eyes. How eagerly he bent over them in the hope of finding out what he was looking for—but perhaps other treasures. But his poor heart sank as he turned over the fragments with trembling fingers. Nothing could be found among the broken bits wet on the inside with bad-smelling liquid.

Tim sat down again and sobbed as he had never sobbed before, so hard that he did not hear a step beside him until a voice said:

"Well! what is all this?"

He sprang up in great alarm. It was his father, who always slept late in the morning and was seldom awake so early as this.

"Who broke my bottle?" he asked.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath half in terror and half between the sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound quite so terrible as he had expected. The truth was his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure so very small and so sorrowful which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was lookin' for a pair of new shoes, and I thought a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the picnic. All the other little chaps wear shoes.

"How come you to think you'd find shoes in the bottle?"

"Why, mamma said so. I asked her for some new shoes and she said they had gone into that black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things—and I thought if I broke it I'd find them all, and there ain't a thing in it—and mamma never said what wasn't so before—and I thought I would be so—sure."

And Tim, hardly able to sob out the words, feeling how keenly his trust in his mother's word had added to his disappointment, sat down again and cried harder than ever.

His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard and remained quiet for so long a time that Tim at last looked timidly up.

"I'm real sorry I broke your bottle father; I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him.

Two days after, on the very evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel telling him to open it.

"New shoes! new shoes!" he shouted. "Oh, father, did you get a new bottle, and were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right all the time—the things all went into the bottle, but you see, getting them out is no easy matter, so I'm going to keep them out after this."

And he did.

Half the reading that is done in the world is not done to find information, or for improvement mental or moral, but for pastime. A great deal of time is spent in reading that which is only read to be forgotten. As it is not what we eat, but what we digest that makes the strong or preserves a good physical condition, and as over-eating or too frequent eating tends to dyspepsia, so it is with reading. How few of all the thousands who read a great deal have any method in reading. We all read the newspapers to gather the news of the day, which has become a recognized necessity of the age. The man of culture strives to keep acquaintance with the literature of the time, including the best fiction. Reading for amusement, within proper bounds, is healthful. But the omnivorous reader who reads without system, without thought and almost constantly, wears out his eyesight, dulls his memory and in a measure unfits himself for the healthful enjoyment of life.

Why the ideal should be always brittle and the real always tough is a problem to which no philosopher has addressed his mind. The ideal shows its coarse side in the face at every turn. Whenever the two come into violent contact it is the ideal which suffers. Miss Elizabeth Cleveland set out in her editorial career with high hopes and noble aims. She was going to make a magazine in such a way that every contributor would send in only matter worthy of publication and in shape to be set up by the printer direct. She finds that the contributor who does this is only one among a thousand. Naturally the discovery of her error is a source of grief to her now. She thinks that the rest of the editorial fraternity will laugh at her. Here she is doomed to another disappointment, agreeable or disagreeable as the case may be. The rest of the fraternity will not laugh at her. It got over being amused at the woes of persons in her situation long ago. It's only sentiment now is that of wonder when it finds any one adopting the calling of an editor under the supposition that he will have nothing to edit.

Pearls of Truth.

The wealth of the world is the wealth of civilization and civilization is the fruit of Christianity.

As reasonably expect oaks from a mushroom let as great and durable profits from small and hasty efforts.

When we look down upon the earth we think of the past; when we look up to the sky we think of the future.

The eye of the master will do more work than both of his hands. Not to oversee workmen is to leave your purse open.

A tyrant cannot well bind one end of a chain around the arms or legs of a people without finding the other end around his own neck.

A snob is that man or woman who is always pretending to something better—especially richer or more fashionable—than they are.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

Patience is a moral mosquito net. Politeness is like an air-cushion; there may be nothing solid in it, but it makes life wonderfully.

Beware of idle moments. Men learn to do ill by doing what is next to it—nothing.

In whatever calling a man may be found, he seeks to endeavor to be the best in that calling.

Of all poisons and plagues the deadliest you can admit to your heart is gain which fraud has won.

No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application.

There are three things which most wonderfully reduce a man's moral strength—honor, dependence and debt.

Poor circumstances are like poor relatives; if you try to deny them they will humble you; if you take to them kindly you will raise them.

Pitiful.

The love of money, greed, and dishonesty are sometimes thoughtlessly taught children by those who have their highest welfare at heart. A postage-stamp used on a letter, but by carelessness uncancelled by a postmaster, and then re-used by a young or father; keeping overcharge through another's mistake; riding a second time on a horse-car ticket, if the conductor fails to take it up, may be trifles in themselves, but they may be the foundation in children for crime and shame in after life. Men rarely go from perfect honesty to criminal dishonesty, but little by little the bulwarks of honor and truth are broken down and the temptation offers yielding is easy. Let the following incident serve as an illustration of one of these pitiful first lessons:

Little Robbie writes a letter to Uncle Robert, and in it, boylike, states that he has saved a dollar and is going to put it into the savings bank. Now Robbie made figures to represent the money and Uncle Robert read it ten dollars, instead of one.

Now the uncle is of a thrifty disposition, and approves of boys saving pennies and dimes. So he writes to Robbie's mother that if her little son has ten dollars to put into the bank he will send another ten soon to add to the sum for a small nestegg.

"But I didn't write ten dollars," said Robbie, when he read the letter. "Uncle made a mistake in my figures."

"Well, never mind now," replied the mother. "Uncle knows you have ten dollars as well as not, so we need not say anything about the mistake when we write to him."

Thus the child's better and more honorable impulses are checked, and a lesson is early learned in greed and actual dishonesty. Does this mother, anxious for the moral and religious welfare of her children, consider what tares she herself is sowing in the young child?

Mr. H. M. Williams, of Prince Edward Co., has an imported Holstein cow, which in the ten months up to Sept. 10th, 1886, had yielded 20,270 pounds of milk. Her daily average since January last was over ninety pounds. She was awarded second prize at the Industrial Fair at Toronto.

The French Journal of Hygiene estimates the probabilities of life for moderate drinkers and total abstainers. The moderate drinker at twenty years of age may expect to live about fifteen years; at thirty, twelve years; at forty, ten years; at fifty, eight years. The hope of a total abstainer is:—At twenty years, forty years of life; at thirty, about thirty-six years; at forty, about twenty-eight years; at fifty, twenty-one years; at sixty, fifteen years.

The wife of a resident of Newburgh having recently joined the Salvation Army, decided to invite the Captain home to dinner. He accepted and she informed her partner about the intended guest. In language more forcible than polite he said he thought his dinner, or even to allow him to enter the house. She said nothing but when the meal time arrived there was no sign of Captain, no dinner and no wife. It has since transpired that she has gone to her friends and refuses to return till the question of her being allowed to invite whom she will is settled in her favor.

Cardinal Manning has recently written a strong article against the drink traffic. He earnestly advocates the adoption of moral suasion, but at the same time he holds that a Local Option in reference to the public houses cannot be long withheld. The remedy, he contends, will never be applied from above. "It is in the people themselves alone," he says, "who have been so long beset by the multiplying facilities for intemperance, by the ubiquitous activity of the drink-trade, by the almost irresistible attractions of gin palaces—it is only in the spontaneous action of the people, rising with their high moral sense in reaction against the system which has so long and so fatally blasted and their lives intolerable, that an adequate remedy can be found." The Cardinal also goes strongly for Female Suffrage as that which, more speedily and more surely than anything else, will secure the immediate relief of the Dominion Bill. "Nothing," he says, "can be more certain; for as our national vice wrecks the domestic life of the people, it is only in the hands of the United Kingdom that the full and fierce misery, springing from intemperance, falls in its dire fatality."

The long drought in the northwestern part of Texas is causing much distress. Rev. John Brown, a Presbyterian clergyman of Albany, Texas, is now appealing to the people of the northern cities in behalf of 100,000 starving families, representing half a million people, who are suffering from drought since June, 1885, fifteen months. The suffering and distress was even greater than at Charleston, but the railroad authorities, who owned lands which they wanted to sell to settlers, conspired to hush up the real condition of the people. Let it should not-fers with emigration. No active steps were taken by the people of Texas to relieve the distress than the people of Texas could to criminal negligence. With such an army of sufferers the aid was but temporary, and much more is needed. The object of Mr. Brown's mission, he says, is to procure 100,000 bushels of seed wheat, but owing to the Charleston disaster he had thus far only received tens, where otherwise he might have obtained thousands of dollars. The task was greater than the people of Texas could perform. Thousands of families had not eaten meat this summer, and water is being carried thirty miles for household use.

MEG'S ADVICE.

It was the day after the party; and can any day ever be more utterly wretched? I mean, of course, to the people who have given the party—especially when, like my uncle and aunt, they are of quiet-going habits and moderate means, and must let their guests dance in the dining-room and have supper in the biggest bed-room.

It was the day after the party, and every individual in the house was miserable. The days before the party had not been remarkable for comfort, but they at least had been tinged with the radiance of hope and bright anticipation, while now nothing remained but "dregs and bitterness," and to clear away and get the house into order again. This would have seemed rather a dreary task in any circumstances, I dare say; but it was greatly aggravated by the fact that we were all in very low spirits, or, to put it honestly, in dreadfully bad tempers, having each and all a special grievance of our own.

My uncle's household consisted of himself and my aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gibee, their two sons, Christopher and Peter, their two daughters, Lottie and Sophy, and myself, Meg Merton, the orphan daughter of my aunt's only sister. My mother had died when I was eight years old, and my father, whose habits were by no means of a domestic kind, sent me to school, and allowed me to spend all my holidays at my aunts; and, when he died and my school-days were over, my temporary home became a permanent one. This came to pass quite naturally, and was taken as a matter of course by my kind-hearted cousins; and aunt Charlotte, who had always regarded me as one of her own children, never seemed to suppose that she was conferring any particular favour upon me by giving me a happy home amongst them all. But I appreciated it, and endeavoured to prove my gratitude in every way possible. I was older than Lottie and Sophy, and left school before they did; and I became very useful in the house. Aunt Charlotte was of a nervous timid nature, and, as I happened to be self-possessed and cool and decided, she soon came to rely entirely on my judgment and energy; and in a year or two I was housekeeper-in-chief, and my advice was asked and pretty generally taken on matters both small and great—indeed "Meg's advice" became proverbial in the household. Naturally I grew a little dictatorial, for I often wondered what they could have done without me. Chris was the only one I could not manage.

"Bully the others as much as you like,' he would say, "but you shall never bully me;" and somehow or other I never felt inclined to try.

"Tiffs" occurred amongst us now and then; but, on the whole, we were a very happy family until the day after the party, when, as I have said, we were each and all miserable. My uncle was confined to his room with a bilious attack, where he lay groaning and anathematising "that champagne." My aunt looked very haggard when she first came down in the morning, and said her head ached badly; and her appearance did not brighten as she and I investigated the state of the crockery, *et-cætera*.

"I shall never give a party again," she said quietly, but it was the quietness of despair. "Nine champagne glasses broken, two sherries, and three of the best china plates, and a great stain on the drawing-room carpet! We might have been entertaining a set of barbarians!"

Christopher and Peter, usually the most affectionate of brothers, were now not on speaking terms with each other, as my aunt and I at breakfast-time; and, instead of going to business together, Peter lingered until Chris had gone, and then started about five minutes afterwards. This unfriendliness arose, as I well knew, because of a stylish disagreeable London belle, whom some friends of ours had brought with them to the party, and who had flirted desperately, but with maddening impartiality, with both my deluded cousins. Hence their coldness towards each other this morning. As for Lottie and Sophy, I wished, before the day was out, that they were not on speaking terms, for they were nagging at each other all the time and finished just before dinner with a downright spiteful quarrel; and aunt Charlotte cried. Their grievance was about two brothers, Tom and Harry Newill; for Lottie liked Harry best, and Sophy liked Tom; and, with the usual contrariness of mankind, Harry was desperately in love with Sophy and Tom with Lottie; so it was usual, after every merry-making we might have, for Lottie and Sophy to fall out about them. I felt vexed with everybody; but I think I was quite satisfied in being so, for they would all persist in believing—or saying they believed—that I was in love with ridiculous John Howarth, just because he happened to be in love with me, and took care that every one should know he was too! I did think some of them at least might have had more sense. And now this fine London belle had appeared on the scene—on, I felt tempted to break another best china plate and all the remaining sherry-glasses as I thought about it! And, if aunt had only known the state of mind I was in, she would never have trusted me to wash them up and put them away. Even our Newfoundland dog seemed to share the general dissatisfaction, and kept coming from his kennel as far as his chain would permit and uttering long and dismal howls. The cook said that it was the sign of a death; but the housemaid persisted that it foretold a wedding. I did not feel as if I cared much which it was or what happened—only I think I felt more inclined for a funeral than a wedding, especially if the wedding entailed a breakfast and another party.

My aunt and I had been up as early as usual this morning—we had too much to do to lie in bed. Carls and Peter of course wanted their dinner at the usual hour, and their luncheons—which they always took with them, and ate in a little back room at the office—put up; and then when they had started for business, we commenced our dismal investigations through the house. We always dined at six o'clock, and it was nearly that hour before we had succeeded in reducing the house to anything like order, Then Lottie and Sophy had their quarrel, in the midst of which Chris and Peter arrived, and we went to dinner.

Chris folded his arms and put on a dogged and determined look as he took his place at table.

"I breakfasted off cold fowl," he said gloomily—"I lunched off cold fowl—I refuse to dine off it."

My aunt grew tearful again.

"This is not cold fowl," she answered; "it is turkey, and you might eat it. Cold beef will keep a day or two—fowls and turkeys, with sauce over them, will not. But"—turning to me resignedly—"ring for the beef to be brought in Meg; we have had enough unpleasantness for one day."

"How is it there is a whole turkey left?' inquired Chris, somewhat mollified as the beef appeared.

"It was Meg's fault," replied aunt Charlotte. "She put it on that dark shelf behind the cellar door, and I found it there this morning quite forgotten. But I wonder Meg, you did not notice that there were only two turkeys at supper; this would have been eaten if it had been there."

"I did not have any supper," I said, "for I thought there would not be room."

"That is merely an excuse," interposed Lottie; "you were spooning with John Howarth in the conservatory all supper-time."

I meant to look defiant, but I may have looked guilty.

"Did he propose to you?' asked Sophy staring at me.

"I will put a stop to this nonsense about John Howarth!" I said determinedly. "You shall all know exactly how the case stands and then there will be no further display for stale wit at our expense. As Sophy supposes Mr. Howarth did propose to me last night."

"Oh, Chris," interrupted Lottie, "how could you hit my cat in such a savage way? Come here Tip—poor pussy!"

"You should teach your cat not to stick his claws into one's legs at dinner time," retorted Chris; "then he wouldn't get hit."

"He was not touching you!" returned Lottie warmly. He was begging quite inoffensively."

"He was sticking his claws into my leg," reiterated Chris, with quiet and most aggravating obstinacy.

"Now don't you two begin quarreling," said Sophy impatiently, "But let Meg tell us about Mr. Howarth. I have often read about proposals in tales, but I have never heard a real *bona fide* one described. Do tell us every word he said, Meg!"

"Did he go down upon his knees? asked Chris. "For, if he did, I wish I had been there to see him."

"I shall not tell you whether he went down upon his knees or not," I answered calmly; "nor shall I tell you what he said. But," I added with sentimental meditation, "he said some very nice things indeed to me—me—nicer than you could put together Chris if you tried for a hundred years."

"I can assure you I am not going to try, even for a minute," answered Chris giving me a most savage look.

My aunt suddenly burst into tears.

"This is the finishing blow," she sobbed—"Meg going to be married! I will never give another party as long as I live! It was again my better judgment that I yielded this time. I did it to please you all, and this is the result—furniture ruined, eatables wasted, your father ill, you all quarrelling like this, and Meg going to be married! No, never another party in this house!"

"What—not even when Meg marries John Howarth?" sneered Chris.

"No, not even then," replied aunt redoubling her sobs.

"Well, don't cry, auntie," I interposed, "for I am not going to marry him. I gave him a very decided 'No.'

Chris here gives a quick covert glance in my direction; after which his assumption of perfect indifference seemed to me a trifle overacted.

"Oh," laughed Lottie, "that explains why the poor fellow ate trifle instead of fowl with his boiled ham, and never found out the difference. I thought what a curious taste he had."

But aunt refused to be pacified; she had reached that state of mind when troubles are positively preferred to blessings.

"Saying 'No' to Mr. Howarth will not buy a new drawing room carpet." she said, "or eat up all the tarts and custards and cakes. I am sure"—warming to her subject—"the waste has been shameful! When the confectioner's man came this morning, I had not a single cake or jelly or blancmange to send back, for every one had been broken into! And I saw you, Chris, take just a spoonful out of that expensive porcupine, when a plainer cake already commenced was close by you."

"Oh, don't blame Chris for that auntie!" I exclaimed. "It was done for Miss Jones, If he had the power, Chris would cut a bit off the Koh-I-noor itself if she asked him."

"I would," said Chris; "she is worth a hundred Koh-I-noors.'

"Really!" observed Peter, aroused at last from the gloomy lethargy that had possessed him all dinner-time, and addressing Chris. "What a pity she does not regard you in the same light! She told me last night how she hated dancing with you, saying that you were so clumsy you were constantly getting your feet on her dress."

"Indeed!" retorted Chris. "She told me the same thing about you."

"I don't believe it," said Peter,

"Do you mean to say I am telling lies?" demanded Chris.

"Another quarrel! cried my aunt. "Oh dear, dear, what will be the end of it all?"

"The end of it all might be pleasant enough," I replied with energy, "if only every one of you would display a little common-sense. I am out of patience with you all!"

"Well, Meg," said Lottie calmly, "you generally seem to consider yourself capable of setting the world to rights; so can you set our little world straight? It seems to me we are all miserable. What can you suggest to make us all happy?'

"Common sense," I repeated—"only common-sense. Take my advice and peace will be restored at once."

"Let us have it then," said my aunt querulously.

"Oh, let us have 'Meg's advice' at once!" sneered Chris again. "How is it we have not thought of this panacea earlier?"

"I will commence with my uncle," I began firmly. "Let him—at least, make him—see the doctor to-night, and he will be better before morning."

"That is good advice enough," said aunt, "and I will tell him."

"As for you aunt—go to bed at once and forget your worries. We will start a subscription-list for you, which I will head with five shillings; and, if the others give with equal liberality according to their means, you will be able to replace all the broken crockery and have the white hearth-rug cleaned also.

"That is good advice too, and I will do my part by going to bed immediately," said aunt meekly. "I am much obliged to you, Meg."

"As for you, Peter," I continued severely, "I think, instead of quarrelling with Chris about Miss Jones, you had better turn your attention nearer home. I know poor little Kitty Reynolds would nearly cry her eyes out when she got home last night, or rather this morning."

"You know more than I do then," returned Peter.

"Yes, I do; for I am in Kitty's confidence. and you are not: and I know what Kitty said to me when she was going home, and you do not. And my advice to you, Peter, is make it up with Kitty, and leave Miss Jones for those who want her."

"Capital advice! But I never asked you for it, you see; so I don't consider myself bound to take it;" and he went on eating tarts.

"And now, girls," I continued looking at Lottie and Sophy, "make up your minds to the inevitable, and change lovers. They are twins, and so much alike you cannot always tell which is which; and I think it must be merely contrariness in you two to pretend you like either one better than the other; and"—with just a careless glance at Chris—"contrariness never pays in the end. So take my advice—transfer your affections quietly, and say no more about it."

Then I helped myself to some blancmange, and went on eating my dinner.

"But you have forgotten me," observed Chris; "pray have you no advice for me?"

I hesitated a moment, then looked at him defiantly.

"Well," I said, "I think the advice I have given Peter might also apply to you; instead of making yourself ridiculous about Miss Jones, I think you might find some one to admire nearer home."

Then, owing to Peter's delighted "Brave Meg!" and Chris's steady stare I had a sensation that I had never experienced in all my self-possessed life before—I think it was embarrassment—and I rose hastily from the table and left the room, presumably to see "why that dog howled so." And Chris must have felt curious on the point too, for he also left the table and followed me to Nero's kennel.

When we came in again, Peter was standing in the hall with his top-coat on, brushing his hat very carefully.

"Why, Peter," I exclaimed, "where are you going? I should have thought you would have been more inclined for bed than a walk. Where are you going?"

Peter looked at us with a curious mixture of defiance and sheepishness in his expression.

"I am going to see Frank Reynolds," he said. "He told me last night that he has a little terrier he thinks I shall like, and he said he would let me have it cheap; so I am going to look at it."

"But," remarked Chris pitilessly, "you know that Frank has gone away from home to-day, and won't be back until Monday; and your journey will be utterly fruitless, will it not, if you find only Kitty in?"

"I shall see the terrier," muttered Peter, putting on his hat, "and shall leave word whether I will have him or not."

"Oh, I have no doubt it will be all right!" I remarked, with an innocent air.

Peter looked at me, and then said—

"What was the matter with Nero?"

"Oh—his chain—I think—his collar!" I stammered, taken aback by the suddenness of his question, and ending by an appealing glance at Chris.

"Never mind, never mind!" cried Peter, waving his hands. "As you said, Meg, I have no doubt it will be all right; it's leap-year, you know. and Chris has only acted as any other man——" Here Peter darted through the hall door, and slammed it after him, otherwise the hat brush would have struck him.

When Chris and I entered the dining-room, aunt was there.

"Your uncle has just seen the doctor,' she said, smiling a little as she kissed me before saying good night; "and, if any of the others have been as ready to act upon your advice, you can let us know in the morning I think we are all ready for bed to night."

"I shall have to sit up for Peter," said Chris.

"One of the servants can do that," said aunt.

"No, they are all tired out," answered Chris; "and I shall like to sit up, just to see poor Peter's bewilderment when I ask him what is the colour of the terrier."

"Oh, he won't be bewildered at all!" I put in. "He'll answer in all simplicity, 'Plum-colored' or 'Navy-blue,' and then wonder why you look surprised."

When aunt had retired, I noticed that Lottie and Sophy were busy doing something to their photograph-albums, and, observing them quietly, I saw them exchange two photographs, I said nothing; but, when we all went up-stairs together, they were merrier than usual, and quite friendly again.

Thus the day begun so dismally ended right happily; and its results were happier still—for Peter and Kitty are married and happy now; Lottie and Sophy are whispering together about a forthcoming "double-wedding;' and Chris—having also condescended to take "Meg's advice" for once—has a wife who worships the very ground he treads on—and he deserves it too.

A TRAIN IN AN EARTHQUAKE

Plunged Down One Wave, Raised Upon Another, and Tossed Over an Embankment.

Near Ten Mile Hill, S. C., on the night of the shock the down Columbia train jumped the track. The engineer, Burns, and the fireman, Arnold, colored, were badly injured. It is said that the earth suddenly gave way, and that the engine first plunged down the temporary declivity. It was then raised on the top of the succeeding undulation, and, having reached the top of the wave, a sudden swerving of the force to the right and left hurled the ill-fated train down the embankment. How it was done was plainly indicated.

In many places along the track of the South Carolina and Northeastern railroads, and for spaces of several hundred yards in width, the dreadful energy of the earthquake was expended in two particular ways. First, there were intervals of a hundred yards and more, in which the track had the appearance of having been *alternately* raised and depressed. Like

A LINE OF WAVES FROZEN

in their last position. The second indication was where the force had oscillated from east to west, bending the rails in reverse curves, most of them taking the shape of a single and others of a double letter S placed longitudinally. Those latter occurred almost invariably at trestles and culverts. There were no less than five of them between the Seven Mile Junction and Jedburg. In other places the track had the appearance of being kinked for miles, but always in these cases in the direction of the rails.

The train at the time of the earthquake was running along at the usual speed, and when about a mile south of Jedburg it encountered a terrible experience. It was freighted with hundreds of excursionists returning from the mountains. They were all laughing and talking, when all of a sudden, in the language of one of the excursionists, the train appeared to have left the track and was going

UP, UP, UP INTO THE AIR.

This was the rising wave. Suddenly it descended, and as it rapidly fell, it was flung first violently over to the east, the side of the car apparently leaning over at less than an angle of forty-five degrees. Then there was a reflex action, and the train righted and was hurled, with a roar as of a discharge of artillery, over to the west, and finally subsided on the track and took a plunge downward, evidently the descending wave. The engineer put down the brakes tight, but so great was the original and added momentum that the train kept right ahead. It is said on trustworthy authority that the train actually galloped along the track, the front and rear trucks of

THE COACHES RISING AND FALLING

alternately. The utmost confusion prevailed; women and children shrieked with dismay, and the bravest heart quailed in momentary expectation of a more terrible catastrophe. The Rev. Ellison Capos chanced to be on board, and he lost no time in conveying, as best he could in the agony of the moment, the best advice and counsel he could offer. The train was then taken back in the direction of Jedburg, and on the way back the work of the earthquake was terribly patent. The train had actually passed over one of these serpentine curves already described, and it is the simple truth to state that every soul on board was saved solely through the interposition of a Divine Providence.

Taken From the Gibbet and Brought to Life.

There was a young man residing in Wake county by the name of Fitzgerald. Receiving information that his mother was lying at the point of death and wished to speak with him, he made immediate haste. His horse became exhausted when he arrived at the Catawba River. He applied for a fresh horse. By contract to return it in a special time he obtained one, leaving his own until his return. He found his mother still alive and conversed with her. She soon died and was buried, and he, remembering his appointed time to return his horse, being behind time found a State warrant against him for horse stealing, was arrested, committed to jail in Statesville, was prosecuted with all hatred, malice, and vengeance, convicted by the law, and executed by hanging, and pronounced dead. His friends obtained his body from the gibbet carried it a short distance from Statesville, to water, applied the proper remedies, restored the body to life, and returned with it to Tennessee. He there married and raised an interesting family, highly intelligent, wealthy, honest, and respectable.

"I believe you promised to settle my little account to-day," said a merchant to Niggler. "I think not," replied Niggler. "You certainly said so yesterday, unless I am much mistaken." "I promised to pay you to-morrow, but to-day is not to morrow, by any means." Exit merchant in disgust.

They tell a story, said to be a true one, of a farm-hand in Ontario who was so smashed by the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of a of a school-ma'am boarding with his employer that he one day remarked with a sigh to the latter. "I would give a dollar to kiss her." "All right!" said the complaisant employer, "you may." When settling time came the man found his cash $1 short. "Why did you take out that dollar?' was asked. "Oh! that was for kissing the school-ma'am," was replied. "But I didn't kiss her," protested the man. "Well, if you didn't it was your own fault. I gave you leave."

THE FARM.

Scissored and Penned.

Why should there be not as many grades and prices for milk as for butter. There certainly are as many qualities

An exchange calls attention to the evils of bleaching evaporated fruit with sulphur, and also using hard, immature fruit for drying.

Working horses and working men are far less dangerous than the drones, equine or human. Work keeps the dangerous elements in both where they ought to be.

Fighting flies is about as hard work for the horses as plowing. Rub their legs lightly twice a day with a rag wrung out of water that smells strong of carbolic acid.

To oil an iron axle-tree, first wipe the spindle clean with a cloth wet with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor oil near the shoulder and end. One teaspoonful is sufficient for the whole.

Give the wheels a good coat of boiled linseed oil. This will fill the pores as well as water, swell the wood, tighten the tires, and is much more lasting in its effects, and at the same time is acting as a preservative of the wood.

Weeds on gravel walks may be distroyed and prevented from growing again by a copious dressing of the cheapest salt. This is a better method than hand pulling, which disturbs the gravel and renders constant raking and rolling necessary.

The *Western Plowman* gives the following hint which our readers would do well to heed: Farmers can get one valuable pointer from "plow jockeys"; they are always careful to have a sharp plow when showing up good work or light draft. Moral, always keep your plow sharp.

Put your skim milk and buttermilk into calves or pigs, supplementing then with cornmeal and a sprinkling of oil meal, says the United States Dairyman. Give both calves and pigs room to move around in and keep clean. Both will be benefited by having good grass to feed on in addition to what is carried them. It will keep them healthy and contented and promote growth. Plenty of clover is a good preventive of hog cholera.

One of the chief reasons why orchards should not be cropped is because it requires cultivation during the summer season. When roots are destroyed by deep working the ground it often results in permanent injury to the trees, especially if done late in season. Since the clearing of woodlands has given winds a free sweep the soil dries out much faster than formerly, and this makes trees more liable to injury from mutilation of their roots.

There's nothing like the agricultural fair to educate the farmer. When he sees the crowd tramp his big cucumber and overgrown spring chickens into the ground to pay twenty-five cents to get in the amphitheatre to see a horse race that was sold out the night before, he realizes the grandeur of his profession and takes his diploma and goes home so enthusiastic that he feels just like buying all the farms in the neighborhood, and going into the exclusive business of raising things to snatch diplomas from the grasp of fair committees.

There appears to me to be a possibility of our achieving much greater things with dairy cattle than we have done. The more stock the more crops. A maximum number of cattle on a minimum quantity of land necessitates artificial feeding, and this is just what makes the soil fertile, and so the ball set rolling by heavy stocking, heavy feeding, and heavy cropping, brings grist to the farmer's mill. High feeders almost always find it pays, and the extent of the purchases of a judicious farmer in artificial feed is often the measure of his success and the condition of his farm.

"If you should call upon us about seven o'clock some evening this summer, and see our young men all dressed up, you would hardly think we were farmers who had been at work in the dirt all day, perhaps. If you expected from the color of our hands and faces that we were farmers you would certainly think that we were 'expecting company.' Our boys visit the bath-room after work is done and sleek themselves up, often putting on clean clothes entirely, and then go in for a good time until nine or ten o'clock." So writes Mr. T. B. Terry to the *Albany Cultivator*. He insists that farmers may be just as neat and tidy, when the day's work is over, as though they lived in a town or city.

Harness Polish.

The Science News gives the following recipe for making a harness polish: Four ounces glue, a pint and a half of vinegar, two ounces gum arabic, a half pint of black ink, two drams isinglass. Break the glue in pieces in a basin, and pour over it about a pint of vinegar; let it stand until it becomes perfectly soft. Put the gum in another vessel, with the ink, until it is perfectly dissolved; melt the isinglass in as much water as will cover it, which may be easily done by placing the cup containing it near the fire about an hour before you want to use it. To mix them, pour the remaining vinegar with the softened glue into a sand-pan upon a gentle fire, stirring until it is perfectly dissolved, that it may not burn the bottom, being careful not to let it reach the boiling point; about 82 degrees C. is the best heat. Next add the gum; let it arrive at about the same heat again; add the isinglass. Take from the fire and pour it off for use. To use it, put as much as is required in a saucer, heat it sufficiently to make it fluid, and apply a a thin coat with a piece of dry sponge. If the article is dried quickly, either in the sun or by fire, it will have the better polish.

THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE.

Effect of the Shock on the Negroes.

It would be simply impossible to exaggerate or to depict in sufficiently descriptive language the effect of the visitation of that Tuesday night on the colored people of Charleston. A great deal has been written about these people and their actions under the strong feelings of sorrow or despair; but there was never, until within the past few days, an opportunity of noticing a public exhibition of superstitious fear to the degree that has existed among all classes of the colored people since the tremendous shock of that Tuesday night. Only a few minutes after the warning voice of the earthquake had passed away, the effect on the mind and imagination of every colored man, woman, and child in the city was complete. They fled from their homes, they knew not where, and as they ran hither and thither, through blinding clouds of pulverized mortar which was shaken from houses and arose again from the streets, they filled the air with

DISMAL GROANS OF DESPAIR

and lamentations of terrified and terrifying distress. As usual with them in their funeral devotions, the name Jesus was most frequently used, and as though supplicating God face to face, they shrieked out in the very helplessness and pathos of despair such sentences as "Do, my Master, Jesus, have mercy on me!" "Oh, sweet Jesus, save me, save me!" "Let me live through this night, dear God, my Saviour!" "Hold me up once more, Thou blessed Christ, my Master!" and other tearful supplications, which intensified the horror of the situation, and went far toward demoralizing the white people, who were also rushing blindly and blinded hither and thither in the fitful glare of flickering lights, almost eclipsed by the shower of descending and ascending dust. As usual, the faces of the white man and white woman in the time of danger was a sight of sudden joy in the gloom to many a poor wandering colored boy or girl, who endeavored to stop their white friends as they ran by in the confusion to supplicate that they would remain with them until the "Judgment was done." In many an instance a trembling colored girl

SANK DOWN ON HER KNEES

and seized with frantic energy the folds of some white lady's dress, and, failing to express their terror in words, with scarcely moving lips betokened that they wanted only the moral support of a friend in the hour of distress and agony. But the white faces were blanched a paler hue. There could be no stop or stay in the mad race away from tottering house tops and toppling parapets. The trembling suppliants were hastily thrust aside by those whom events have proved were powerless to save themselves. There was death in the air—nay, more, it was below and around and was expected none knew whence. Only the feeling was ever present that every body stood face to face with the menace of instant death.

SCENES IN THE STREETS ON TUESDAY NIGHT.

Certain scenes that were observed on the streets immediately after the first shock deserve to be described, and especially one that indicated the general feeling throughout the city. Further north on King street than the locality just mentioned there was a tremendous throng of citizens assembled. Nothing can account for the fact of the great crowd but the supposition that for some reason the people left the side streets and were poured like a stream into the principal thoroughfares. The remarkable instance referred to was the exhibition of joy and the voices of congratulation that were heard on every side, and all mingled with words of thanksgiving to the Divine Providence. People clung to each other like brothers and sisters. There were no strangers there.

They all knew each other as part and parcel of a community that had escaped a terrible fate. Some,

WITH TEARS OF REPENTANCE

and joy in their eyes, embraced each other. Women fell on each other's necks, and, with hearts too full to speak, rocked to and fro in the happy embrace, devoutly thanking God in silence for His blessing in the dreadful hour, and the children in arms and at their mother's knees lisped out they knew not what, but it was plain that they all realized that somebody had been killed, and immediate danger was over. Not so with the trembling and demoralized colored people. After the hand of Providence had been apparently removed they began to prophesy, and to recall all they knew in their confused way of Bible scenes and Bible history. "It's the night of Sodom and Gomorrah," shouted one in a frenzy of apparent delight. "The city of St. Michael is down to the ground," yelled another; "I told you so," cried a third; "Aha, how about my wife's dream now?" said a fourth; "Look for the rock of Horeb to split," said another; "Pray, my white people, why don't you pray?' Old women began crooning over snatches of negro religious melodies and frantically seizing each passer by and inviting them to join in the "song of praise to the Redeemer." After an hour or so prayer meetings were organized, and the singing and screaming were kept up until daylight. At that time the watchword was passed around. "The battle is over, but the soldiers must not rest;" and this order was carried out on Wednesday and Thursday nights.

FRENZIED NEGROES.

On Thursday night, however, on Marion square, the sights and scenes baffled description. The colored people were unrestrained and committed all manner of riotous and and frenzied excess. A report of their actions as they took place would perhaps be considered blasphemous in such a staid and conservative city as Charleston. The first object, and that one interested everybody's attention was an assemblage of colored boys, about a half dozen in number, who had fallen to the ground in a paroxysm of religious frenzy. They were grovelling with their faces down in the grass, and were singing a hymn in a loud voice. The hymn was, "The Angels a Rappin' at the Door," and the refrain, sung rapidly, was, "Oh, tell ole Noah to bill on de ark, to bill on de ark, to bill on de ark." This song they repeated over and over again until they were quite tired and ceased from utter exhaustion. In a few minutes they were fast asleep.

Near the boys was a large tent which had been gaily decorated for some festive occasion. In the door stood a very old colored woman swaying backward and forward, her lips only moving, but uttering no sound. The crowd in front of her watched with intense anxiety. Suddenly she burst out with the hymn, "Oh, Raslin Jacob, Let Me Go," and the crowd joined in the mighty refrain. The crowd swayed their bodies forward to the right and to the left, alternately, just like a sacred dance,

CLAPPING THEIR HANDS IN AN ECSTACY

of emotion. Finally one man dropped to the ground "converted." The lamp was hastily brought from the tent, and he was surrounded by a crowd of women who held his hands. He cried aloud for mercy, and eventually swooned away and was almost as rigid as a corpse. The work of conversion then went on, and in less than a half hour about ten men and women succumbed to the emotional sensations of the occasion. Similar scenes were being enacted all over the square.

The prayers which were offered up were simple in every sense of the word, but they evidently came from the bottom of hearts that were palsied with fear. One of these prayers was as follows:

Keep my brothers and sisters. What is the matter now? Oh, Lord look on last Tuesday night: some is dead and gone. Oh, my handsome God, dear sir, look down on us. We know what the little finger of the Lord can do. Sometimes the world can kick up in thunder, but do take care of our brothers. Ain't the black lamb and the white lion done lie down together in peace? Move along, my brothers, move along. God gimme grace to move along. Ain't I done promise to be baptiz?

Just here the crowd took up the words "promise to be baptized," and sang it to the end with peculiar force and pathos. Then the exhorter proceeded.

"Fight the battle, fight the battle; fight out girl, fight it out boy! Oh, yes, ma'am, the time is come. Wake up, wake up, de last chance is come to save old Charleston. Oh, my Lord, don't touch my city any more I pray God to hold the world up. Ah, ah, I thank God. Take for t is country people, fight for it people. Walk on brothers. Hip, hip, hip, Oh, Lord, take me in your charge to-night. Night before last I didn't expect to see Jesus. Oh, God look down at these dry bones in the valley. Didn't you hear Gabriel's horn blow? Oh! Gabriel, turn that horn to the land of Egypt on the the miserable sinners and not on we. Oh, Lord, we are here to night. The birds have nests, but we are here to-night for mercy. Oh! Lord, have mercy."

After this hymn about a dozen people were converted, and the work was kept up in a similar strain until broad daylight. To the white people who were there the scenes of Thursday night can never be forgotten.

A Forgotten American Earthquake.

Newspapers that have commented on the great earthquake at Charleston seem to have entirely forgotten a similar catastrophe of nearly two centuries ago, by which the town of Port Royal, on the Island of Jamaica, on the same harbor upon which the city of Kingston is situated, was overwhelmed and almost wholly obliterated. Churches, monasteries, business blocks and hundreds of houses were swallowed up by the waves. The blue sea still rolls over them, but boatmen fancy that they can see the spires and housetops deep down in the waters, and when the sea rolls high they listen for the muffled tolling of the bells that once called the people of an almost forgotten city to prayer.

"Who made you?" inquired a teacher of a lubberly boy who had lately joined her class. "Don't know," he said. "Don't know? You ought to be ashamed of yourself—a boy 14 years old! Why, there's Dickey Felton, he's only three; he can tell, I dare say. Come here, Dickey. Who made you?" "God," lisped the child. "There?" said the teacher. "I knew he would remember." "Well, he oughter," said the stupid boy, "'taint but a little while ago since he was made."

OUR ARTILLERY.

Speech by Lord Wolseley at Shoeburyness.

The distribution of prizes for the successful competitors at the Shoeburyness Volunteer Artillery meeting was in the hands of Lord Wolseley, who said, in addressing the men, it had been a great satisfaction to him to come among such a fine body of men, so well set up, so well drilled, and, as he could judge from the number of prizes he had given away, so efficient as artillery men. There were many qualities which a soldier should possess. A gunner, for instance, ought to be very efficient in shooting; but there was one quality which was common to all—namely, discipline. He had been enquiring very carefully as to the manner in which the men present and those who had occupied the camp last week had behaved themselves. Of course there had been some corps which had been a little more noisy than others, while some had, no doubt, been more punctual than others in the manner in which they had performed their duties; but, on the whole, the discipline and conduct of the men had, he was informed, been admirable. He was sure that the experience they had gained in camp, and the manner in which the duties were performed in camp, would be a lesson to all who took part in these annual drills. They would carry back to their own homes and their own corps enlarged ideas as to the necessity for discipline. Without discipline no body of men could be

WORTHY OF BEING CALLED SOLDIERS.

It had been a great satisfaction to him to see the representatives of the Canadian militia, with which he had the honor of being associated for many years and upon two or three remarkable occasions on actual service. He was glad that they had not only come a long distance to show what the soldiers of Canada were, but that they would go back to their homes carrying with them a very large number of prizes which they had deservedly won. He was sure he expressed the feelings of every man belonging to the volunteer force of England when he said he heartily welcomed them here, and hoped they would remember with great pleasure the time they had spent here and the number of comrades and friends they had formed. He was also glad to see several of

THOSE WHO CAME FROM CANADA

bearing the medals which Her Majesty had distributed to those who took part in the late little campaign in the North-West, where they were subject to very great difficulties, and had to undergo a considerable amount of hardship, and had a formidable enemy to encounter. He was sure, if called upon, they would be able to do in the future as they had done on previous occasions. He himself saw them in the field, and could judge that the men now forming the Canadian Militia were well worthy of those who had gone before them. He echoed the hope that had been expressed that next year, being the jubilee of Her Majesty's reign, we should see representatives from all the great colonies in this country. He was one of those who believed in the federation of our Empire. (Cheers.)

Lord Wolseley concluded by expressing the pleasure it had afforded him to take part in the presentation of the prizes.

The *Volunteer Service Gazette* thus sums up the result of the meeting:—

"The meeting has been marked by two incidents of special interest—the presence throughout the two weeks of Colonel Armstrong's splendid Canadian team, and the attendance of Lord Wolseley at the Prize Distribution. The appearance of the Canadians ought to put our men on their mettle. We are quite aware that the former are picked—and are picked, moreover, in a way in which it would never be possible for us to pick a team to go to Canada or any other colony. But even allowing for this, we must say that we have

SELDOM SEEN SUCH A BODY OF SOLDIERS

as the Canadian Artillery-men who have just left Shoeburyness. Nobody, we think, who saw those clean-limbed giants performing the "Shift" for the Governor-General's Cup on Thursday will ever forget the sight. Their march passed later in the day, in full panoply, was equally good in a different way. And they, or a great many of them, show by their medals that they can do, and have actually done, more trying and important work than parbuckling a 64 pounder up to its carriage, or marching past the Adjutant General. They will return home, indeed, laden with the spoils of their recent peaceful campaign. Our men have prevented them, not without serious difficulty, from carrying off the the Queen's Prize, but by their prowess with the Armstrong they have recovered the Montreal Cup, which Colonel Ray and his men brought back from Canada two years ago; they have taken away a Londonderry Cup from the best team we could bring against them, and they have refused even to let the prize given by their own Governor-General, for excellence in Repository work, remain among us. Moreover, they have won a first prize for Shell firing and a Certificate in the ordinary Repository Competition, so that there will be rejoicing, fully justified in Canada."

THE BATH OF BLOOD.

A Case of Woman's Cruelty.

About the year 1610 Elizabeth Bathori, sister of the king of Poland, and the wife of a rich and powerful Hungarian magnate, was the principal actor in the most singular and horrible tragedy mentioned in history. She occupied the castle of Csejta, in Transylvania. Like most other ladies of that period, she was surrounded by a troop of young girls, generally the daughters of poor but honest parents who lived in honorable servitude, in return for which their education was cared for and their dowry secured.

Elizabeth was of a severe and cruel disposition, and her handmaidens had no joyous life. Slight faults are said to have been punished by most merciless tortures. One day, as the lady of Csejta was admiring at the mirror those charms which that faithful monitor told her were fast waning, she gave way to her ungovernable temper, excited, perhaps, by the mirror's unwelcome hint, and

STRUCK HER UNOFFENDING MAID

with such force in the face as to draw blood. As she washed the stain from her hands she fancied the part which the blood had touched grew whiter, softer, and, as it were, younger. Imbued with the incredulity of her age, she believed she had discovered what so many philosophers had wasted years in seeking for. She supposed that in virgin's blood she had found the elixir vitæ—the fountain of never-failing youth and beauty. Remorseless by nature, and now urged on by impressible vanity, the thought no sooner flashed across her brain than her resolution was taken; the life of her luckless handmaiden was not to be compared with the precious boon her death promised to secure. Elizabeth, however, was wary as well as cruel. At the foot of the rock on which Csejta stood was a small cottage, inhabited by two old women; and between the cellar of this cottage and the castle was a subterranean passage, known only to one or two persons and never used but

IN TIMES OF DANGER.

With the aid of these old crones and her steward, Elizabeth led the poor girl through the secret passage to the cottage, and, after murdering her bathed in her blood. Not satisfied with the first essay, at different intervals, by the aid of these accomplices and the secret passage, no less than three hundred maidens were sacrificed on the altar of vanity and superstition!

Several years had been occupied in this pitiless slaughter, and no suspicion of the truth was excited, though the greatest amazement pervaded the country at the disappearance of so many persons. At last, however, Elizabeth called into play against her two passions even stronger than vanity and cunning. Love and revenge became interested in the discovery of the mystery. Among the victims of the Csejta was a beautiful virgin who was loved by and

BETROTHED TO A YOUNG MAN

of the neighborhood. In despair at the loss of his mistress, he followed the traces with such perseverance that, in spite of the hitherto successful caution of the murderess he penetrated the bloody secrets of the castle, and, burning for revenge, flew to Presburg, boldly accused Elizabeth Bathori of murder before the palatine in open court, and demanded judgment against her. So grave an accusation brought against a person of such high rank demanded the most serious attention and the palatine undertook to investigate the affair in person. Proceeding immediately to Csejta, before the murderess or her accomplices had any idea of the accusation, he discovered the still warm body of a young girl, whom they had been destroying as the palatine approached, and then had not time to dispose of before he apprehended them. The rank of Elizabeth mitigated her punishment to imprisonment for life, but her companions were burned at the stake.

Legal documents still exist to attest the truth of this circumstance. Paget, a distinguished traveller, who visited Csejta about fifty years ago, says: "With this tale fresh in our minds, we ascended the long hill gained the castle and wandered

OVER ITS DESERTED RUINS.

The shades of evening were just spreading over the valley, the bare gray walls stood up against the red sky, the solemn stillness of evening reigned over the scene; and as two ravens, which had made their nests on the castle's highest towers came towards it winging their heavy flight, and, wheeling once round, each cawing a hoarse welcome to the other, alighted on their favorite turret, I could have fancied them the spirits of the two crones, condemned to haunt the scene of their crimes, while their infernal mistress was expiating her murders by some more wretched doom."

AN INSANE FREAK.

Mrs. Morgan's Mysterious Disappearance.

A curious case was that of a Canadian woman named Mrs. Henry Morgan, living in or near Toronto, ten or twelve years ago. Her husband was a well-to-do mechanic, and they had lived a happy married life for nearly twenty years, though having no living children. She was noted for her quiet, reserved disposition, and seldom paid visits or received calls. One afternoon a couple of female acquaintances dropped in on her, and found her cheerful and busy about her household duties. It was remembered that she spoke in praise of her husband and home, and was planning matters for weeks ahead. The women left at 5 o'clock, at which time Mrs. Morgan was ready to begin preparations for tea. Her husband came home at half past 6 and she was not at home. After midnight

SEARCH WAS MADE,

but not the slightest trace could be found. It was found that she had put on her Sunday gown and bonnet, but she had not taken a shilling in money, and in leaving the house she had not locked any of the doors or disturbed any article of furniture.

When the search had been extended for a week, the general verdict was that the woman had drowned herself. The argument against this was that nobody had seen her after she left home. It seemed utterly impossible that a person so well known could have walked a mile or more to the water without being noticed, or, in fact, that she could have gone in any direction. The financial circumstances of the husband prevented him from going into an extended search, but the police sent descriptions of the woman all over the country, and stood ready to follow up any clue which might be found. To call it suicide was the easiest way out of the difficulty, but this did not satisfy the husband. They had lived so happily and in such perfect peace that he could not entertain any such idea, though his poverty prevented him from taking up other clues.

Thirty-five months from the day she disappeared the husband received a letter from his wife dated at Lawrence, Kansas, asking him if he had yet disposed of the cow and household furniture, and how long before she could expect his arrival. He took the train at once for the West, and upon reaching Lawrence found her safe and in good health, though

CONSIDERABLY "OFF" IN HER TALK.

She upbraided him for sending her on ahead among strangers, and could not be made to believe that they had been separated over three years. The story she told was a singular one. After the ladies left the house the idea suddenly seized her that their home had been sold and they were going to remove to Kansas. She was to go on ahead and find a location, and her husband was to remain long enough to dispose of their goods and chattels and then follow after. She donned her things and set out for the depot, and there boarded a train for the West. Why she was not put off, having neither money nor ticket, she could not remember, but was certain that she rode nearly all night. In the morning she was in a strange city, and the idea seized her that she must work and earn money to go on. She remembered going to work in a family which owned a white dog, and that the dog bit her on the wrist. She had a scar to verify this. The next thing she remembered was being in a big building with a lot of queer acting people. She was doubtless sent to an insane asylum, and was there for a year or more. She could remember

ESCAPING FROM THIS PLACE

by night and walking a long way, and working in another house, where the people called her Sally.

From the hour of leaving home Mrs. Morgan forgot the name of the city it was in and the name of her husband. She could not even remember her given name, but the idea was ever present in her mind that she must go to Kansas, and that her husband was to join her there. She must have been a servant in Chicago, for she remembered the names of grocers and butchers and streets in that city. At some time, too, she must have been ill, for she remembered the name of the doctor and how often his medicines were to be administered. How she ever managed to reach Lawrence was a mystery, but perhaps the travelling public became interested in her case, and guided her aright. No doubt she gave that place as her destination, and if she acted at all queer it was nothing more than one sees every day on the great lines of travel. When she reached Lawrence she went to a hotel, and there she must have

RECEIVED A NERVOUS SHOCK

which partly restored her to reason. She would give no name to be registered, and the landlord soon saw that he had an undesirable guest in his house. The authorities were called in, and it was decided to send her to an asylum. She overheard them planning this, and the idea came to her that she must remember her name and all about herself or she would again be shut up. All of a sudden she remembered that her name was Morgan, and that she had come from Toronto, and she told such a straight story of being sent on in advance that it was accepted by the authorities. The woman said it was the happiest day of her life when she recalled who she was. Although the name returned to memory she still believed that she had been sent ahead, and therefore wrote and upbraided her husband for his delay. She was joined by her husband on Sept. 17. She believed she left Toronto on the 3rd. Nearly three years and a half had dropped out of her life, never to be restored. Upon returning home she went about the house as usual, glad that nothing had been sold, and in an hour knew where every article was kept. She greeted the neighbors as though only a fortnight had passed, and by the advice of physicians she was indulged in her belief. During the next three or four years nothing like a suspicion of insanity was observed in her conduct, and she then died of typhoid fever.

It is getting to be dangerous to walk through the streets of New York at night in hot weather. A man on a roof rolled off and killed a passer-by a few nights ago.

THE WORLD OVER.

Farmer Taft, of Uxbridge, Mass., has a pair of steers which he drives to harness, and which have trotted, with four in the carriage, four miles in half an hour.

A threatening storm cloud alarmed the worshippers at a colored camp meeting at Green Camp, Ohio, on Sunday, and in their hurry to get away thirty-two buggies were totally wrecked.

Mme. Gudden, the widow of Dr. Gudden, who has recently been given £10,000 by the Bavarian Government, is an authoress of children's stories, and herself has eleven children.

Sir William Armstrong & Co. have just obtain a very large contract for the supply of their guns to the Chinese Government. They are wanted for the new fortifications of Formosa.

A Rondout couple who have been on a spree for three weeks have in that time pawned every article of furniture in their rooms, and, if they do not die of delirium tremens, will be sent to the almshouse.

A Georgia farmer has a goat that joins gleefully with a hound in hunting rabbits. When on the trail he imitates the dogs and runs with his nose to the ground, but when the quarry is in view up go head and tail, and he dashes after the unfortunate bunny regardless of his companions.

Lake Elsinore—a body of water seven miles long, three wide, and eighty feet deep—is between Los Angeles and San Diego, Cal. A city is growing up all around it, and steamboats make regular trips along the shore, and people can go from street to street by water in a charmingly Venician manner.

How many people have any idea of the enormous capital invested in British railways? The railway returns just issued show that there was open for traffic at the end of last year 19,169 miles of railway, that the capital authorized in railway stock is £927,750,000, and the capital actually paid up £815,858,955. The total receipts from traffic were £66,644,967.

Droitwich Church, which is one of the oldest in England, is to be pulled down, as a recent subsidence in the ground has caused the building to become undermined. This is the effect of the pumping for brine, which has so seriously depressed the soil in and about Droitwich. The fine old tower of the church is of quite unknown age. It escaped the great fire of 1293, which destroyed most of the body of the structure.

During a railroad excursion from Lafayettte, Ind., to Dayton, O., the other day, the train was stopped as it crossed the State line, and David Clark alighting stood in Indiana, and Mrs. Mary Hawkins stood in Ohio, and a minister who was present straddled the line and married them; and then the 800 excursionists formed a circle around the pair and gave them three cheers while the band played.

Helen H. Blanchard, the daughter of an unsuccessful Portland merchant, failed as a boarding house keeper in Boston, then barely kept soul and body together by running a sewing machine in a Philadelphia clothing house, and then invented an over seam stitch, and a patent sweat band for men's hats, and with the money from these successful inventions has bought back the old Maine homestead, where the family lived in the prosperous days of the past.

Henry Donnelly of New Haven heard cries for help coming from Mill River, ran quite a distance at full speed, reached the water in time to see a small boy sink for the third time, plunged in breathless as he was, without removing even his shoes, failed to get the boy at the first attempt, dived again, and just managed to bear the apparently lifeless body ashore when his strength gave out. Donnelly was dragged out fainting, the boy was resuscitated, and so was his mother, who had in the mean time arrived and fainted.

Another mouse that sings like a canary is reported. This little fellow was captured by Dr. Caldwell of Santa Rosa, Cal., who found it in a wire trap singing blithely. He kept it for several weeks and then released it, but the next morning it was in the trap again. Again he let it go, and again it came back; and now mousie goes in the trap each night and is released each morning. When it sings it sits on its hind legs and moves its head and throat like a canary. Its song is rather sweeter than the ordinary canary's.

The *Traveller* tells of an Arkansas mother who never has trouble giving her children medicine. "When I want Tom to take castor oil," say she, "I pour some in a glass and say, 'Here, Tom, drink this; but you needn't ask for any more.' He drinks it right down and always asks for more." It was on this same principle that a farmer induced his cattle to eat buckwheat straw. He built a low fence around the stack and once, or twice a day clubbed the cattle away. The straw was all gone by spring.

In spite of all partial repairs, St. Mark's Cathedral at Venice is slowly sinking into the mud of the lagoons. The tide ebbs and flows up under the great dome, and the other day the water was standing on the floor of the crypt, which was walled in and cemented only a few years ago, it was hoped impermeably. The earth on which the church stands is being slowly washed out by the flow and ebb, and the foundations of the church are unequally subsiding.

The great meteorological observatory on the summit of Sonnblick, 10,177 feet above the sea, and the highest in Europe, is now in operation. The view from the summit is magnificent, ranging over a great part of the Tyrol, Carinthia, and Salzburg. The roof is of copper, chiefly on account of its electrical advantages. The situation is very exposed, and is a sort of centre for the discharge of electrical disturbances. Telegraphic communication is maintained with the central office at Vienna.

Ida Granrath, a pretty little fourteen-year-old daughter of a St. Louis boarding house keeper, fell heels over head in love with big Anton Pierre, the Canadian wrestler, who boarded at her father's house. The brawny athlete had no idea that he had made such a conquest until he was about to quit St. Louis, when the girl weeping, begged him to take her with him. He said that he could not, because he had no money; so a few days afterward she stole $400 of her father's money and set out to find Anton. Her father caught her at Indianapolis and took her home, but she says that she will yet go to the man she loves.

A True Dog Story.

Last year a clergyman of Norfolk, England, missed his pet dog, and there was much grief in the family, for Rough, the lost collie, was a favorite with the grown folks as well as with the children. Some nine months later the clergyman happening to go to Cattle Hill, where the drovers were, saw Rough, and joyously laid claim to him; but Rough's new master, a drover, refused to give the dog up, and there was a dispute. Of course the drovers were in sympathy with their fellow, and the clergyman found the odds against him. The drover said that he had owned Rough for years; the minister held to it that Rough was the very Rough he had raised. Two policemen came running up, and the case was stated, "But how can you prove ownership?" asked one of the officers. That put the minister in mind of something. He thrust his hand into a pocket, pulled out a penny, and gave it to the dog with the command, "Rough, fetch a loaf." Rough, with the penny in his mouth, went to the nearest bakery, made it clear that he wanted some bread, and soon came trotting back to the crowd. The clergyman broke off a morsel, gave it to Rough, and stood by while the dog munched it. Suddenly the clergyman exclaimed, "Rough, I believe that bread is poisoned!" Out the dog spat the piece of bread, and the crowd cried "Bravo!" There was no longer doubt as to the true ownership, and to the shame of the drover the dog trotted off at the minister's heels.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Sleeping rooms should be on the second story. They should be well aired and kept comfortably cool.

Floor oil-cloths should be gone over lightly with white varnish twice a year. Clean thoroughly before applying the varnish.

An embroidered cloth, under the tea, set before the mistress is pretty and saves the tablecloth. White, Turkey red and permanent blue floss is suitable for the work.

MAGGIE'S MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup of molasses, cup sugar, cup sour milk, not quite cup lard and butter mixed, teaspoon soda, two eggs, flour to make as thick as cup cake.

It is said that women never embezzle for the reason that they are not trusted in responsible positions without conclusive evidence of their respectability. With men it is different.

MILTON MUFFINS.—Take one egg, one pint milk, one pint flour, a pinch of salt. Beat egg light, add part of the milk, all the flour, then add rest of milk. Bake twenty minutes in buttered tins. Eat hot.

An exchange recommends a solution of collodion in alcohol, to keep silver from tarnishing. Paint the silver with the solution which is easily washed off with hot water when the silver is needed for use.

TO STONE RAISINS EASILY.—Pour boiling water over them, letting them stand a moment to soften, then pour it off. The stone may then be easily pinched out at the stem end by giving an "extra twist" to the fruit.

POOR MAN'S FRUIT CAKE.—One and a half cups brown sugar, two of flour, one each of butter and chopped raisins, three eggs, three tablespoons of sour milk, half teaspoon soda, half cup blackberry jam. This is excellent as well as economical.

Whoever uses the following preparation for cleansing silver will never ask for another; two ounces of ammonia, two of prepared chalk, and eight ounces of rain water; apply with a soft flannel and rub with chamois skin. For the filagree work use a silver-brush.

Bread, in Persia, sells for one cent a sheet, which is about as thick as sole leather, and as large as an apron. It is baked on the floor of the oven in a few minutes, and is then spread out to cool. It is sweet and wholesome, and with fruit and vegetables forms the chief article of food for a great part of the people.

HAM OMELET.—A good omelet is made of small pieces of ham and one egg, a pinch of soda, one teacup of milk and flour enough to make quite a thick batter, and a little salt. Beat the eggs, then add the milk, flour and soda, pour the batter over the pieces of meat and you have a cheap and economical breakfast dish.

Pure glycerine has an active affinity for water and if applied to the hands absorbs the moisture of the skin, increasing instead of allaying irritation. By washing and only partially drying the hands before putting on the glycerine the difficulty is avoided. Or the glycerine may be diluted with one fourth its bulk of water.

The detection of alum in bread is accomplished as follows: A piece of gelatin (free from alum) is immersed in a cool infusion of the suspected bread for twenty-four hours. The gelatin, upon being washed off with distilled water to which has been added a little of a ten per cent. solution of logweed tincture and ammonium carbonate, should not show a blue coloration if the bread is free from alum.

PINEAPPLE ICE CREAM.—One pound of pineapple grated fine, yolks of eight eggs, one pound of sugar, one pint of milk and one pint of cream, a little salt. Boil the milk and cream, that the pineapple may not turn it into acid, then add the yolks, well beaten with the sugar, and grated pineapple, stir all together over the fire until it begins to thicken. When beginning to set in the freezer add a pint of whipped cream; this is a great improvement but may be omitted.

How great are the responsibilities of housekeepers! Sometimes an indigestible article of food, by its effects upon a king, has overthrown an empire. A distinguished statistician says, that of one thousand unmarried men there were thirty-eight criminals, and of one thousand married men only eighteen were criminals. What a suggestion of home influences! Let the most be made of them. Housekeepers, by the food they provide, by the couches they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influences they bring around their home, are deciding the physical, intellectual, moral, eternal destiny of the race.

FRUIT FOAM DESSERT.—Soak half a package of gelatine in half a cup of cold water until soft. When the gelatine is soft, heat to boiling; two and one-half cups of red raspberry, currant, strawberry or grape juice. Sweeten to taste and turn over the soaked gelatine. Stir until perfectly dissolved, then strain and set the dish in ice water to cool. When it is cold and beginning to thicken, beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, and stir into the thickening gelatine. Beat thoroughly with an egg whip or beater till the whole is of a solid foam, stiff enough to retain its shape. Fifteen minutes of good beating ought to make it so. Turn into molds previously wet with cold water, or pile roughly in large spoonfuls in a glass dish. Set away into the refrigerator until needed. Serve with a little whipped cream sauce piled lightly around it.

Pouring hot water over china tends to injure those pieces on which the steam falls most suddenly. In washing dishes, a careful person fills the dish-pan with water first, drains every cup into a slop-bowl, scrapes every plate and dish into one dish, to be emptied afterward into the garbage pail; then, commencing with the least greasy, rubs some soap on her mop or dish-cloth, and dipping a glass, cup or plate into the water, rubs it lightly and leaves it to rinse while she rubs a few others with the same cloth. One coat of soap on a cloth will thus go rapidly over several pieces; these may then be taken out, drained, and more washed, not having a pile in the dish-pan at once. China or glass cleaned with soap-suds without being rinsed, never looks as clear and sparkling as when rinsed; and dishes that are washed in a solution of tea, coffee, crumbs and grease, neither look nor feel smooth to the touch.

A Young Leader.

At a time when old men are pre-eminent in European councils the advance of a young man to the front rank of British party leaders is worthy of notice. Says the "St. James Gazette:"

Lord Randolph Churchill is the youngest leader that the House of Commons has had since the days of Pitt, who first accepted the post at the age of twenty-three. Peel was called to the same responsibility at forty, Russell at forty-two, Disraeli at forty-seven, Palmerston at seventy. Happily the nation is unfettered by any hard and-fast rule of age in respect to such appointments. Had Lord Randolph been a citizen of Republican Rome, he must have waited another six years to be legally eligible for the consulship. Under the French constitution of 1875 he could not be chosen a senator for three years to come. On the other hand, he has added two years to the thirty-five which an American must have lived before he can hold the presidency of the United States. No doubt a majority of the men who have made history had shown the measure of their capacity at thirty-seven. Bismarck was just thirth-six when he became minister at Frankfort, and his aggressive personality began to assert itself. Gambetta entered on his thirty-third year the acknowledged dictator of France outside Paris. Gordon had just completed the third decade of his life when he assumed the command of the "ever-victorious" army.

Religion is our life, being essential to our peace of mind, our support under the trials of life, and our fitness for the eternal world.

A FEMALE POISONER.

The First Woman Hanged in Manchester, England.

On a recent Monday morning the sentence of death passed on Mary Ann Britland, factory operative, of Aston under Lyne, for poisoning Mrs. Dixon, wife of Thomas Dixon, was carried out at the Strangeways gaol, Manchester. In her last hours the prisoner was very much excited. She ate scarcely anything on Sunday night, and at midnight and during the small hours of Monday morning she was heard moaning heavily and singing snatches of hymns. In the morning, when the warders entered the cell to prepare her for execution she looked wearied and excited, and she had no appetite for such refreshments as were offered to her. With as little delay as possible the executioner, Berry, of Bradford, had her pinioned, and the customary procession started for the scaffold, which is erected on the south-west corner of the prison. Heading the procession came the prison chaplain, reading the prayers. He was followed by the prisoner, supported by two female warders, with two male warders in the rear. As the procession left the cell in which the prisoner had been confined, one of the warders took up a position on the roadway a short distance from the scaffold, in order to see that the sentence was properly carried into effect. A little further away stood the representatives of the press. Save the telling of the prison bell and the screaming of the poor woman, who was being led to execution, nothing was seen or heard for a minute or two by those who were waiting. As the procession

APPROACHED THE SCAFFOLD

the voice of the chaplain was drowned by the prisoner's appeals to God for mercy. "Oh, Lord have mercy!" "Oh, forgive me, forgive me!" She cried piteously. A few minutes sufficed to bring the procession along the covered way connecting the cells with the scaffold, and the prisoner, who looked thin and pale, was still shrieking with such voice as was left to her. It was feared there would soon be a scene on the scaffold, but it was not so. As soon as the prisoner had been placed under the beam her face covered in the usual manner, the rope was put round her neck, and at a given signal from the executioner, the two female warders let go their hold of the prisoner. The bolt was then drawn, and in an instant the woman was hanging at the end of the rope dead. The length of the rope was seven feet. The length of the drop was seven feet. The hoisting of the black flag informed the crowd outside that the prisoner had suffered the last penalty of the law.

STORY OF THE CRIME

The crime for which Mrs. Britland has paid the full penalty of the law was of a very extraordinary character. At the beginning of the year she resided at Ashton with her husband and two grown up daughters, and near them lived Thomas Dixon and his wife. A close intimacy seemed to exist between the two families, and Mrs. Britland was often seen in the company of Dixon, and on one occasion went on a journey to Oldham in his company. In March last Mrs. Britland's daughter, who was engaged to be married, became suddenly ill, and died in great agony. Early in May Mrs. Britland's husband died under similar circumstances, and a fortnight later Mrs. Dixon suddenly became ill and succumbed. Various rumors were circulated, and on the police making enquiries they found Mrs Britland had been a frequent purchaser of "mouse powder." The symptoms before death and an investigation of the bodies of the deceased led to the belief that they had been poisoned. After the death of Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Britland seems to have been greatly alarmed, and in a conversation with Mr. Law, a coffee tavern keeper, asked him "If they could tell if a person had been poisoned?" and "If they could discover if the person had mouse powder?" The police apprehended Mrs. Britland, and also Thomas Dixon, the husband of the deceased woman, but Dixon was subsequently discharged. When being sentenced to death, Mrs. Britland strongly protested her innocence, and said she had not given poison to Mrs. Dixon.

A BRIDEGROOM JUMPS FROM A TRAIN.

While on his Wedding Tour he Becomes Crazy and Leaps to his Death.

An exciting scene was witnessed on the midnight express train while running at a high rate of speed on the Lebanon Valley Railroad, ten miles from Reading the other night. The passengers were suddenly startled by a scuffle in the middle of the car. A well-dressed young man named Levi W. Brobst arose abruptly, and in a loud voice exclaimed:

"I'm tired of riding."

His beautiful young wife beside him grasped him by the coat and said: "Sit down, we'll soon be at Reading.

"Not a bit of it, Gussie," he replied. "I'm going no further; see the lights dancing out yonder."

He then made a hasty move toward the door of the car, when his wife seized him by his coat and implored him to sit down. The other passengers in the car at first thought it might simply be a personal misunderstanding, and they made no effort to interfere. Another lady of the party, a middle-aged woman, named Mrs. J. O. High, left her seat and ran to the wife's assistance. Both seized the excited young man and told him to be seated. By a powerful effort he tore away from the grasp of his wife, but Mrs. High kept hold of his coat.

Brobst now became furious, and literally dragged Mrs. High to the door. The latter shouted for assistance, but before any one had the courage to interfere Brobst tore his coat, and thus got away from the lady's grasp. He leaped for the door, crying out at the top of his voice:

"Good by. Here she goes."

The next second he jumped to the platform, and in the next instant leaped off into the darkness, while the train was speeding on at thirty-five miles per hour.

The young wife fainted in her seat, while her husband was being hurled headlong down a twenty-foot rocky embankment. The train was speedily stopped, and the victim was found dying among the boulders. His face and body were horribly cut. He was brought to Reading, where he died in St. Joseph's Hospital this morning. His wallet contained $300, was lost when he jumped, and was not found.

He was 30 years of age, and a handsome, well-built young man. He was married to Miss Gussie Leffler on the Wednesday previous in West Point, Neb., and they were on their wedding trip to Slatington, north of Reading. His body was taken there where his parents live. The bride says she first noticed a change in her husband in Chicago. He had not been well, and had not eaten anything for three days. The excitement of his wedding made him very nervous. His mind gradually became unbalanced. He raved and spoke incoherently, and at last jumped off the train.

Boys and Their Mothers.

Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is pure love and noble, honourable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. And I never yet knew a boy "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age, is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in the sere-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring-time.

The objection to most fish stories is that the fish are weighed in their own scales.

HEALTH.

Food, its Quantity and Quality.

The connection between life and nutrition is so close and inseparable, that the continuance of the former depends upon the supply of the latter. The variation and form of life, whether animal or vegetable, depends upon the quantity and quality of nutrition with which it is supplied.

We are readily able to judge of the quantity and quanity of nourishment supplied to a vegetable that we are caring for, and will at once decide whether the supply is normal, insufficient or in excess of the nutrition necessary. Every living organism demands its own peculiar supply designed for it by the laws of nature. When the natural supply is normal in all respects, the life is healthy. The same law holds good in the higher order of life that we observe in the lower. Insufficient alimentation in the vegetable kingdom is followed by consequences which we are not liable to misunderstand. There is loss of health and vigor, a gradual shrinking, and if the process is permitted to go on, death occurs. A great excess of even the natural nutrition tends to the same result. A marked departure in either direction from the normal standard of supply will, with very few exceptions, be followed by a marked departure from the normal standard of life.

In man the effect of over eating or under-eating is not so observable, owing to the more complex nature, still the same rule doubtless holds good. It is needless to mention that brutes suffer from improper feeding and particularly over feeding. Excessive alimentation in the human being is followed by the same baneful consequences. Is it not a fact that the generality of people eat too much? Very few eat too little. It is a common-place aphorism: "He eats so much that it makes him poor to carry it." As a rule, a large, lean, cadaverous-looking man, is an immoderate eater, whilst the majority of our robust and healthy men are moderate consumers of food, or are what we call small eaters. The reason of this is plain. He who eats more than is demanded by nature, imposes a heavy strain on the organs involved in the process of digestion and elimination. The stomach, for instance, is capable of doing a certain amount of work, hence if over-taxed unduly, the result sooner or later will be imperfect digestion, impure blood, disordered functions, and gradual loss of vigor and strength. As certain as we overstep the bounds of nature and overtax our stomach for our palate's sake, we begin to sow the seed of disease. Certainly the stomach is a remarkable organ, and able to resist the assaults of imprudence with wonderful courage, but its power of endurance will not withstand every imposition heaped upon it, and sooner or later it will succumb to the force of the unrelenting overwork.

The physician should be as careful in regard to the treatment of over-fed and under-fed patients, as in the quantity and kind of medicine used in the treatment of a special disease. It is too common an error, when we see patients emaciated, to advise abundance of nourishing food, while probably it is a well-laden table that is at the foundation of the condition sought to be relieved. There is far more danger from over indulgence than under-eating. Although we desire to impress the fact that over-eating is common and should be strictly guarded against, we are not unaware of the existence of under-fed or half-starved people, but this is by no means as common an evil, and very little disease is traceable thereto.

Notes.

Goethe says "man is what he eats."

Of the adult men living in cities one-half are estimated to be bald.

The best test of the mother's milk is the fact that the child thrives or does not thrive.

Caulophyllum is a valuable remedy in rheumatic troubles of the hands and feet, especially of the smaller joints.

It is claimed that the popular drink of the future will be milk charged with carbonic acid gas. Milk so charged keeps well.

Of 25 consumptives treated at the Adirondack Sanitarium two have died, four have shown no improvement, eight are still under treatment, and 12 have been apparently restored to health.

Don't forget to offer the baby pure cold water several times a day these warm days. Don't give it the nursing bottle when it is thirsty. It needs water just as much as you do.

We notice in one of our Southern contemporaries that the white teeth of the negro is said to be due to the excess of white blood corpuscles. We can now account for the "white livered" negroes.

A human skeleton weighs from ten to sixteen pounds, and the blood of the body about twenty eight pounds; but cremation reduces the whole to no more than eight ounces; all else is restored to the gaseous elements.

The early appearance of the cholera this year in so many scattered and distant parts of Italy is of bad omen, and a rapid and extensive diffusion of the epidemic with the increasing summer heat is almost inevitable.

Never was there a more pernicious notion than that wine, ale or porter is necessary to a nursing woman in order to keep up her strength, or to increase the quantity or to improve the nutritive qualities of her milk.

LOTION FOR SUNBURN.—Take of powdered borax and glycerine, each six drams; rose-water or elder-flower water, twelve ounces. Mix. The daily application of this lotion to the face and hands will keep them white and clean by its excellent cleansing properties, will prevent chaps, and remove sunburn.

Statistics tell us that of one thousand children born one hundred and fifty die within twelve months. This gives us a faint idea of the vast amount of ignorance prevalent in the care of infants. We believe that by intelligent care the usual infant mortality could be reduced two thirds.

The British Medical Journal "Infallible" says: "The best remedy for worms is a powder, containing from three to five grains of santomine, according to age, and a fourth of a grain of calomel. Prepare six; the first two powders to be taken at twelve hours interval and the remainder at twenty-four hours interval, followed by a dose of castor oil.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—Cover the injured part with a cloth soaked in oil, and over this place some cotton wool, the object being to exclude the air and keep the part warm. The pain of slight burns or scalds may be eased by dusting them with flour. When severe or extensive, further surgical treatment is required.

When William Dies.

Those who believe that a great European war will follow the death of the Emperor William find additional ground for their belief in the activity which the great Powers are displaying in the re-armament of their troops. Special attention is being paid to the military arm, and the single breech is being gradually superseded by the repeating or magazine rifle. Not long ago a sensation was caused by a celebration at the Spandau armory over the completion of the last of the 100,000 repeating rifles for German troops. During the summer 2,200 men have been employed at Erfurth, Spandau and elsewhere in converting the Mauser rifle into a repeating arm, at the rate of 1,200 daily. It is announced also that by this time 60,000 repeaters are in the hands of French troops, and a French paper says that the conversion of the two hundred thousandth French rifle will be duly celebrated. Austria is substituting the Mannlicher rifle, with a detachable magazine, for her Wenelgun. Norway and Sweden have the Jarmaun magazine rifle, with a very long range, and Italy and Switzerland have the Vetterli rifle, of similar pattern. The expense of such a change is enormous, and its significance is only too apparent.

LATE DOMINION NEWS.

Lobsters are selling in Charlottetown, P. E. I., at four to eight cents each.

A school for the blind was opened the other day at Halifax, N. S.

Young women smoking cigars attended a circus at Charlottetown, P. E. I., recently.

Mr. Stewart Cumberland has been "mind-reading" at Halifax, N. S., to somewhat small houses.

Mr. John Hill, of West Garafraxa, has two lambs of the Shropshire breed which weighed 125 pounds each when four and a half months old.

A two year old child of F. X. Beule, of Weldon, Que., a few days ago was found dead in a barrel which had been sunk into a spring of water.

Mr. John T. Rowe, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., exhibits a cucumber weighing five pounds two ounces, and measuring two feet four inches in circumference.

Diphtheria is said to be making sad havoc among the children around Mira Gut, and that it has also broken out near Cow Bay and Bridgeport, Nova Scotia.

The first liquid fish glue ever manufactured on Canadian territory was sent by a recent steamer by Messrs. Chase & Co., of St. John, N. B., to London, England.

Sharks are said to be quite numerous off Tracadie. A fisherman caught one there the other day, in about 17 fathoms of water, which measured over five feet in length.

A bear, weighing upwards of 350 lbs., was killed the other day near South Mountain, N. S. Bears are now somewhat numerous in the vicinities of Yarmouth and Grand Pre.

Two Lunenburg schooners passed through the Strait the other day on their way home from Labrabor. They report the Labrador cod fishery a total failure, and were only able to secure one-third of their cargoes.

Col. Gleder, the Arctic explorer, has a personal knowledge of the Hudson's Straits, and he is firmly convinced that they are navigable even by sailing vessels during a consid erable portion of the year.

Joseph Manders died at Grey Nunnery, at Montreal, on Friday last, aged 106 years, 4 months, and 17 days. He was born in Portugal, in April, 1780, and, when a soldier in the Peninsular war, was taken prisoner by Napoleon.

Masked men entered the house of Mr. John Wright at the Barter Settlement, N. B., last week, and presenting a revolver at the head of Mr. and Mrs. Wright compelled them to hand over $1,000 in American and English gold, their entire savings for years.

On the 1st inst. a son of H. Haddock, a farmer near Montreal, was accidentally thrown from a horse that he was hurriedly riding, striking the back part of his head against a jagged rock, making an ugly wound and severely fracturing the skull. The young man's condition is precarious, medical opinion being doubtful about his recovery from the dangerous injuries doubtful.

A Gaspe correspondent writes of the Island of Anticosti:—"The Island is a terrible place for emigrants to settle on, where hardship and hunger are sure to accompany them. Better far for poor emigrants in Europe to beg their bread among their kith and kin than to leave home and friends in search of fortunes on Anticosti, whence the Government will be obliged to remove them ere they die of starvation."

Tens of thousands of blackbirds, flying in one flock in a south-easterly direction from Wardsville, was a sight not often witnessed which happened one day recently. Hundreds of them alighted on a large tree in the English Church parsonage for a few seconds, and then were off again, while others took their places, and they in turn, after a few seconds rest, followed their companions. The noise made by the chirping of the birds and the fluttering of their wings could be heard for a considerable distance. Blackbirds have also been seen in large numbers in other places.

Fishermen tending nets in the vicinity of Cape Sabiz have been much annoyed lately by sharks constantly swimming around their boats and devouring the dead herring which happened to drop out of the meshes. On Friday last they invaded a large extent of the cod fish ground, and some narrow escapes of fishermen are reported. One fisherman had to change his ground to get clear of a shark described as over twenty feet long and bent on mischief. Another person out in a small skiff had to call a boat to his assistance to prevent his craft being capsized and to aid him in beating off a huge shark which seemed determined to sample him.

A remarkable instance of presence of mind was displayed by a gentleman in Hull the other night, and which, although imperilling himself, in all probability prevented another widespread and disastrous conflagration. It seems that Mr. Wm. McEwan, a grocer, was handling a barrel of high-wines when the spigget fell out and a quantity of the liquid flew out of the hole and, notwithstanding that both hands were severely burned, he kept it there until the flames were extinguished. If the flames had reached the contents an explosion must have ensued, and as the store was merely a frame building, similar to all the surrounding houses, a disastrous fire would in all probability have resulted.

TWO BALLOON STORIES.

An Hour's Ride that Turned a Man's Hair White—Going Up Heels First.

In a talk with showmen the other night I heard several interesting stories of adventures with hot-air balloons.

"We used to inflate the balloons and send them skyward at every stopping point of the show," he said, "and I remember now one incident in regard these balloons which occurred in 1874 at Chester. There was a large crowd on the grounds, and a man we called Big Smith was inside the bag while it was being inflated. At last the balloon bulged out, nearly full, and Smith crawled from under. Twenty-five men were holding the balloon, and Smith, after he got outside the machine, saw a candy butcher named Mitchell standing near him. Before any one could count five Smith grabbed Mitchell, threw him in the basket, and yelled 'Let go!' The men dropped the ropes, the balloon shot aloft like a rocket, and the ten thousand people strained their eyes as they saw it grow smaller and smaller, until it was out of sight.

"When the balloon was first skipping toward heaven Mitchell's head could be seen over the edge of the basket as he yelled, 'Help, for God's sake!' When the big bag floated beyond the range of vision a dozen men started northward—the way the wind carried the balloon—in teams. They drove eight or ten miles, and they found the balloon with the wretched Mitchell lying helplessly in the basket on the bank of a creek. Mitchell's hair had actually turned white from fright in his hour's ride in the clouds.

"Several years after that, in another town Big Smith was inside another balloon while it was being inflated. After it was full of hot air he crawled over the edge of the basket and another man got in for a trip through the ozone belt. Some one yelled 'Let go!' The ropes were loosened, but one rope, on the side on which Smith was getting out, took a turn around his leg, clutching him tightly, and as the balloon shot skyward it took Smith with it by the ankle. His terrified companion in the basket, who heard the cry of horror that swept over the crowd, could not help him, for if he changed his position the chances were that the basket would upset or that the rope would uncoil. After about ten minutes the balloon came down with Smith unconscious and his head full of blood. However, he recovered, and is yet in the show business."

MADDENED BY NIAGARA.

The Turmoil of the Rapids Turns a Man's Brain.

"I have not the least doubt," said an eminent physician at a recent medical convention, "that at least one out of every ten of the people in this country live under some form of insanity. In some it becomes violent; in others noticeable; in others never known nor suspected, except there is what might be termed a collusion of circumstances."

There have been some curious cases of this last species of insanity. Some seven or eight years ago a well-known public official of the State of Ohio visited Niagara Falls with his family for a month's rest. He was nervous and worn out, and there were certain business and political matters which followed him there and

COULD NOT BE SHAKEN OFF.

The gentleman did not realize that his nerves were at all shaken; on the contrary, he prided himself in believing that he could endure more mental worry than three ordinary men. He had been at the Falls three or four days when he was joined by a Chicago capitalist. The two had a speculation together, and the details were to be settled here.

One day after dinner the pair went into Prospect Park and sat down on a bench facing the rapids, and not over five feet from the water. When they had talked for an hour or so, the Ohio gentleman seemed to be somewhat excited in his speech and movements. He threw several sticks into the water, talked in loud tones, and soon attracted attention. The capitalist

THOUGHT IT A BIT QUEER,

but felt no uneasiness until the other suddenly seized him in a tremendous grip and said:

"Blank, you are a d——d scoundrel, and I'm going to send you over the falls!"

The capitalist was the smaller and the weaker man, and he felt the hopelessness of the situation. He was gripped by the shoulders, but he used his hands to clench the seat behind him, and replied to the lunatic

"I know I'm a bad man, and you must give me time to pray."

"All right, all right," said the Ohioan: "you shall have two minutes for prayers, and then we'll go over the falls together. Say, Blank, you are a d——d good fellow, after all, and we'll go together."

The idea with the Chicago man was, of course, to gain time. The people who had been attracted by the loud talk had passed on, and it so happened that no one else came that way. He hoped the lunatic would change his mind after two or three minutes, but instead of that he grew more impatient, declaring that they must hurry up or they would be too late. Despairing of aid from others, the capitalist finally said:

"See here, Mr. Blank, let's go up and jump off the Goat Island bridge. We'll have further to swim, and I want to leave my wallet with some one."

"By George! Good idea; come on!" exclaimed the other, and they walked up the path and out of the park arm in arm. They were no sooner out of sight of the rapids than the Ohioan began to grow calmer, and as they bore off toward the hotels

HE REMOVED HIS HAT,

scratched his head in a thoughtful way, and picked up the point he dropped a quarter of an hour before and went on debating the transaction as if nothing had occurred. An hour later, when asked if he was in earnest in threatening his friend, he was completely dumbfounded, nor could he be made to believe that anything of the sort had occurred. However, a dim suspicion that he might have been unduly excited by the roar and clash of the waters crept into his mind. He went down to the park alone, but returned almost at once, his face very pale, his eyes betraying wildness, and his whole manner showing that he had passed through a severe struggle.

"I shall keep away from the water hereafter," he said to the capitalist. "I couldn't stay there five minutes without committing suicide or murder."

The matter was of course kept quiet, even from his wife, but two years later, while the gentleman was making a trip on the Ohio River he was suddenly missed, and he has never been heard of since. The boat was racing with another, and the probabilities are that the excitement brought back his passion for self-destruction, and that he went overboard.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

It cannot be too widely known that meat is sometimes made unwholesome by the use of certain kinds of wooden skewers.

Experiments by M. Bouchut have proved that the tape-worm succumbs to the digestive action of pepsine in large doses, while the more highly-organized tissues of the stomach are unaffected.

To make a good black japan for small castings take of asphaltum half a pound; melt and add hot balsam of capivi one pound; mix well and thin with oil of turpentine. Give three coats, and dry in an oven at between 250° and 300° Fahr.

A very useful kind of varnish is described by M. Leon Vidal, which is excellent for producing imitation ground glass, and will doubtless be found available for other purposes. The formula is—Sandarac, eighteen parts; mastic, four; ether, two hundred; benzol, eighty to one hundred parts.

To make a waterproof paste to stick silk on silk, macerate virgin rubber—caoutchouc—cut into finest shavings with about ten times its weight of pure benzole in an open mouthed bottle set in hot water—away from fire—shake occasionally, and add more benzole, if necessary, until a perfect solution is obtained. The cement should not be used in such quantity as to delay drying.

By coating over the surface of glass mirrors with glycerine, their clouding by the accumulation of condensed water vapour will be prevented for a considerable time. The attraction of the glycerine is so great for the water as to absorb the latter as fast as deposited. This hint may prove of great use to dentists, who are frequently troubled by the clouding of mouth-mirrors, and it may also be of value to those who are compelled to shave themselves in chilly apartments.

Playing Dead in Earnest.

It is related that Peter the Great, strolling incognito through the camp, came upon a party of non-commissioned officers and grenadiers enacting a comedy. All at once his brow became clouded. In the piece a soldier, in the uniform of his guard, commits at a certain moment a robbery. Nevertheless he allowed the play to proceed. The court-martial is summoned on the stage and the thief is sentenced to death. The spectators, composed of officers and men, showed the most lively concern in the performance, and laughed at the grotesque contortions of the condemned culprit. The amateur actor played his part very well. Here came the squad that is to execute him. "Fire!" orders the lieutenant, and the amateur dropped down dead, his heart pierced by seven bullets. No make believe, but dead indeed. Whereupon the Emperor dropped his incognito and addressed those assembled: "A soldier of my guard who committed a robbery must die. If he did not steal why did he boast of it and soil his uniform? It is I who ordered the loaded rifles given to the men. I henceforth forbid my soldiers to ply the trade of mummers."

If we find that our time passes slowly and heavily, we may be sure there is something wrong within. Either we have not enough to do or we work mechanically without heart or energy. If past time looks short and empty, it is because it lacks a distinct record of noble aims, definite resolves, worthy endeavours; if the immediate future looks tedious and uninteresting, it is because we are not living full, rich, and earnest lives.

An Hour that Repaid.

"Yes, mamma, industry shall be my bread and attention my butter," so said the boy Macaulay. In childhood he often made remarks like this. One day, when visiting a lady, a servant spilled some hot coffee over his legs. The lady took him on her lap, comforted him, and asked him how he felt. "Thank you, madam," said the boy, four years of age; "the agony is abated." In dealing with this child, Zachary Macaulay, his father, acted up faithfully to the best light he had. He made it a rule not to praise his youthful wisdom, not to notice his smart replies, and in other ways to check that tendency to arrogance which is the great danger of boys and men who have exceptional power over words.

Zachary Macaulay spent forty years of his life in assisting to bring his country to the point of abolishing slavery. He worked in co-operation with Wilberforce, Babington and their circle, and did as much in the cause as the best of them. He sacrificed to it health, fortune and pleasure; his business dwindled and perished through his devotion to it, and he died poor and dependent.

But there came an hour of repayment. He had the pleasure of hearing his son eloquently advocate the cause on the platform and in the House of Commons, and saw at length the principle incorporated in the British Constitution, that no slave can live upon any soil over which the flag of Britain floats.

The excellent biographer of Lord Macaulay, Mr. G. O Trevelyan, is of opinion that the happiest half-hour of Zachary Macaulay's life was when he heard his gifted son make his maiden speech on the platform of an anti-slavery meeting, a speech was perhaps never surpassed by an orator who was addressing an audience for the first time. One passage called forth "a whirlwind of cheers."

"The hour is at hand when the peasant of the Antilles will no longer crawl in listless and trembling dejection round a plantation from whose fruits he must derive no advantage, and a hut whose door yields him no protection; but when his cheerful and voluntary labor is performed, he will return with the firm step and erect brow of a British citizen from the field, which is his freehold, to his cottage, which is his castle."

These words, delivered with the calm, robust power of the young Macaulay, thrill the father's heart.

The next speaker was Mr. Wilberforce, who alluded to the presence of his ancient ally on an occasion of so much interest to him, both as a father and as a citizen.

"My friend," said Mr. Wilberforce, "would doubtless willingly bear with all the base falsehoods, all the vile calumnies, all the detestable artifices, which have been aimed at him, to render him the victim and martyr of our cause, for the gratification he has this day enjoyed in hearing one so dear to him plead such a cause in such a manner."

The old man, true to his old-fashioned principle of concealing from his boy the pride and joy he felt in him, sat motionless during the speech, with his eyes fixed upon a piece of paper held as if he meant to take notes.

In talking to his son in the evening, he made only one slight allusion to the scene of the afternoon, when he remarked that it was unbecoming in so young a man to speak with folded arms in the presence of the royal prince who had presided.

Zachary Macaulay lived until 1838, long enough to see his son the foremost young man of his time. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Upon his monument he is described as one who worked forty years against slavery, and "resigned to others the praise and the reward."

There are hours that crown life's efforts. It came to the father in the son in this case, and happy is the father to whom the son brings the crown.

Buried for Four Hours.

Frank Mauzhardt, a resident of Carbondale, Ill., met with a most extraordinary adventure on Friday last. He was engaged in walling up a well he had just dug on the farm of Capt. J. O. Scott, a short distance east of that place. He had laid up the wall to within a few feet of the top of the well, but was at the bottom of the well for some purpose; all of a sudden the bricks began caving in at his feet, and the entire wall settled downward and began tumbling in. No help was at hand. Mauzhardt tried to extricate himself by climbing up on the brick as fast as they fell, and in this way elevated himself some five or six feet. The brick fell faster and faster, and at last he was caught and held fast. The brick then covered him up for a distance of ten feet. As soon as the accident was discovered workmen went to his relief. They called to him and received answers. The work of removing the brick continued over four hours. At last the man was uncovered. He was standing upright. One arm extended, the other raised above his head. He was wedged in so tightly that he could not move. The most singular part of the mishap was that he was comparatively uninjured. A slight bruise on his face and a little knot on his head was the only damage. The workmen releasing him encouraged him all they could, and he kept urging them to work hard. He says that his sensations during the four and one half hours' imprisonment were peculiar beyond imagination, but that he was not unconscious for a moment.

Johnny Was Posted on Miracles.

Little Johnny Jorden was a passenger on a suburban train. Beside him sat a tall, solemn-looking man with side whiskers. In front were Johnny's pa and ma, and behind him his aunt Hetty. The whole party had been to church, and the man sitting beside Johnny was the minister going out to spend the afternoon with the Jordens.

"My little man," said the minister to Johnny, "did you pay close attention to the sermon?"

"Yessir."

"Do you remember that I said something about miracles?"

"Yessir."

"Well, Johnny, do you know what a miracle is?"

"Yessir."

"Tell me, please."

"Well, all I know about it is ma said this morning that it would be a miracle if we could go to church once without havin' the minister taggin' home with us to dinner. So I guess this hain't no mir—"

"Johnny Jordon! (from the front seat.)

"Yes'm."

Just Like Mamma.

If mothers could always realize the ideals they represent to their children, they would be greatly encouraged in their arduous duties. A lady riding in a street car saw a little boy whom she knew.

"So you have a little sister, Willie," she remarked pleasantly. "Is she a pretty baby?"

"She looks just like mamma," was the smiling answer.

"What do you call her?" asked the lady.

"She's named after mamma," answered the little fellow promptly.

Everybody was smiling, and to relieve the lady's embarrassment her friend enquired the color of the baby's hair.

"It's the same color as mamma's," he responded timidly.

A gentleman who had been amused by the dialogue asked the wee man if the new little sister was a good baby.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "She s just like mamma."

An Exaggerating Family.

"Father, I don't want to saw any wood today; yesterday I sawed about a thousand cords and mother made me walk a hundred miles and carry three or four barrels of water for her. I haven't had a holiday for ten years. Let Jim saw seven or eight hundred cords of wood for a change."

"William, you must cease this exaggerated way of talking. I've spoken to you about it a million times, and if I have to do it again, I'll break your neck."

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

Buy your boots from M. G. Vandervoort, Harold. He has the best.

Remember the Rawdon Fair at Harold on Tuesday next, the 28th Sept.

Thanksgiving Day has been appointed for Thursday, the 18th of November.

The Fall Assizes for the county of Hastings opened at Belleville on Monday last.

A number of entries have been made for the special cheese competition at Rawdon Fair, on Tuesday next.

Mr. Geo. Conley is now prepared to pay the highest market price in cash for any quantity of grain delivered here.

Mr. Wilmot Vandervoort, of Rawdon, carried off a third prize for a colt exhibited at the Industrial Fair at Toronto last week.

Rev. O. R. Lambly returned from General Conference last Wednesday evening, and will, D. V., occupy his pulpit next Sunday, morning and evening.

Do not fail to attend the Rawdon Township Fair at Harold on Tuesday next, the 28th Sept. Fine new grounds and buildings, and many special attractions.

When at the fair at Harold on Tuesday next be sure and see the beautiful Dress Goods at M. G. Vandervoort's. You will decide to buy after you learn his prices.

Mr. John Lowery, cheese maker, of Plum Grove factory, Rawdon, has been awarded 2nd prize for his exhibit at the Toronto exhibition. Much credit is due Mr. Lowery, as this is his first year in the factory.

Rev. J. C. Seymour, of Thomasburg, occupied the pulpit in the Methodist Church last Sunday, and preached two excellent discourses. The evening service was addressed particularly to the young people.

We are requested to call attention to the adv't. to be found elsewhere in reference to reduction in price of cemetery lots on account of removals made before the 1st of December next. All parties interested would do well to attend to the matter at once.

The Village Council have put down a couple of crossings on Front Street, and a new one on Church Street, near the Methodist Church. The public, no doubt, feel truly grateful for these favors, and hope that a few dozen others that are needed will be attended to shortly.

The Brigade Camp broke up at Kingston on Saturday morning last, and No. 2 company, 49th Battalion, arrived here by the evening train. They looked considerably more bronzed than when they went away, and also were more soldier-like in their appearance, showing the benefit of the drill at camp.

The last issue of the *Canada Gazette* contains the following appointment in connection with the 49th "Hastings" Rifles:—To be Paymaster: Brevet Major and Quarter Master Robert Potts Fidlar, V. B., vice honorary Major George H. Gordon, who is hereby permitted to retire retaining his honorary rank.

The Madoc *Review* of last week says:—Miss Ida Stratton, who accompanied her father to St. Joseph, with the intention of staying till next summer, returned yesterday. Owing to the malarial state of the climate her health became very poor and her physician advised an immediate return. She is convalescent.

We learn that on Saturday afternoon last the residence of Mr. David Fox, 5th con. of Rawdon, was destroyed by fire. Most of the contents of the lower part were saved. The fire is supposed to have caught from a defective stove pipe in the second story. By considerable exertions the driving shed, which was close by, was saved.

At the Brigade Camp at Kingston, on Friday last, those who were in the Northwest Rebellion were presented with medals, Lieut. Col. Cubitt addressing the soldiers, and the medals being pinned on by Mrs. Col. Villiers. The following persons from this vicinity were among those who received medals:—Geo. Winters, Geo. Wescott and T. B. Stapeley.

There is to be a grand demonstration in honor of the completion of the Murray Canal on Wednesday, the 6th of October. It will be held at Twelve O'clock Point, and Sir John A. Macdonald and Hon. Messrs. Bowell, Foster and White have promised to be present. A mass meeting will also be held at Belleville the same evening, at which Sir John and the other Ministers will deliver addresses.

We were informed the other day of a rare instance of sagacity in a dog. Mr. Boldrick and others were on their way north on a shooting expedition, and when some miles back, Mr. Boldrick's dog was noticed to be a considerable distance behind, apparently dragging something along. The team was stopped, and when at length the dog drew near it was seen to have one of Mr. Boldrick's long-legged rubber boots, which had fallen off the load, and but for the dog would have been lost.

The General Conference closed last Wednesday night, having been in session nineteen days. A great amount of legislation and connexional work was done. One of the most important changes effected was that in connexion with the educational work of the Church. The Conference, by a majoity vote of 25, decided to enter into the College Confederacy and move to Toronto, the Government having given a free site for college buildings in the Queen's Park. It is hoped that this step will secure for the youth of Methodist families increased advantages in the department of higher education.

The merchants of Belleville have for some time had the advantage of half rates on the Grand Junction during three days in each week, thereby securing customers from a distance. Trenton merchants have recently secured a like privilege on the Central Ontario, and thus the trade which should legitimately belong to this place is being drawn to other places. It is time our merchants and business men aroused to the importance of the situation and made some efforts to induce the people of the neighboring townships to spend their money here instead of going to more distant places. Just how this should be done we will not attempt to state; but we are sure that if the matter was given serious attention a remedy could be found. Will our merchants and business men give it that attention? —Since the above was in type Messrs. Milne & Clute have handed in their adv't., announcing a change in the manner of conducting their business. This is a step in the right direction, which we are glad to notice. Read their adv't. in other columns.

Last week a Roman Catholic picnic was held at Campbellford, which was a grand success. The receipts amounted to $850.

The Lansdowne Medal, awarded at the Cobourg Collegiate Institute, has been won this year by Miss Nellie May Henry, of Napanee, daughter of ex-Mayor Henry, of that town. The medal is given for highest standing at the examinations for teachers' certificates.

A Pontypool correspondent of the *Globe* states that during the excavation of a cellar at that place one of the workmen found what at first appeared to be a lump of lead, but upon investigation proved to be an almost pure gold nugget weighing 8½ ounces. Smaller quantities have since been found in the same section, and also small quantities of platinum.

Railway Competition.

We notice that other villages and towns are making efforts, where it is at all practicable, to have competing lines of railway, well knowing the advantages there are in such competition, in the way of cheaper freight and lower passenger rates. Did it never occur to the residents of Stirling that this place might be greatly benefitted by a competing line, and that perhaps it would not be a difficult matter to obtain one? The Central Ontario Railway runs within two miles of us to the west, and makes connection with the C. P. R. at a distance of about ten miles. Now, it would be an easy matter to build a branch line from the Central Ontario to this place. A mile and a half, or at the most two miles, of road, and over a route where there are no engineering difficulties, is all that is required to give this place connection with the Central Ontario, and by it with the C. P. R., thus giving us all the advantages of a competing line to all the principal points both east and west of us. This scheme is perfectly feasible, and a little energy on the part of our leading citizens might soon see it accomplished. We hope to see a move made in the matter at an early day.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MARMORA, Sept. 21st, 1886.

The picnic mentioned last week came off on Wednesday, but was not as successful as the last one, as they realized only about $400. Of course the prize money was taken out of this. There were a great many novel features in connection with it which space forbids mentioning.

On the same day two marriage ceremonies were performed, one by Rev. C. M. Harris, mentioned in last week's paper, and the other by Rev. J. W. Andrews. The contracting parties were J. Leonard and Miss Lizzie Simpson.

Rev. Geo. Hanna, late of Manitoba, and his brother are here visiting their sister, Mrs. J. C. Elliot. The reverend gentleman preached in the Methodist Church to quite a large and appreciative audience. If from his discourse we may be allowed to predict his future we should say that it foreshadows a successful career. It is his intention to attend Victoria University at the commencement of the next term.

Mr. Chas. Schneider, of Chicago, is visiting at G. W. Bleecker's. He is very enthusiastic in his praises of this place, in fact, thinks he never was in such a fine place, (we love the truth) and we hope that after his return to his home his glowing description of his visit may induce some other of his fellow-citizens to visit us.

Mrs. Jas. McDonnell returned last week bringing with her her cousin, Mrs. Mitchell, of Trenton. Mr. M. came up on Saturday night.

Mrs. G. W. Bleecker came back from Toronto to-day.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Will you kindly insert the following letter which will explain itself. Mr. Wilson is engaged in the Western Territory in christianizing and educating Indian boys and girls. I may say St. John's Church will be open to all who would like to hear Mr. Wilson on Friday, Oct. 1st, at 7 p. m., respecting his work in that country, with a resume of the late rebellion. Of course the usual collection will be taken up.

Yours &c.,
T. G.

SAULT ST. MARIE, AUG. 16, 1886.

Rev. T. Godden.

DEAR SIR.—After attending the Provincial Synod in Montreal, Sept 18th, I hope (D. V.) to visit a few places in Ontario and Toronto Dioceses with a view to stirring up increased interest in behalf of our Homes. I expect to be accompanied by two little Indian boys—one an Ojibway, aged 12—Willie Adams—Ojibway name Pashegeezhik (cloud running in a line)—the other a little Sioux boy from the Northwest, aged 8, Elijah Crow—Sioux name Kangihotanka (big crow.) I simply ask for an opportunity to make my work known. The enclosed circular tells what that work is and the need we have of increased help.

Will it suit you for me to visit Stirling on Friday, Oct. 1st, and hold a meeting in the evening? Kindly let me hear at once whether you can fall in with my request.

The two little boys can occupy a room with me—a shake-down on the floor will do for them. Of course I wish to avoid hotel expenses as far as possible. One of the little boys will dress up in paint and feathers at the meetings and I have 16 large pictures—each 3 feet square—illustrating our work.

Yours sincerely,
E. F. WILSON.

Rawdon Council.

TOWN HALL, Sept. 6th, 1886.

Council met according to adjournment. Members all present.

In the absence of the clerk it was moved by Mr. Bateman and seconded by Mr. Kingston that Mr. Cook act as clerk *pro tem.* Carried.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Mr. Bateman moved, sec. by Mr. Kingston, that there be a new fence built in front of the Town Hall. Carried.

The road surveyor handed in his report on the job John Morrow had, stating that it was well performed and an order for ten dollars was granted.

On motion the council adjourned for one hour.

Council resumed. Mr. Seymour Scrimpshaw presented an account for $4.00 for cedar to cover a culvert in 12th concession. Ordered to be paid.

William Scrimpshaw presented an account for $1.00 for one day's work on 12th concession. Ordered to be paid.

John Graham's account was presented and laid over. Amount $8.87½.

John Wilson presented an account for repairing Seeley's bridge. Amount $6.75. Ordered to be paid.

Mr. David Heath was heard in reference to the proposed road leading from the gravel road to the C. O. Junction on the south side of the stone fence, and he offered to give fifty feet on the line laid out by Mr. Evans, surveyor, for the sum of $200 and fence the same.

Moved by Mr. Kingston, seconded by Mr. Bateman that the offer be accepted and that the reeve see and get the deed of the land. Carried.

William Frost made application for a grant to repair the road in front of lot 15 in the 13th concession.

Moved by Mr. Kingston, seconded by Mr. Bateman, that the sum of $15.00 be granted. Carried.

The reeve presented a by-law to levy the taxes for the year 1886.

The by-law was passed through the different stages and signed.

The amount levied is nine mills on the dollar.

Moved by Mr. Bateman, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that the road surveyor be instructed to get the bridge built in front of lot 20 in 3rd concession. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Bateman, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that this council adjourn till the second Monday in October.

G. D WIGGINS,
Tp. Clerk.

The Central Ontario Railway is again carrying ore from the Coe Hill mines for shipment. They now bring out about twelve cars daily, and as the Coe Hill Mining Co. have a large contract on hand, they expect to deliver 100,000 tons before the close of navigation. It is loaded on schooners at Wellers Bay and thence taken to Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Thos. Dollard, of McDonald, Pa., has found a new method of reforming drunken husbands. Her plan is to pour coal oil over their clothing and set fire to them. Mrs. Dollard tried this on her own husband last week and we now have to refer to him as the late Mr. Dollard. We can recommend her method only for its effectiveness. An inebriate husband lasts about two minutes and a half after the oil can is found. Some people will maintain that this is quicker than the exigencies of the case demand; but that is a question which is open for discussion. We do not propose to go into it. We have done our duty when we advise husbands to take out fire insurances on their lives.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

The Napanee *Express* says:—"We understand that it is the intention of Mr. Jno. Herring, who, since 1842, has managed the business of the Napanee Agricultural Works, to retire from the active management of the concern and form a joint stock company. This practically removes the objection which some had to the formation of a new company which would prove opposition to the present works, and it is an opportunity which the town people should not be slow to lay hold of. Mr. Herring's proposition is to place the capital stock of the company at $100,000, which is considered sufficient to properly equip and run a manufactory capable of turning out farm implements enough to supply the demands of this section. In the formation of the firm they would have the advice and counsel of Mr. Herring, which would be of great assistance, as he is well versed in the requirements contiguous to Napanee. Of its being a good investment for capitalists we have not the least doubt, as farmers much prefer purchasing machinery manufactured near home. We hope to see the project carried to a successful issue, for such an establishment properly managed would be of incalculable benefit to the town.

Births.

In Huntingdon, on the 19th inst., the wife of ALONZO B. REID, of twin sons.

Married.

At West Grove Hall, Napanee Mills, on Sept. 14th, by Rev. W. W. Miller, uncle of the bride, assisted by Rev. W. R. Young, REV. W. B. TUCKER, of Seymour West, to EMILY, third daughter of the late P. MILLER, Esq.

At the residence of the bride's father, on the 14th inst., by Rev. J. A. McCamus, Mr. WELLINGTON EMBERY and ALICE, daughter of FRANCIS REYNOLDS, Esq., all of Huntingdon.

Deaths.

In Stirling, on the 20th inst., MARGARET, wife of Mr. HIRAM HORTON, aged 34 years and 6 months.

In Stirling, on the 16th inst., GEORGE WELLINGTON GOULD, infant son of W. H. Gould, aged 5 months and 16 days.

In Rawdon, on the 16th inst., EZRIAH WOODBECK, aged 68 years, 4 months and 5 days.

Fall Fairs.

Rawdon Township, at Harold, Sept. 28.
Madoc, Sept. 29 and 30.
Kingston, Sept. 28 to Oct. 1.
East Hasting, at Roslin, Wednesday, Sept. 29th.
North Hastings, at West Huntingdon, Friday, Oct. 1st.
Napanee, Oct. 5 and 6.
Picton, Oct. 6 and 7.

STIRLING MARKETS.

Wheat, 65 to 75c.
Barley, 45 to 60c.
Rye, 45 to 50c.
Oats, 30 to 35c.
Peas, 50 to 55c.
Flour, $2 to $2.25.
Potatoes, 30 to 50c.
Butter, 18c.
Eggs, 13c.
Lard, 12½c.
Hay, $8.

BELLEVILLE MARKETS.

Fall Wheat, per bush	$0 70	to	$0 75
Spring Wheat, per bush	0 70	to	0 75
Oats, per bush	0 33	to	0 36
Barley, per bush	0 50	to	0 60
Rye, per bush	0 45	to	0 45
Peas, per bush	0 50	to	0 50
Potatoes, per bag	0 60	to	0 65
Apples, per bag	0 40	to	0 50
Butter, per lb	0 18	to	0 25
Lard, per lb	0 09	to	0 11
Eggs, per doz	0 11	to	0 13
Hay, per ton	8 00	to	9 00

TRENTON MARKETS.

Fall Wheat, per bush	$0 70	to	$0 72
Spring Wheat, per bush	0 70	to	0 72
Barley, per bush	0 50	to	0 60
Rye, per bush	0 45	to	0 50
Oats, per bush	0 37	to	0 40
Peas, per bush	0 60	to	0 60
Butter, per pound	0 17	to	0 18
Eggs, per dozen	0 10	to	0 12
Potatoes, per bag	0 60	to	0 70
Flour, per 100 lbs	2 25	to	2 75
Hay, per ton	7 00	to	8 00

Miss Charlesworth, whose enlistment in the Salvation Army against her parents' wishes made a sensation in England some time ago, has married Gen. Booth's son.

OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

It is just as essential that the human body should have pure blood, as that a tree or plant should have sap to nourish and invigorate its growth. Nearly all our bodily ills arise from unhealthy blood. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies this fountain of life, and regulates all the vital organs to a healthy action.

The United States Senate Fisheries Committee will leave for Canada on the 28th to investigate.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

An honest medicine is the noblest work of man, and we can assure our readers that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is not only reliable, but is almost infallible to cure Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Canker of the Stomach and bowels, and the various Summer Complaints, whose attacks are often sudden and fatal.

The gross receipts at the Industrial Fair this year in Toronto were $40,914, being $6,788 more than in 1885.

A NATIONAL EVIL.

There is no question but that Dyspepsia is the national disease of our country, and when complicated with diseases of the Liver and Kidneys is the cause of untold misery. Burdock Blood Bitters will almost invariably cure the worst case known.

IN SEASON.

It is now in season to warn our readers against the sudden attacks of Cholera, Cramp, Colic and the various Bowel Complaints incident to the season of ripe fruit, vegetables, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the grand specific for those troubles.

There are a number of Mormon missionaries in Turkey, but they are not making many converts. The Turk does not need to become a Mormon in order to have all the wives he wants.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

The liver secretes bile to move the bowels; the kidneys secrete urine to carry off uric acid, which would poison the blood; the stomach secretes gastric juice to digest or dissolve the food, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters acts upon these organs and purifies the blood by cleansing all the secretions of the system.

It is estimated that the contributions in aid of the Charleston sufferers will not cover one-tenth of the damage done by the earthquake.

Fluid Lightning is simply a marvellous Rheumatic Remedy. I was for two months a cripple, unable to get out of the house, from Sciatica. One bottle gave me instant relief and placed me on my feet again. I have driven fourteen miles to-day (something I could not possibly have done were it not for Fluid Lightning) for the express purpose of procuring another bottle. So says Wm. Dixon, Gananoque. Only 25 cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Miss Molly Gehris, of Washington township, Pennsylvania, who recently died at the age of 84, was always a manly sort of woman. She hired out to the farmers to work in the field, and could do a man's work. She smoked and chewed tobacco for over fifty years, and boasted that she had never had a beau, and that no man ever lived who dared to ask her to marry him.

Years of experience and successful trial have proved McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate the most complete and satisfactory compound for healing Old Sores, Festerings, Ulcers, Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Frost Bites or Felons, and for keeping out the cold and to cleanse or prevent proud flesh, sloughing or decay. Insist on having McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate, sold at 25c. by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

A boring made by the Prussion Government at Schladebach in search of coal is said to be the deepest in the world. The depth is 4,500 feet, its breadth at the bottom two inches and at the top eleven inches. The temperature is 118°.

I had for years been a miserable sufferer from Dyspepsia and tried all known remedies and the best medical skill of my acquaintance but still grew worse until unable to eat anything without great suffering or do any kind of work. I began to think there was no hope for me and that I must surely die; when, like a drowning man catching at a straw, I determined to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. I at once began to improve so rapidly that in two months I was as well as I had ever been in my life.—WM. EVENS, Leamington. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists. Free trial bottles.

The tenacity with which people abide by their early faith in Ayer's Sarsaparilla is explained by the fact that it is the best blood medicine ever used, and is not equalled in excellence by any new candidate for public favor.

Ottawa wants a monument to the sharpshooters who fell at Cut Knife Hill.

When symptoms of malaria appear in any form, take Ayer's Ague Cure at once, to prevent the development of the disease, and continue until health is restored. A cure is warranted in every instance.

There have been 59,000 cholera cases and 37,000 deaths in Japan this year.

NATIONAL PILLS will cure constipated bowels and regulate the liver.

During the past five months between two and three hundred persons have been killed in Minnesota, Dakota and Montana by atmospheric electricity and tornadoes.

PROF. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP is a cheap and handy form of obtaining the healing virtues of a sulphur bath.

The new Austrian army rifle, said to be the most perfect ever invented, fires 40 rounds a minute.

WORMS CAUSE MUCH SICKNESS among children that Freeman's Worm Powders will surely cure.

IF YOUR CHILD IS STUBBORN or hard to administer medicine to, Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup will be appreciated.

At Seoul, the capital of Corea, the cholera mortality is estimated at 500 daily. So far some 12,000 deaths have occurred.

CERTAIN CURE.

A CURE FOR CHOLERA MORBUS.—A positive cure for this dangerous complaint, and for all acute or chronic forms of Bowel Complaint incident to Summer and Fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; to be procured from any druggist.

We will pay $1.25 a bushel for 100 bushels first-class Dried Apples.

$1 a bushel for 50 bushels first-class White Beans.

A. H. DREWRY & CO.

At Drewry's

Great sale of two Bankrupt Stocks.

Brown Velveteens at 25c.
Navy Blue Velveteens at 25
Grenat Velveteens at 25c.
Black Velveteens at 25c.

They are the celebrated "Brunswick" brand and are the regular 50c. quality.

At 30c. we give you a velveteen four inches wider that were 65c.; and at 50c. we sell you Plush Velvets that were cheap at the former price, $1 per yard.

Dress Goods.

We are selling rich, elegant dress goods at the price of common grey winceys. One big pile selling at 8c., another big pile at 10c., and another at 12½., that were more than twice these prices formerly. Think of it, 15c. goods at 8c., and regular 30c. goods at 12½c. We are cutting them by the hundreds of yards, all colors, all shades.

Light Brown & Navy Blue.

Will be the leading colors this season. We show them and twenty other shades in all wool French Dress Goods, Jersey Cloths, at 22c. a yard. The regular price of them is 35c. All the novelties in Fall Dress Goods in stock. Camels Hair, Boucles, we call them "Nigger heads," Jersey Cords, Ottoman Cords, new shades, new prices.

Black

Jersey Cloths, all wool, at 22c. Black Jersey Cords 25c. Black Langtry Cords 28c. Black Ottoman Cords 32½c. Black Jersey Cords 35c. Black Boucles 40c. Black Boucles 48c., Black Surahs 69c., Black Ottoman Cords at $1, Black Hennetta Cloths at $1.50, black Crape Cloths 68c. black Cashmeres regular 60c. quality at 39c., 70c. Cashmeres for 50c., 65c. Cashmeres for 45c., 85c. Cashmeres for 60c., 90c. Cashmeres 69c., $1.10 Cashmeres for 75c. The Cashmere we show at 75c. will hold its own with any sample of Cashmere you can produce at any price.

New Styles

In dress trimmings, we will be pleased to show you when you are in.

Now

Just one word about Flannels. We are sacrificing Flannels and you make a mistake if you do not see them before they are gone. The crowds still are buying

AT DREWRY'S
BON MARCHE,
TRENTON.

CIDER!

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL START HIS Cider Mill on Friday, September 10, and will run every Tuesday and Friday until further notice. T. H. BRADLEY.
Stirling, Sept, 2, 1886.

TRUSSES!

DR. HAMILTON BEGS TO ANNOUNCE to the public that he has for many years manufactured trusses of a superior kind which have cured all cases of recent rupture, and been very comfortable and safe for those which are of too long standing to be cured by that means.

CHAPLIN, REID & SELBY,
NURSERYMEN,
NURSERIES AT NEWCASTLE, ONTARIO.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

W. C. REID,
ENTERPRISE, ONT.

Stock guaranteed true to name, and delivered in a healthy and thrifty condition.
Hardy varieties a specialty.
Parties wishing stock of any kind would do well to see agent before purchasing.

TO THE

Farmers of Rawdon, Seymour, W. Huntingdon and Vicinity.

HAVING AGAIN INTRODUCED OUR Farming Implements in this neighborhood, we have determined to establish a permanent depot for North Hastings in the Village of Stirling, and with this in view have decided to buy a lot and erect a suitable building for a show room and storehouse, where all our repairs can be obtained free of charge for the first three years, excepting where accident happens beyond our control. But as we have not yet got located, and have no permanent agency established, our repairs and Implements can be obtained of Mr. John Graham or Mr. David Seeley, Jr., in Stirling, and Mr. Stephen Dean, Hoard's Station. Will give due notice when we are permanently located.

Thanking you for the kind patronage extended to us, and guaranteeing to uphold the reputation already established for our Farming Implements, we remain,

Yours respectfully,
JOHN HERRING & SONS.

Stirling, Aug. 5th, 1886.

N. B.—A cash offer for any of the Implements left on hand, if anywhere near the mark, will take them, rather than store them over, or will sell on next year's terms.

The bountiful harvest is past, our summer songsters will soon leave us, winter is near, and I am just opening up a

LARGE STOCK OF FURS.
PERSIAN, SEAL, OTTER,
—AND—
BEAVER CAPS.

Newest season styles, nothing to compare with them in this place. An inspection of our

LADIES ASTRACHAN COATS

Will give us pleasure. Come ladies and see them. Our stock of DRY GOODS and CLOTHING and FINE OVERCOATING is varied and colors well assorted.

JAS. BOLDRICK.

A CHANGE!

Owing to the fact that there has been no cash store in Stirling a large number of cash buyers have been attracted to other places. This ought not so to be, and need not be for the future.

After the 1st of October we intend changing our style of doing business to meet the demands of the times, from the old style, credit system, to the

Popular CASH SYSTEM.

SMALL PROFITS & QUICK RETURNS WILL BE OUR MOTTO

LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS.

35 cases Boots, Shoes and Rubbers just opened; also a large lot of Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, etc. All the new things. Full stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods. All marked away down.

Don't forget it. Highest market price paid for Eggs & Butter.

MILNE & CLUTE.

CLEARING OFF!

To make room for my fall importations I will sell my stock at greatly reduced prices for cash or short term credit. Bargains can be had in

CARPETS, READY MADE CLOTHING AND DRESS GOODS,

Which I will offer at a small advance on cost.

I have a large stock of TEA, and will give **five pounds of a superior article for $2.00.**

A LARGE STOCK OF

MEN'S & BOYS' UNDERWEAR

Just to hand, and 100 SUITS OF BOYS AND YOUTHS READY MADE CLOTHING TO ARRIVE.

MY MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Will be under good management to which I call the attention of the ladies.

G. W. FAULKNER.

Sept. 16th, 1886.

NEW

Merchant Tailoring
—AND—
Gents' Furnishing Store!

F. T. WARD,
PRACTICAL TAILOR & CUTTER,

Begs to announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he has started business on his own account in the store lately occupied by H. G. Thurber, and has purchased a choice stock of

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH,
and CANADIAN TWEEDS,
DIAGONAL COATINGS,
WORSTED SUITINGS,
and FANCY TROUSERINGS,

Of the latest designs and colors, also a full assortment of **Hats, Ties, Shirts, Collars & Cuffs, and Gents' Underwear, etc.,** Which will all be sold at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

F. T. WARD.

BOOTS & SHOES,
TRUNKS, VALISES,
LADIES' SATCHELS,
—AT—
W. S. MARTIN & CO.

HARDWARE.

All notes and accounts due this firm must be paid during the month of October.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

NOTICE.

BY ORDER OF COUNCIL ALL PERSONS claiming the two dollars reduction on Cemetery Lots on account of removing their dead from the old burying ground in Stirling, must remove the same before the First day of December next, as there will be no reduction on the price of Cemetery Lots after that date.

A. GLASS, Clerk.

Stirling, 4th August, 1886.

LOVELL'S

GAZETTER AND HISTORY
OF THE
DOMINION OF CANADA,

IN NINE VOLUMES, ROYAL 8vo..

TO BE COMMENCED WHENENER A sufficient number of subscribers is obtained to cover cost of publication. Subscription to the Nine Volumes $75.00, to the Province of Ontario or to Quebec $12.50, to New Brunswick or to Nova Scotia $11.50, to Manitoba or to British Columbia $9.50, to Prince Edward Island or to Northwest Territories $9.50. Each Province to have a map.

Please send for Prospectus.

JOHN LOVELL,
Manager and Publisher.

MONTREAL, 4th August, 1886.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

We have the most complete stock of **MIXED PAINTS,** of every shade, ever offered in Stirling.

The day of buying paint and oil has passed, as mixed paints make a better finish and cost less. There durability has been established beyond doubt, and any man can do most of his own painting.

Music constantly on hand. Parties wishing sheet music not in our stock will kindly leave their orders, as we purpose ordering every fortnight.

PARKER & BUTLER.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

STIRLING
TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,
CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD
PIANO, ORGAN,
—OR—
SEWING MACHINE
—GO TO—
JOHN CONLEY,
STIRLING.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C.